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SELECTION OF HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

BAPTIST CONGREGATIONS:

INTENDED AS A

SUPPLEMENT TO DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH,

BEING AN IMPROVED AND ENLARGED EDITION OF

"THE NEW SELECTION."

The entire Profits to be given to the Widows and Orphans of
Baptist Ministers and Missionaries.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD FOR THE TRUSTEES,

BY JOHN HADDON, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY,

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

1846.



PREFACE.

THE Trustees of the Hymn-book which was published years ago under the title of "A New Selection," had great reason to rejoice in the success which attended the undertaking. More than 60,000 copies have been sold; the capital which had been borrowed for the enterprise has been repaid; and profits, the amount of nearly £900, have been distributed among the widows of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries.

The introduction of the volume into many congregations has however been impeded by the absence of certain hymns which had established themselves in the affections of devout persons who had been long accustomed to their use. In some of the churches in which the book has been cordially received, it has also been thought that it would be an improvement if these hymns were added. The trustees were long restrained in compliance with a wish in which they themselves participated, by a reluctance to make such alterations as might occasion inconvenience to the possessors of the volume in its existing state. They felt also that a new hymn-book must always sustain disadvantage in a comparison instituted between it and the hymn-book, in which it was what it might, which had enlisted in its favour the recollections of youth, and of those early scenes in Christian experience, which are often remembered with emotions of deep interest in more advanced stages of life.

of the human life. The hymn-book which a Christian used in the morning of his day, is often associated in his subsequent feelings with the first surrender of his heart to Christ, with the consolation which succeeded to fear and anxiety, and with the friends with whom he then worshipped, some of whom have been endeared since by removal to other apartments in their Father's house. To make any material alteration in the work, was to encounter again these prepossessions, and to part with advantage which was beginning to accrue from the same principles of our nature. At length, however, the trustees determined to consult judicious friends in various parts of the kingdom on the subject, and the answers which they received evinced a prevalent desire both that an addition should be made to the number of the hymns, and that a new arrangement of the whole should be adopted.

A Committee was therefore appointed to revise and enlarge the work. They have deliberated both separately and unitedly on a great number of suggestions made to them, from various quarters, respecting the omission, addition, and alteration of particular hymns. In doing this, they have had ample evidence of the diversity of taste existing among their friends, and of the absolute impossibility of producing a hymn-book which should secure unanimous approval. In submitting the result to the attention of the churches, they feel, nevertheless, a strong hope that this hymn-book will be generally regarded as a decided improvement upon its precursors. The responsibility has not rested on any one individual: each member of the Committee has found it necessary in some cases to yield to the opinion of his coadjutors. Each has had to surrender some hymns the introduction of which he advocated, *and to submit to the admission of some against which he gave his individual vote.* They believe, how-

ever, that nothing essential to the excellence of a hymn-book for the denomination has been omitted, and that nothing worthy of decided disapprobation has been retained. Their task would have been far easier, if it could have been supposed to accord with general convenience to make the book double its present size. It now contains one hundred hymns more than the former editions. A very few have been omitted—principally hymns derived from Dr. Watts's Lyrics and Sermons, which are usually printed in recent editions of his hymn-book, and which could therefore be spared from the supplementary volume.

To obviate the inconvenience to the possessors of former editions which would otherwise arise from the introduction of this new one, the hymns have been printed with double numbers, the number of the hymns in the old editions being inclosed in brackets. For example, as the 100th hymn in the former arrangement is the 215th in this, the hymn can be announced to the congregation thus: "The 215th hymn in the Selection; old editions, hymn 100th." In congregations into which the book is now for the first time introduced, this will of course be unnecessary. Should any congregation in which the work has gained acceptance prefer confining themselves, for the present, to the hymns which were in the former editions, the person who selects the hymns can do this, as he can see at a glance whether a hymn is one of the new, or one of the old ones. Still further to obviate difficulty, a table is appended by which a hymn announced according to the arrangement in the old book, can at once be found in this.

The Committee have felt exceedingly averse to a practice in which the compilers of hymn-books have generally indulged, of altering according to their respective tastes the compositions which they ha

selected. In by far the greater number of instances, such alterations have impaired the consistency and beauty of the hymn, instead of improving it. Yet so extensively has this practice prevailed, that it is often impossible to return to the original without seeming to introduce a novelty. No plan can be adopted which shall not wear the appearance of having made arbitrary amendments. If four persons have used four different selections, it will be found on comparison that many a verse has four different readings, while perhaps the original differs from them all; in coming, therefore, to the use of one book, three of them at least must find a different reading from that with which he is familiar. In some popular hymns the various readings are so numerous that identity is almost lost, and the original cannot now be ascertained. In many cases the Committee have felt that they had only a choice of evils before them; but they have generally, other things being equal, given a preference to the words of the original writer. Sometimes, however, when the variation was not injurious, and had been familiarised to the public ear, it has been thought best to adopt it.

Great care has been taken to render the indexes of texts and subjects both copious and correct.

May the result of this undertaking, which has proved to some who have engaged in it far more laborious than they had anticipated, be an alleviation of the sorrows of many who have shared in the privations and cares to which the ministers of Christ are often subjected; the advancement of devotional propriety in the churches of our Lord; and an increase of glory to him who deserves our best homage, and whom we hope to praise hereafter in strains incomparably superior to any which the most gifted inhabitants of this vale of tears can furnish.

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A

SELECTION OF HYMNS.

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## THE CREATOR.

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1

L. M.

The one living and true God.

Deut. vi. 4. Acts xiv. 15.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God ! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown ;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest,
Controlled by none are thy commands ;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe ;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay ;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name through every land ;
Each idol deity dethrone ;
Reduce the world to thy command ;
And reign, unrivalled, God alone.

WILLIAMS.

2

L. M.

[*Old Editions*, 19]

The self-existent Jehovah.

Exodus iii. 13, 14.

Rom. xi. 34—36.

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach ;
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

I

B

- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
 Compared with him, how short they fall!
 They are too dark, and he too bright;
 Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,
 Creation rose at his command!
 Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
 Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
 There nature leans and feels her prop;
 But his own self-sufficiency bears
 The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 [The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
 Measuring their changes by the moon:
 No ebb his sea of glory knows;
 His age is one eternal noon.]
- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
 The lofty tune let Michael raise;
 All nature dwell upon the sound;
 But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

WATT'S LYRICS.

8

L. M. [*Old Editions*, 18]*The high and lofty One.*

Isaiah lvii. 15.

1 Tim. vi. 16.

- 1 **E**TERNAL power! whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God—
 Infinite length beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step beneath thy seat
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet:
 In vain the tall archangel tries
 To reach thy height with wondering eyes.
- 3 Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings:
 2

- And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 4 Lord ! what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too :
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
“ The great, the holy, and the high.”
- 5 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;
But O ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 6 God is in heaven, and men below :
Be short our tunes ; our words be few :
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

WATTS'S LYRICS.

4

L. M.

[167]

The Author of light.

Genesis i. 3.

2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright !
His presence gilds the worlds above ;
The unchanging Source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When, in substantial darkness veiled,
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.
- 3 “ Let there be light,” Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread ;
Nature arrayed in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice ;
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

- 5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine,
On this benighted heart of mine ;
And let thy glories stand revealed,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.
- 6 My soul, revived by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display ;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light:

DODDRIDGE.

Displaying his glory in the Heavens.

Psalm xix. 1—6. Rom. i. 20.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?

- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

6

L. M.

[27]

The Maker of all things.

Psalms cvii.

Acts xiv. 17.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 See earth in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade,
Peopled with life of various forms,
Fishes and fowls, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But O ! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love !
God's only Son in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made !
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore ;
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undeclining day. DODDRIDGE.

*The Maker of all things.**Psalm cxlviii.**Revelation iv. 11.*

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, the lofty strain,
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.
- 2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.
- 3 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.
- 4 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.
- 5 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds as ye arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the evening skies.
- 6 Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault,
To every bounding strain.
- 7 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Let angels with immortal skill
Improve the harmony;
- 8 Whilst we with sacred rapture fired,
The great Creator sing,
And utter consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King.

ROWE.

8

L. M.

[22]

The Maker of all things.

1 Chron. xxix. 11, 12. Rev. xv. 3, 4.

- 1 **YE** sons of men ! in sacred lays
 Attempt your great Creator's praise :
 But who an equal song can frame ?
 What verse can reach the lofty theme ?
- 2 He sits enthroned amidst the spheres,
 And glory like a garment wears ;
 His boundless wisdom, power, and grace,
 Command our awe, transcend our praise.
- 3 Before his throne, a shining band
 Of cherubs and of seraphs stand ;
 Ethereal spirits, who in flight
 Outstrip the rapid speed of light.
- 4 To God all nature owes its birth,
 He formed this ponderous globe of earth ;
 He raised the glorious arch on high,
 And measured out the azure sky.
- 5 In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
 His works, through all this wondrous frame,
 Bear the great impress of his name.
- 6 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 His high perfections let us sing ;
 O let his praise employ our tongue,
 Whilst listening worlds applaud the song !

BLACKLOCK.

9

8. 7.

[475]

The Maker of all things.

Neh. ix. 5—7.

Romans xv. 11.

- 1 **PRAISE** to Thee, thou great Creator !
 Praise be thine from every tongue ;

7

- Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 Father ! Source of all compassion !
Pure, unbounded grace is thine ;
Hail the God of our salvation !
Praise him for his love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. FAWCETT

10

C. M.

[472]

The Maker of all things.

Psalm cxlix.

Heb. xiii. 15.

- 1 **L**ORD of the world's majestic frame !
Stupendous are thy ways ;
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.
- 2 The heavens thy matchless skill display,
With all the stars of light,
The splendid sun that rules the day,
The silver moon by night.
- 3 And while those radiant orbs of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise thee as they roll,—
- 4 O shall not we of human race
The glorious concert join ?
Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine ?

- 5 Not all the feeble notes of time
 Can show forth God's high praise ;
 Nor all the noblest strains sublime
 That earth or heaven can raise.
- 6 Yet this shall be our best employ,
 Through life's uncertain days ;
 And in the realms of boundless joy,
 Eternal be thy praise !

JERVIS

II

C. M.

[466]

His Supremacy.

Psalm xxxiii.

Isalah xli. 10.

- 1 **L**ET all the just to God with joy
 Their cheerful voices raise ;
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 By his almighty word at first
 The heavenly arch was reared ;
 And all the beauteous hosts of light
 At his command appeared.
- 3 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
 Shall stand for ever sure :
 The settled purpose of his heart
 To ages shall endure.
- 4 How happy then are they to whom
 The Lord our God is known ;
 Whom he, from all the world besides,
 Has chosen for his own.
- 5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
 Do thou to us extend ;
 Since we, for all we want or wish,
 On Thee alone depend.

TATE AND BRADY

Condescension.

Ps. cxlii. 4-6. Isai. lvi. 1, 2.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power, Almighty God !
Who can approach thy throne ?
The purest light is thine abode,
To angels' eyes unknown.
- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shades of thine.
- 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below ?
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe ?
- 4 How strange, how awful is thy love !
With trembling we adore ;
Not all the exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.
- 5 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and speak thy praise. STEI

~~~~~

*Love.*

Jer. xxxi. 17, 18.    1 John iv. 8-10.

- 1 **A**MID the splendours of thy state,  
My God, thy *Love* appears  
With the soft radiance of the moon  
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 Nature through all her ample round  
Thy boundless *Power* proclaims,  
And, in melodious accent, speaks  
The *Goodness* of thy names.

- 3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,  
     Our solemn awe excite ;  
 But the sweet charms of sovereign grace  
     O'erwhelm us with delight.
- 4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,  
     Thunders thy dreadful name ;  
 But Sion sings, in melting notes,  
     The honours of the Lamb.
- 5 In all thy doctrines and commands,  
     Thy counsels and designs—  
 In every work thy hands have framed,  
     Thy *Love* supremely shines.
- 6 Angels and men the news proclaim  
     Through earth and heaven above,  
 The joyful—the transporting news,  
     That God the Lord is *Love*.

## 14

L. M.

[26]

Goodness.

1 Chron. xvi. 34.

Psalm xxxiv. 8.

- TRIUMPHANT** Lord, thy goodness reigns  
     Through all the wide celestial plains ;  
 And its full streams redundant flow  
     Down to the abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's works its glories shine ;  
     The cares of providence are thine :  
 And grace erects our ruined frame  
     A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 O give to every human heart,  
     To taste and feel how good thou art ;  
 With grateful love, and reverend fear,  
     To know how blest thy children are !
- 4 Let nature burst into a song :  
     Ye echoing *hills, the notes* prolong :  
 11

Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,  
All vocal with your Maker's praise.

- 5 Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue;  
Its sweetest notes belong to you;  
Called by your condescending King,  
For ever round his throne to sing.

DODDRIDGE.

## 15

C. M.

[29]

*Goodness.*

Jonah iv. 2.

2 Cor. i. 3.

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,  
Thy goodness we adore;  
A spring whose blessings never fail,  
A sea without a shore!
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest,  
In every golden ray;  
Love draws the curtains of the night,  
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,  
With all the bliss it yields;  
With joyful clusters loads the vines,  
With strengthening grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,  
Is in the gospel seen;  
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines  
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,  
Through Jesus' name are given;  
He on the cross was lifted high,  
That we might reign in heaven.

GIBBONS.

16

C. M.

[28]

*His goodness especially displayed in the gospel.*

Isaiah xxv. 4.

John iii. 16.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God  
     With songs of sacred praise,  
 For he is good, immensely good,  
     And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,  
     In him we live and move ;  
 But nobler benefits declare  
     The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
     To ransom rebel worms ;  
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known  
     In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;  
     'Tis here our hope relies ;  
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
     When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
     The souls who trust in thee :  
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
     With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love  
     What honours shall we raise ?  
 Not all the raptured songs above  
     Can render equal praise.

STEELE.

17

11°.

*Mercy.**Psalm lxxxix. 1. Heb. viii. 12.*

- 1 **THY** mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,  
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue ;  
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,  
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.
- 2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,  
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;  
But through thy free goodness, my spirits revive,  
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,  
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart ;  
Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,  
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day  
To the poor and the needy who knock by the way ;  
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,  
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;  
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell ;  
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,  
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of mercies ! thy goodness I own,  
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son :  
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine  
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine !

18

112th Metre.

*Pardoning grace.*

Micah vii. 18. Eph. i. 7.

- 1 **G**REAT God of wonders ! all thy ways  
Are matchless, godlike, and divine ;  
But the fair glories of thy grace  
More godlike and unrivalled shine.  
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 2 Such dire offences to forgive,  
Such guilty daring worms to spare ;  
This is thy grand prerogative  
And in the honour none shall share ?  
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim  
To pity, mercy, love, and grace !  
These glories crown Jehovah's name  
With an incomparable blaze !  
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy  
We take the pardon of our God,  
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye ;  
A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood :  
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,  
This godlike miracle of love,  
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
And all the angelic choirs above !  
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ? DAVIES



*Holiness.*

Isalah vi. 3.

Rev. iv. 8.

- 1 **H**OLY and reverend is the name  
Of our eternal King :

Thrice holy Lord ! the angels cry ;  
Thrice holy ! let us sing.

- 2 Holy is he in all his works,  
And truth is his delight ;  
But sinners and their wicked ways  
Shall perish from his sight.

- 3 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
Pay, O my soul, to God ;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.

- 4 With sacred awe pronounce his name  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;  
A broken heart shall please him more  
Than the best forms of speech.

- 5 Thou holy God ! preserve our souls  
From all pollution free ;  
The pure in heart are thy delight,  
And they thy face shall see.

NEEDHAM.

*Omnipresence.*

Jer. xxiii. 23, 24.

Heb. xi. 27.

- 1 **F**ATHER and Friend ! thy light, thy love,  
Beaming through all thy works we see ;  
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,  
And all the earth is full of thee.

- 2 Thy voice we hear—thy presence feel,  
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,  
Involved in clouds—invisible,  
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

- 3 We know not in what hallowed part  
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be :  
But this we know, that where thou art,  
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with  
thee.
- 4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,  
Sustain'd by this delightful thought,  
Since thou their God art every where,  
They cannot be where thou art not.

BOWRING.

21

C. M.

[21]

*Omniscience.*

Gen. xvi. 13.

Psalm cxxxix. 1—12.

- 1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye  
Pervades my inmost powers ;  
With awe profound my wondering soul  
Falls prostrate, and adores.
- 2 To be encompassed round with God,  
The holy and the just ;  
Arm'd with omnipotence to save,  
Or crumble me to dust ;
- 3 Oh, how tremendous is the thought !  
Deep may it be imprest !  
And may thy Spirit firmly grave  
This truth within my breast !
- 4 By thee observed, by thee upheld,  
Should earth or hell oppose ;  
I press with dauntless courage on,  
To meet the proudest foes.
- 5 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul  
The gloomy vale shall tread ;  
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown  
Of glory on my head.

SCOTT.

*All-sufficiency.*

Isaiah xii. 2.

Isaiah xlv. 4.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, 'tis a glorious name,  
Still pregnant with delight :  
It scatters round a cheerful beam,  
To gild the darkest night.
- 2 What though our mortal comforts fade,  
And droop like withering flowers ?  
Nor time, nor death, can break that band  
Which makes Jehovah ours.
- 3 My cares, I give you to the wind,  
And shake you off like dust ;  
Well may I trust my all with him,  
With whom my soul I trust. DODDRIDGE.

*Immutability.*

Psalm cii. 24-28.

Heb. i. 10-12.

- 1 **T**HROUGH endless years thou art the  
O thou eternal God ! [same,  
Ages to come shall know thy name,  
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth  
Of old by thee were laid,  
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven,  
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,  
Formed by thy powerful hand,  
Be like a vesture laid aside,  
And changed at thy command.
- 4 But thy eternal state, O Lord !  
No length of time shall waste :  
Thy power and wisdom, truth and grace,  
From age to age shall last.

- 5 Thou to the children of thy saints  
 Shalt endless blessings give :  
 They in their fathers' God shall trust,  
 And in thy presence live.

24

L. M.

[36]

*Immutability.*

Isaiah li. 6.      2 Peter iii. 8—13.

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame,  
 Our souls adore thine awful name ;  
 And bow and tremble, while they praise  
 The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Thou, Lord, with unsurprised survey,  
 Saw'st nature rising yesterday ;  
 And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye  
 See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,  
 Thou dwellest in unclouded light ;  
 Which shines with undiminished ray,  
 While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,  
 And change with every circling sun ;  
 And, in the firmest state we boast,  
 A moth can crush us into dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around ;  
 Let death consign us to the ground ;  
 Let the last general flame arise,  
 And melt the arches of the skies ;
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we  
 Can all the wreck of nature see,  
 While grace secures us an abode,  
 Unshaken as the throne of God.

DODDRIDGE.

*Unsearchableness.*

Job xi. 7.

Romans xi. 33, 34.

- 1 **G**REAT God! in vain man's narrow view  
Attempts to look thy nature through;  
Our labouring powers with reverence own  
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,  
Who countless years his God has sought,  
Such wondrous height or depth can find,  
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show  
Enough for mortal minds to know;  
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,  
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O! may our souls with rapture trace  
Thy works of nature and of grace;  
Explore thy sacred name, and still  
Press on to know and do thy will! KIPPIE.

*Sovereignty.*

1 Sam. ii. 6—8.

Dan. ii. 20—22.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things;  
And wait your Maker's nod:  
My soul stands trembling, while she sings  
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on his firm decree:  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Chained to his throne, a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men,  
With every angel's form and size,  
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

- 4 His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes his counsels shine ;  
Each opening leaf, and every stroke  
Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 Here he exalts neglected worms  
To sceptres and a crown :  
And there the following page he turns,  
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 [Not Gabriel asks the reason why ;  
Nor God the reason gives ;  
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry  
Between the folded leaves.]
- 7 My God, I would not long to see  
My fate with curious eyes,  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,  
O may I find my name,  
Recorded in some humble place,  
Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

WATT'S LYRICS.

27

C. M.

[38]

*The perfections of God displayed in Creation and Providence.*

*Psalms cxxxix. 14—17.      Isaiah xlii. 5.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptured thought surveys  
Creation's beauties o'er,  
All nature joins to teach thy praise,  
And bid our souls adore.
- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,  
Thy radiant footsteps shine :  
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,  
And speak their source divine.
- 2)

- 3 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,  
     In all thy works appear ;  
 And O ! let man thy praise record ;  
     Man, thy distinguished care !
- 4 From thee the breath of life we drew,  
     That breath thy power maintains ;  
 Thy tender mercy, ever new,  
     Our brittle frame sustains.
- 5 Yet nobler favours claim our praise,  
     Of reason's light possess'd ;  
 By revelation's brightest rays,  
     Still more divinely bless'd.

STEELE.

28

C. M.

[41]

*God the Sovereign Ruler.**Psaln cxlv.**Dan. iv. 34—37.*

- 1 **T**HY kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,  
     While earthly thrones decay ;  
 And time submits to thy commands,  
     While ages roll away.
- 2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives  
     Its unexhausted store ;  
 And universal nature lives  
     On thy sustaining power.
- 3 Holy and just in all its ways  
     Is providence divine ;  
 In all its works, immortal rays  
     Of power and mercy shine.
- 4 The praise of God, delightful theme !  
     Shall fill my heart and tongue ;  
 Let all creation bless his name,  
     In one eternal song !

29

C. M.

[527]

*The Source of Prosperity.*

Psalm xc. 16, 17.

Psalm cxxvii. 1.

- 1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal God !  
With rays of beauty shine :  
O let thy favour crown our days,  
And all their round be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hearts to thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain ;  
Small joy success itself could give,  
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let every week begin,  
With thee each day be spent,  
For thee each fleeting hour improved,  
Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,  
Till all our labours cease,  
And heaven refresh our weary souls  
With everlasting peace. DODDRIDGE.

30

L. M.

[39]

*Its Wisdom.*

Ps. lxxvii. 19, 20.

Rom. xi. 33.

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord, with wise design,  
Are framed upon thy throne above,  
And every dark and bending line  
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,  
Poor mortals thy arrangements view ;  
Not knowing that the least are sure,  
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,  
Though now they seem to roam uneyed.



- Are led or driven only where  
They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way ;  
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,  
None of their feet to ruin stray,  
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn  
To lay her reason at thy throne ;  
Too weak thy secrets to discern,  
I'll trust thee for my guide alone. SER

## 31

L. M.

[42]

*Its Wisdom and Kindness.*

1 Chron. xxix. 11, 12.

Rom. viii. 28.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the various shifting scer  
Of life's mistaken ill or good ;  
Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen  
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,  
Howe'er unjustly we complain,  
To each his necessary share  
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,  
Filled with affliction's bitter cup,  
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,  
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 4 All things on earth, and all in heaven,  
On thy eternal will depend ;  
And all for greater good were given,  
And all shall in thy glory end. COLLE

32

C. M.

[50]

*Its Darkness.*

Psalm lxxvii. 19.

1 Cor. xiii. 12.

- 1 **THY** way, O God ! is in the sea,  
 Thy paths I cannot trace ;  
 Nor comprehend the mystery  
 Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense  
 My captive soul surround ;  
 Mysterious deeps of Providence  
 My wondering thoughts confound
- 3 When I behold thy awful hand  
 My earthly hopes destroy,  
 In deep astonishment I stand,  
 And ask the reason why ?
- 4 As through a glass I dimly see  
 The wonders of thy love ;  
 How little do I know of thee,  
 Or of the joys above !
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will ;  
 I bless thee for the sight ;  
 When will thy love the rest reveal  
 In glory's clearer light ?
- 6 With rapture I shall then survey  
 Thy providence and grace ;  
 And spend an everlasting day  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

FAWCETT.

33

C. M.

[48]

*Its Mysteries.*

Gen. i. 20.

Nahum i. 3.

- 1 **GOD** moves in a mysterious way,  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

COWPER.

*Its Mysteries.*

Psalm xcvi. 1, 2. John xiii. 17.

- 1 GREAT God of Providence, thy ways  
Are hid from mortal sight ;  
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,  
Or clothed with dazzling light.
- 2 The various methods of thy grace  
Evade the human eye ;  
The nearer we attempt to approach,  
The farther off they fly.
- 3 But in the world of bliss above,  
Where thou shalt ever reign,  
These mysteries shall be all unveiled,  
And not a doubt remain.

- 4 The Sun of righteousness shall there  
His brightest beams display,  
And not a hovering cloud obscure  
That never-ending day.

BEDDOME.

## 35

L. M.

[25]

*Its Wisdom and Justice.*

2 Chron. vi. 1.

Psalm lxxii. 1-5.

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will ;  
Tumultuous passions, all be still !  
Nor let a murmuring thought arise :  
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;  
And, though his footsteps are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,  
He executes his wise decrees ;  
And by his saints it stands confess'd,  
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait, .  
With reverence bow before his seat ;  
And, midst the terrors of his rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

BEDDOME.

## 36

C. M.

[474]

*Its Wisdom and Mercy.*

Psalm ix. 10.

1 Peter v. 7.

- 1 **O** THOU, my light, my life, my joy,  
My glory and my all ;  
Unsent by thee, no good can come,  
No evil can befall.
- 2 Such are thy schemes of providence,  
And methods of thy grace,
- 27

- That I may safely trust in thee  
Through all the wilderness.
- 3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm  
Upholds me in the way ;  
And thy rich bounty well supplies  
The wants of every day.
- 4 For such compassions, O my God !  
Ten thousand thanks are due ;  
For such compassions, I esteem !  
Ten thousand thanks too few.

*Controlling the Tempest.*

Psalm cvii. 25—30.

Isalah xxvii. 8.

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of all nature's frame  
We own thy power divine ;  
We hear thy breath in every storm,  
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,  
They work thy sovereign will :  
And, awed by thy majestic voice,  
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy softens every blast  
To them that seek thy face ;  
And mingles with the tempest's roar  
The whispers of thy grace. DODDRIDGE.

*The Seasons.*

Psalm lxxv. 11.

Acts xiv. 17.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy,  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole !  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 [The flowery spring, at thy command,  
Embalms the air and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigour shine  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;  
And winters, softened by thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.]
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days.  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,  
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to those lofty heights we soar  
Where days and years revolve no more.

DODDRIDGE.

39

S. M.

[554]

*Spring.*

Psalm lxxv. 9, 10. Psalm clv. 30.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! at thy command  
Seasons in order rise ;  
Thy power and love in concert reign  
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 How balmy is the air !  
How warm the solar beams !  
And, to refresh the ground, the rains  
Descend in gentle streams.

- 3 With grateful praise we own  
Thy providential hand,  
While grass for kine, and herbs and corn  
For men enrich the land.
- 4 But greater still the gift  
Of thine incarnate Son :  
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,  
Through endless ages run. . GIBBONS

40

C. M.

[555]

*Spring.*

Ps. lxxiv. 16, 17. Ps. clv. 16, 19.

- 1 **T**HE icy chains that bound the earth  
Are now dissolved and gone :  
Waked by the sun, the blooming spring  
Puts his new livery on.
- 2 [Where awful desolation reigned  
Blest plenty rears her head ;  
Exulting with a smile to see  
Her late destroyer fled.
- 3 Teeming with life, the advancing sun  
Protracts the falling day ;  
Grand light of heaven ! he seems to wish  
To make a longer stay.
- 4 In clouds of gold behold him set,  
Beyond the west he flies :  
Short is his nightly course, and soon  
He gilds the eastern skies.]
- 5 My soul, in every scene admire  
The wisdom and the power :  
Behold the God in every plant,  
In every opening flower.

- 6 [Yet in his word the God of grace  
Has wrote his fairer name :  
The wonders of redeeming love  
My noblest songs shall claim.]
- 7 With warmest beams, thou God of grace,  
Shine on this heart of mine ;  
Turn thou my winter into spring,  
And be the glory thine. NEEDHAM.

41

C. M.

[556]

*Spring.*

Psalm civ. 24.

Matt. xxiv. 32.

- 1 **W**HILE beauty clothes the fertile vale  
And blossoms on the spray,  
And fragrance breathes in every gale,  
How sweet the vernal day !
- 2 How kind the influence of the skies ;  
Soft showers, with blessings fraught,  
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,  
And fix the roving thought.
- 3 O let my wandering heart confess,  
With gratitude and love,  
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless  
The garden, field, and grove.
- 4 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,  
Beyond expression kind,  
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,  
To bless the craving mind.
- 5 Inspired to praise, I then shall join  
Glad nature's cheerful song ;  
And love and gratitude divine  
Attune my joyful tongue.

STEEL



- 1 **L**ORD! to thy bounteous care we owe  
The clouds that cause our fields to grow;  
And streams which through our valleys  
glide,  
And fruitful crops of corn provide.
- 2 Thy rain makes soft the harrowed clod,  
And numerous blades break through the sod;  
Then rising to the waving ear,  
At length in ripened grain appear.
- 3 Thy goodness thus prepares a crop,  
Our very paths with fatness drop,  
And teeming nature's cheerful voice  
Seems in thy bounty to rejoice.
- 4 The little hills have praising tongues:  
The fruitful vales break forth in songs;  
While numerous bleating flocks are seen  
Dancing among the pastures green.
- 5 Lord, make us fruitful thus in grace,  
And joy shall animate each face:  
With living spring our souls renew,  
Our hearts shall leap and praise Thee too.

COBBIN.

- 1 **T**O praise the ever-bounteous Lord,  
My soul wake all thy powers;  
He calls, and at his voice come forth  
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;  
My tongue, his goodness sing;

- Summer and winter know their time,  
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleased the toiling swains behold  
The waving yellow crop ;  
With joy they bear the sheaves away,  
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow  
The seeds of righteousness ;  
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams  
The ripening harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I  
Shall reap a glorious crop ;  
The harvest shall by far exceed  
What I have sown in hope. NEEDHAM.

44

C. M.

[559]

*Harvest.*

Acts xiv. 17. John iv. 9, 10.

- 1 GREAT sovereign Lord, what human eye  
Amidst thy works can rove,  
And not thy liberal hand espy,  
Nor trace thy bounteous love ?
- 2 [Each star that gilds the heavenly frame,  
On earth each verdant clod,  
In language loud to men proclaim  
The great and bounteous God.
- 3 The lesson each revolving year  
Repeats in various ways ;  
Rich, thy provisions, Lord, appear ;  
The poor shall shout thy praise.]
- 4 Our fruitful fields and pastures tell,  
Of man and beast, thy care ;  
The thriving corn, thy breezes fill  
Thy breath perfumes the air.

- 5 But O ! what human eye can trace,  
 Or human heart conceive,  
 The greater riches of thy grace  
 Impoverished souls receive.
- 6 Love everlasting has not spared  
 Its best beloved Son,  
 And in him endless life prepared,  
 For souls by sin undone. BOYCE.

*Harvest.*

Jer. v. 24.

James i. 17.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of mercy, God of love !  
 How rich thy bounties are !  
 The rolling seasons as they move,  
 Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
 The sower hid the grain,  
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was  
 The plants in beauty grew ; [thine ;  
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
 And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above  
 Matured the swelling grain ;  
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,  
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,  
 Thy hand all nature hails ;  
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,  
 Summer nor winter, fails.

- 1 **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,  
Encircling nature round ;  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
Late with gay verdure crowned !
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart ;  
And drooping, lifeless nature seems  
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,  
In night's dark mantle clad,  
Confined in cold inactive chains,  
How desolate and sad !
- 4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring  
Thy soul-reviving ray ;  
This mental winter shall be spring,  
This darkness, cheerful day.
- 5 O happy state, divine abode,  
Where spring eternal reigns,  
And perfect day, the smile of God,  
Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,  
My drooping joys restore,  
And guide me to the seats of day,  
Where winter frowns no more. STEELE.

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of the earth and skies !  
A word of thy almighty breath  
Can sink the earth, or bid it rise :  
Thy smile is life—thy frown is death.

- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,  
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,  
And war resounds its dire alarms,  
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain,—
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,  
And marks their course, and bounds their  
power,—  
Thy word the angry nations own,  
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,  
(Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled !)  
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,  
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord !  
All move subservient to thy will ;  
And peace and war await thy word,  
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,  
Thy kind protection still implore !  
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues  
Confess thy goodness and adore. STEELE.

*National calamities deprecated.*

Joel ii. 15—17.

James iv. 8—10.

- 1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend !  
Tis on thy sovereign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.
- 3 [Great God, and why is Britain spared,  
Ungrateful as we are ?

- O make thy awful warnings heard,  
While mercy cries, 'Forbear.'
- 4 What numerous crimes increasing rise  
Through this apostate isle!  
What land so favoured of the skies,  
And yet what land so vile !]
- 5 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By thy resistless grace ;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.
- 6 Then, should insulting foes invade,  
We shall not sink in fear ;  
Secure of never-failing aid,  
If God, our God, is near.

STEELE

49

C. M.

[44]

*The Traveller's Hymn.*

Ezra viii. 21, 22.

Psalm cvii.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants blessed, O Lord,  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote.  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 [When by the dreadful tempest borne,  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will ;  
*The sea, that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.]*

37

E

- 5 In 'midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
 Thy goodness we'll adore ;  
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
 And death, when death shall be our lot,  
 Shall join our souls to thee.      ADDISON.

50

112th Metre.

[45]

*The Shepherd.*

Ps. xxiii.      Ezek. xxxiv. 11—16.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye:  
 My noon-day walks he will attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant:  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
 My weary, wandering steps he leads;  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray;  
 Thy presence shall my pains beguile,  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;  
 Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 38      ADDISON

51

C. M.

[478]

*A grateful recognition.*

Job ii. 10.

Heb. xii. 5—11.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! God of love !  
     My Father and my God !  
 I'll sing the honours of thy name,  
     And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,  
     Thy various love surveys ;  
 Where shall my grateful lips begin,  
     Or where conclude thy praise ?
- 3 In every period of my life  
     Thy kindest thoughts appear ;  
 Thy mercies gild each transient scene  
     And crown each circling year.
- 4 In all these mercies may my soul  
     A Father's bounty see,  
 Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows  
     Estrange my heart from thee.
- 5 Teach me in times of deep distress,  
     To own thy hand, my God !  
 And in submissive silence learn  
     The lessons of thy rod.
- 6 In every varying mortal state,  
     Each bright, each dreary scene,  
 Give me a meek and humble mind,  
     Still equal and serene.
- 7 Then should I close my eyes in death,  
     Without one anxious fear :  
 For death itself, my God, is life,  
     If *Thou art with me there.*



*A grateful retrospect.*

Ps. lxxi. 17—20. 2 Tim. iii. 15

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,  
Kind guardian of my days,  
Thy mercies let my heart record  
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame  
Was thy indulgent care,  
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,  
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought  
From thy exhaustless store ;  
But ah ! in vain my labouring thought  
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection, through my days,  
Thy bounteous hand would trace ;  
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,  
The blessings of thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord !  
For favours more divine ;  
That I have known thy sacred word,  
Where all thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,  
And every weakness dies,  
Complete the wonders of thy grace,  
And raise me to the skies.
- 7 Then shall my joyful powers unite  
In more exalted lays,  
*And join the happy sons of light*  
*In everlasting praise*

STEEL

53

C. M.

[436]

*A grateful retrospect.*

Gen. xxxv. 3.

Psalm ciii. 1—5.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God !  
     My rising soul surveys :  
     Transported with the view, I'm lost  
     In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,  
     The gratitude declare  
     That glows within my thankful heart !—  
     But thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries  
     Thy mercy lent an ear,  
     Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
     To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth  
     With heedless steps I ran,  
     Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
     And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
     It cleared my dubious way ;  
     And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
     More to be feared than they.
- 6 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
     With health renewed my face ;  
     And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
     Revived my soul with grace.
- 7 Through every period of my life  
     Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
     And after death, in distant worlds,  
     The glorious theme renew.
- 8 When nature fails, and day and night  
     Divide thy works no more,

My ever grateful heart, O Lord!  
Thy mercy shall adore.

- 2 Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
For oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

ADDIS

## 54

## 7.

*Perpetuai mercies.*

Psalm cxxxvi.

2 Chron. v. 13.

- 1 **L**ET us with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:  
For his mercies shall endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,  
Fill'd the new-made world with light:  
For his mercies shall endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living he doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need:  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness:  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath with a piteous eye  
Looked upon our misery:  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:  
*For his mercies shall endure.*  
*Ever faithful, ever sure.*

MIL

*Praise from all creatures.**Psalm cxvii.**Acts xv. 17.*

- 1 **A**LL ye Gentiles, praise the Lord,  
All ye lands, your voices raise :  
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,  
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.
- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,  
Past, and present, and to be,  
Like the years of his right hand,  
Like his own eternity.
- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love ;  
Praise him from the depths beneath ;  
Praise him in the heights above ;  
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

MONTGOMERY.

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 THE SAVIOUR.
 

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*His mission.**Isaiah lxi. 1-3. Luke iv. 18, 19.*

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!  
The Saviour promised long!  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely poured,  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
*Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,*  
*His holy breast inspire.*

- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held :  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye-balls of the blind  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace  
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 [His silver trumpets publish loud  
The jubilee of the Lord ;  
Our debts are all remitted now,  
Our heritage restored.]
- 7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name. DODGE

## 57

C. M.

*His incarnation.*

John i. 1-14.

1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **A**WAKE, awake the sacred song  
To our incarnate Lord ;  
Let every heart, and every tongue,  
Adore the eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sovereign power  
By whom the worlds were made,  
(O happy morn, illustrious hour !)  
Was once in flesh arrayed !
- 3 *Adoring angels tuned their songs  
To hail the joyful day*

With rapture then let mortal tongues  
Their grateful worship pay.

- 4 What glory, Lord, to thee is due !  
With wonder we adore ;  
But could we sing as angels do,  
Our highest praise were poor.

STEELE.

58

7.

[57]

*His birth.*

Gen. iii. 15.

Gal. iv. 4, 5.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the herald angels sing,  
“Glory to the new-born king ;  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.”
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumphs of the skies,  
With th’ angelic hosts proclaim,  
“Christ is born in Bethlehem !”
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of a virgin’s womb.
- 4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th’ incarnate Deity !  
Pleased as man with men to appear,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel, here.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace !  
Hail, the Sun of righteousness !  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born, that man no more may die ;  
Born to raise the sons of earth ;  
Born to give them second birth.

- 7 Come, desire of nations, come,  
 Fix in us thy humble home ;  
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,  
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 8 Adam's likeness now efface ;  
 Stamp thine image in its place.  
 Second Adam, from above,  
 Reinstatè us in thy love. WESLI

59

8. 7.

[58]

*His birth.*

Isaiah ix. 6, 7.

Luke ii. 8—14.

- 1 **H**ARK ! what mean those holy voices,  
 Sweetly sounding through the skies  
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;  
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
 Which they chant in hymns of joy ;  
 "Glory, in the highest, glory !  
 Glory be to God most high !"
- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
 Reaching far as man is found ;  
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven :  
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the great anointed ;  
 Heaven and earth his praises sing !  
 O receive whom God appointed  
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him ;  
 Learn his name and taste his joy ;  
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,  
 "Glory be to God most high !"

- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story  
 Of our great Redeemer's birth ;  
 Spread the brightness of his glory,  
 Till it cover all the earth. CAWOOD.

60

L. M.

[59]

*His birth.*

Luke ii. 8—14. Romans xi. 26.

- 1 **W**HEN Jordan hushed his waters still,  
 And silence slept on Zion's hill ;  
 When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the  
 night,  
 Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—
- 2 Hark ! from the midnight hills around,  
 A voice of more than mortal sound,  
 In distant hallelujahs stole,  
 Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 [Then swift to every startled eye,  
 New streams of glory light the sky ;  
 Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour  
 Her spirits to the midnight hour.]
- 4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
 The glorious hosts of Zion came :  
 High heaven with songs of triumph rung,  
 While thus they struck their harps and sung :
- 5 " O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,  
 The long-expected hour is nigh,  
 The joys of nature rise again,  
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 6 [See, Mercy, from her golden urn,  
 Pours a rich stream to them that mourn—  
*Behold, she binds with tender care  
 The bleeding bosom of despair.*]



- 7 He comes to cheer the trembling heart,  
 Bid Satan and his host depart :  
 Again the day-star gilds the gloom,  
 Again the bowers of Eden bloom !
- 8 O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,  
 The long-expected hour is nigh  
 The joys of nature rise again,  
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

CAMPBELL

## 61

C. M.

[60]

*His birth.*

Luke ii. 8—14.

1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
 And chant the solemn lay :  
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine  
 To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
 And sweet seraphic fire  
 Through all the shining legions ran,  
 And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 [Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
 And loud the echo rolled ;  
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.]
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky  
 The impetuous torrent ran ;  
 And angels flew with eager joy  
 To bear the news to man.
- 5 [Wrapt in the silence of the night  
 Lay all the eastern world,  
 When bursting, glorious, heavenly light  
 The wondrous scene unfurled.]
- 6 *Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
 And glory leads the song :*

Good-will and peace are heard throughout  
The harmonious heavenly throng.

7 O for a glance of heavenly love,  
Our hearts and songs to raise,  
Sweetly to bear our souls above,  
And mingle with their lays !

8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
"Glory to God on high !  
Good-will and peace are now complete :  
Jesus was born to die."

9 Hail, Prince of life ! for ever hail.  
Redeemer, brother, friend !  
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,  
Thy praise shall never end. MEDLEY.

62

8. 7. 4.

[61]

*His birth.*

Matt. ii. 1—11. Luke ii. 25—38.

1 **A**NGELS from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;  
Ye, who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant light ;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar ;  
Seek the great Desire of nations ;  
Ye have seen his natal star ;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord descending  
In his temple shall appear :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doomed for guilt to endless pains ;  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you---break your chains ;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

MONTGOMER

*His first appearing.*

Isaiah ix. 2, 6.

Matt. iv. 16.

- 1 **T**HE race that long in darkness pined,  
Have seen a glorious light ;  
The people dwell in day, who dwelt  
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun !  
The gathering nations come,  
Joyous, as when the reapers bear  
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a child of hope is born,  
To us a son is given ;  
*Him shall the tribes of earth obey,*  
*Him all the hosts of heaven.*

- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
 For evermore adored,  
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
 The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power increasing, still shall spread ;  
 His reign no end shall know :  
 Justice shall guard his throne above,  
 And peace abound below.

64

7.

[65]

*His works of mercy.*

Matt. iv. 23, 24.

Luke xviii. 15—17.

- 1 **W**HEN the Saviour dwelt below,  
 Pity in his bosom reigned ;  
 Sympathy he loved to show,  
 Nor the meanest suit disdained.
- 2 Round him thronged the blind, the lame,  
 Deaf and dumb, diseased, possessed ;  
 None in vain for healing came,  
 All the Saviour freely blessed.
- 3 He could make the leper whole ;  
 Thousands at a meal he fed ;  
 Winds and waves could he control ;  
 By a word he raised the dead.
- 4 Listening sinners round him pressed  
 Whilst he taught the way to bliss ;  
 Even enemies confessed,  
 "No man ever spake like this."
- 5 [Children once to him were brought,  
 His benignant power to prove ;  
 Some disciples harshly thought  
*Their intrusion to reprove.*
- 6 "*Suffer them to come to me,  
 Hinder not their free access ;*  
 51

Children shall my kingdom see—  
Children I delight to bless."

- 7 So he spake, and in his arms  
Clasped the little helpless things ;  
As the hen her chickens warms  
Underneath her downy wings.]

- 8 Be thy love to me revealed ;  
Be thy grace by me possessed ;  
Touch me, and I shall be healed,  
Bless me, and I shall be blessed.

BYLAND.

*His teaching.*

Matt. xi. 28—30.

John iii. 31.

- 1 **H**OW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and reverence filled the place.
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke :  
To heaven he led his followers' way ;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my father's home :  
Come all ye weary ones and rest."  
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest !
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust !  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

BOWRING.

*His tenderness.*

Luke xix. 41.

Heb. v. 7.

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
The wondering angels see!  
Be thou astonished, O my soul!  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep,  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there. BEDDOME.

*His tears.*

John xi. 35.

Heb. iv. 15.

- 1 **S**O fair a face bedewed with tears!  
What beauty e'en in grief appears!  
He wept, he bled, he died for you;  
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?
- 2 Enthroned above, with equal glow,  
His strong affections downward flow;  
In our distress he bears a part,  
And shows his sympathising heart.
- 3 Still his compassions are the same;  
He knows the frailty of our frame;  
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,  
Heals all our sorrows and our pains.
- 4 What pity dwelt within his breast,  
Pity, by flowing tears exprest!  
Oh may those tears our griefs remove,  
Which *speak* so loud a Saviour's love!

*His general deportment.*

John xiii. 13—15.

1 Peter ii. 21—23.

- 1 **BEHOLD!** where, in the friend of man,  
Appears each grace divine :  
The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends  
A friend and servant found ;  
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,  
And healed each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
Patient and meek he stood ;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life :  
He laboured for their good.
- 5 In the last hour of deep distress,  
Before his Father's throne,  
With soul resigned, he bowed and said,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 6 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide !  
His image may we bear !  
O may we tread his sacred steps,  
And his bright glories share !

ENFIELD.

*His sorrows.*

Isa. liii. 3.

John xix. 30.

- 1 **BEHOLD!** the Son of God appears  
To save from sin and woe ;  
*He leaves his radiant throne on high,*  
*To dwell with men below.*

- 2 Clothing himself with mortal flesh,  
 He flies to our relief;  
 Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,  
 And his companion, grief.
- 3 From Bethlehem's inn to Calvary's cross,  
 Affliction marked his road;  
 And many a weary step he took  
 To bring us back to God.
- 4 How keen the anguish and the smart  
 That pained his holy mind,  
 When all the powers of earth and hell  
 Against him were combined!
- 5 But heavier far the weighty load  
 (When sorrow filled his breast)  
 That in the garden's gloomy scene,  
 His mourning soul oppress.
- 6 And darker far the awful hour  
 When on the cross he cried,  
 "'Tis finished," the full ransom's paid  
 Then bowed his head and died.
- 7 And did my Saviour thus expire.  
 Nailed to the accursed tree?  
 To him I give my soul away,  
 Who lived and died for me.

70

C. M.

*His crucifixion.*

John xii. 32.

Romans v. 8.

- 1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight!—I see  
 Th' incarnate Son of God  
 Expiring on the accursed tree,  
 In agony and blood.



- 2 Behold a purple torrent run  
 Down from his hands and head :  
 The crimson tide puts out the sun ;  
 His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,  
 Proclaim the truth aloud ;  
 And, with the amazed centurion, cry,  
 "This is the Son of God !"
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice  
 May well my hope revive :  
 If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,  
 The sinner sure may live.
- 5 Oh, that these cords of love divine  
 Might draw me, Lord, to thee !  
 Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—  
 Thine it shall ever be !

STENNETT.

*"It is finished."*

Daniel ix. 24.

John xix. 30.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary !  
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky !  
 "It is finished !"
- Hear the dying Saviour cry !
- 2 "It is finished"—O what pleasure  
 Do these charming words afford !  
 Heavenly blessings without measure  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord :  
 "It is finished !"

*Saints, the dying words record.*

- 3 Finished all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law!  
Finished all that God had promised;  
Death and hell no more shall awe:  
"It is finished!"  
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 [Happy souls, approach the table,  
Taste the soul-reviving food:  
Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant  
As the Saviour's flesh and blood:  
"It is finished!"  
Christ has borne the heavy load.]
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Emmanuel's name!  
Hallelujah!  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

J. EVANS.

## 72

L. M.

*"It is finished."*

John xvii. 4.

John xix. 30.

- 1 *'TIS finished!* so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head, and died:  
*'Tis finished*—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 *'Tis finished*—all that heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,  
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 *'Tis finished*—Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore;  
The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
And Jewish rites no more remain.

- 4 *'Tis finished*—this my dying groan  
 Shall sins of every kind atone :  
 Millions shall be redeemed from death  
 By this my last expiring breath.
- 5 *'Tis finished*—Heaven is reconciled,  
 And all the powers of darkness spoiled :  
 Peace, love, and happiness again  
 Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 *'Tis finished*—let the joyful sound  
 Be heard through all the nations round :  
*'Tis finished*—let the echo fly  
 Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

STENNETT.

- 1 **S**TRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour  
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise ! [dies  
 See, how the sacred crimson tide  
 Flows from his hands, his feet, his side.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,  
 And flows from every bleeding wound :  
 The vital stream, how free it flows,  
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes !
- 3 Lord ! didst thou bleed ?—for sinners bleed  
 And could the sun behold the deed ?  
 No ! he withdrew his sickening ray,  
 And darkness veiled the mourning day.
- 4 Can I survey this scene of woe  
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;  
 And yet my heart unmoved remain,  
*In sensible to love or pain ?*

- 5 Come, dearest Lord ! thy grace impart,  
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;  
 Till all its powers and passions move  
 In melting grief and ardent love. STEELE.

74

8. 7.

[67]

*His death.*

Luke xxiii. 48.

Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 **O**N the wings of faith uprising,  
 Jesus crucified I see ;  
 While his love, my soul surprising,  
 Cries, " I suffered all for thee !"
- 2 Then, beneath the cross adoring,  
 Sin doth like itself appear ;  
 When the wounds of Christ exploring,  
 I can read my pardon there.
- 3 Who can think, without admiring ?  
 Who can hear, and nothing feel ?  
 See the Lord of life expiring,  
 Yet retain a heart of steel ?
- 4 Angels here may gaze, and wonder  
 What the God of love could mean,  
 When that heart was torn asunder,  
 Never once defiled with sin ! SWAIN.

75

8. 7.

[68]

*His death.*

John xix. 25—27.

Luke vii. 37—47.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
*Which before the cross I spend,*  
*Life, and health, and peace possessing*  
*From the sinner's dying Friend.*

- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
 Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;  
 Precious drops ! my soul bedewing,  
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,  
 Low before his cross to lie ;  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 [Here it is I find my heaven,  
 While upon the cross I gaze :  
 Love I much ? I've more forgiven :  
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe,  
 Constant still in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death.]
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling, '  
 In all need to Jesus go ;  
 Prove his blood each day more healing,  
 And himself more fully know. BATTY.

*His death and resurrection.*

Hosea xiii. 14.

1 Peter iii. 18—22.

- 1 **H**E dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !  
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies !  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
 For him who groaned beneath your load ;  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood !
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
 The Lord of glory dies for men !

But lo ! what sudden joys we see !  
Jesus the dead revives again.

- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;  
Up to his Father's court he flies !  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies :
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster, Death, in chains.
- 6 Say, " Live for ever wondrous king !  
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"  
Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?"  
And " Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

WATTS, *altered.*

77

7s.

[319]

*His Resurrection.*

Matt. xxviii. 1—4. Mark xvi. 9.

- 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb,  
Jesus dissipates its gloom !  
Day of triumph through the skies—  
See the glorious Saviour rise :
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears,  
Chase those unbelieving fears ;  
Look on his deserted grave,  
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the scattered shade :  
Drive your anxious cares away,  
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 So the rising sun appears,  
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;  
So returning beams of light  
Chase the terrors of the night.

COLLYER.

*His Resurrection.*

Matt. xxviii. 1-8.

1 Cor. xv. 49-55.

- 1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to day!"  
Sons of men, and angels say.  
Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids his rise,  
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!  
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"  
Once he died our souls to save;  
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted head;  
Made like him, like him we rise,  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 [What though once we perished all,  
Partners of our parents' fall:  
Second life we now receive,  
In our heavenly Adam live.]
- 7 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!  
Praise to thee by both be given!  
Thee we greet triumphant now,  
Hail, the Resurrection—Thou!

79

148th Metre.

[70]

*His Resurrection.*

Luke xxiv. 1—8. Romans vi. 8, 9.

- 1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose ;  
 The Saviour left the dead ;  
 And o'er our hellish foes  
 High raised his conquering head ;  
     In wild dismay,  
     The guards around  
     Fell to the ground,  
     And sunk away.
- 2 Lo, the angelic bands  
 In full assembly meet,  
 To wait his high commands,  
 And worship at his feet !  
     Joyful they come,  
     And wing their way  
     From realms of day  
     To such a tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,  
 And the glad tidings bear ;  
 Hark ! as they soar on high,  
 What music fills the air !  
     Their anthems say,  
     " Jesus, who bled,  
     Hath left the dead ;  
     He rose to-day."
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
 Redeemed by him from hell ;  
 And send the echo round  
 The globe on which you dwell ;  
     Transported cry,  
     " Jesus, who bled,  
     Hath left the dead ;  
     No more to die."



- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,  
 Who sav'st us with thy blood !  
 Wide be thy name adored,  
 Thou rising, reigning God.  
     With thee we rise,  
     With thee we reign,  
     And empires gain  
     Beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE.

*His Resurrection.*

Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

1 Cor. xv. 20—23.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls that seek the Lord,  
     Chase all your fears away,  
 And bow with pleasure down to see  
     The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;  
     Such wonders love can do ;  
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
     Which throbbed and bled for you.
- 3 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,  
     The Saviour lives again ;  
 Not all the bolts and bars of death  
     The conqueror could detain.
- 4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears  
     His once dishonoured head ;  
 And through unnumbered years he reigns  
     Who dwelt among the dead.
- 5 With joy like his let every saint  
     His empty tomb survey ;  
*Then rise with his ascending Lord*  
*Through all the shining way.*

DODDRIDGE

*His Resurrection.*

Mark xvi. 3, 4.

Acts i. 9.

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away,  
 Death, resign thy mighty prey :  
 See the Saviour quit the tomb,  
 Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah !
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs, Gabriel, raise  
 Fame's eternal trump of praise !  
 Let the earth's remotest bound  
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound. [Hal.]
- 3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,  
 Now to glory see him rise ;  
 Troops of angels on the road  
 Hail and sing the incarnate God. [Hal.]
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide !  
 Gracious hero ! through them ride ;  
 King of glory ! mount thy throne,  
 Boundless empire is thine own. [Hal.]
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,  
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres,  
 Shout, O earth, in rapturous song ;  
 Let the strains be sweet and strong ! [Hal.]
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,  
 Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell !  
 Where is hell's once dreaded king ?  
 Where, O death, thy mortal sting ? [Hal.]

GIBBONS.

*Seen of Angels.*

1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 Peter i. 12.

- 1 **O**H ye immortal throng  
*Of angels round the throne !*  
*Join with our feeble song*  
*To make the Saviour known :*

On earth ye knew  
His wondrous grace ;  
His beauteous face  
In heaven ye view.

- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child  
In human flesh arrayed,  
Benevolent and mild,  
While in the manger laid ;  
And praise to God,  
And peace on earth,  
For such a birth,  
Proclaimed aloud.

- 3 Ye, in the wilderness,  
Beheld the tempter spoiled—  
Well-known in every dress,  
In every combat foiled ;  
And joyed to crown  
The victor's head,  
When Satan fled  
Before his frown.

- 4 Around the bloody tree  
Ye pressed, with strong desire,  
That wondrous sight to see—  
The Lord of life expire ;  
And could your eyes  
Have known a tear,  
Had dropped it there  
In sad surprise.

- 5 Around his sacred tomb  
A willing watch ye keep,  
Till the blest moment come  
To rouse him from his sleep ;  
Then rolled the stone,  
And all adored  
*Your rising Lord,*  
*With joy unknown.*

6 When all arrayed in light  
 The shining conqueror rode,  
 Ye hailed his rapturous flight  
 Up to the throne of God ;  
     And waved around  
     Your golden wings,  
     And struck your strings  
     Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,  
 And louder anthems raise ;  
 While mortals sing with you  
*Their own* Redeemer's praise :  
     And thou, my heart,  
     With equal flame,  
     And joy the same,  
     Perform thy part.

DODDRIDGE.

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C. M.

[97]

*Seen of Angels.*

1 Tim. iii. 16.

Rev. v. 11, 12.

1 **B**EYOND the glittering starry skies,  
     Far as th' eternal hills,  
 There, in the boundless worlds of light,  
     Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,  
     In countless armies shine ;  
 Before him, in transported lays,  
     They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail ! PRINCE !" they cry, "for ever hail,  
     Whose unexampled love  
     Moved thee to quit these glorious realms,  
     And royalties above."

- 4 And while he ranged on earth to dw  
And suffered rude disdain ;  
They cast their honours at his feet,  
And waited in his train.
- 5 In all his toils and dangerous paths  
They did his steps attend ;  
Ofi passed, and wondered how at last,  
This scene of love would end.
- 6 As on the torturing tree he hung,  
And darkness veiled the sky,  
Amazed, they saw that awful sight,  
The Lord of glory die !
- 7 Anon he bursts the gates of death,  
Subdues the tyrant's power ;  
They saw the illustrious conqueror rise,  
And hailed the blessed hour.
- 8 They thronged his chariot up the skies,  
And bore him to his throne ;  
Then sweep their golden harps, and shout,  
"The glorious work is done !"

FANCH AND TURNER.

*His Ascension.*

Psalm xxiv. 7.—10.

Eph. iv. 8.

**O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
The powers of hell are captive led,—  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.  
There his triumphal chariot waits ;  
And angels chant the solemn lay :—  
*Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
everlasting doors, give way !*

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
He claims those mansions as his right ;—  
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 “ Who is the King of glory, who ? ”  
The Lord that all our foes o’ercame ;  
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew,  
And Jesus is the conqueror’s name.
- 5 Lo his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay :  
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
Ye everlasting doors, give way ! ”
- 6 “ Who is the King of glory, who ? ”—  
The Lord of boundless power possest :  
The King of saints, and angels too !  
God over all, for ever blest !

85

C. M.

[54]

*The second Adam.*

Gen. iii.

1 Cor. xv. 45—49.

- 1 **A**DAM in God’s own image formed,  
From God and bliss estranged ;  
The pure delights of Paradise  
For guilt and death exchanged !
- 2 O fatal heritage bequeathed  
To all his helpless race !  
Through the thick maze of sin and woe,  
Thus to the grave we pass.
- 3 But O, my soul, with rapture hear,  
The second Adam’s name :  
And the celestial gifts he brings  
To all his seed proclaim.
- 4 *In holiness and joy complete,  
He reigns to endless years ;*  
GO

- And each adopted chosen child  
 His splendid image wears.  
 5 What though in mortal life they mou  
   What though by death they fall?  
   Jesus in one triumphant day  
   Transforms and crowns them all.  
 6 Praise to his rich mysterious grace!  
   E'en by our fall we rise;  
   And gain, for earthly Eden lost,  
   A heavenly Paradise. DODDRIDGE

86

L. M.

[110]

*The Advocate.*

Heb. iv. 14. 16.

1 John ii. 1.

- 1 **W**HERE is my God? does he retire  
   Beyond the reach of humble sighs?  
   Are these weak breathings of desire  
   Too languid to ascend the skies?  
 2 No, Lord! the breathing of desire,  
   The weak petition, if sincere,  
   Is not forbidden to aspire,  
   But reaches thy all-gracious ear.  
 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,  
   See where the great Redeemer stands.  
   The glorious Advocate on high,  
   With precious incense in his hands!  
 4 He sweetens every humble groan,  
   He recommends each broken prayer;  
   Recline thy hope on him alone,  
   Whose power and love forbid despair.  
 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord!  
   With stronger faith to call thee mine;  
   *Bid me pronounce the blissful word,*  
   *ty Father, God, with joy divine.* STEEN

- 1 **H**E lives! the great Redeemer lives!  
 (What joy the blest assurance gives!)  
 And now, before his father God,  
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
 And Justice armed with frowns appears;  
 But in the Saviour's lovely face  
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts!  
 Above our fears, above our faults  
 His powerful intercessions rise;  
 And guilt recedes and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,  
 When sin and Satan join their power,  
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,  
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—  
 On him our humble hopes depend:  
 Our cause can never, never fail,  
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail. STEELE.

- 1 **A**WAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing  
 The ascended Saviour's love:  
 Sing how he lives to carry on  
 His people's cause above.
- 2 His sweet atoning sacrifice  
 Gives sanction to his claim:
- 71



- “ Father, I will that all my saints,  
Be with me where I am :
- 3 By their salvation, recompense  
The sorrows I endured,  
Just to the merits of thy Son,  
And faithful to thy word.”
- 4 Eternal life, at his request,  
To every saint is given :  
Safety on earth, and, after death,  
The plenitude of heaven.
- 5 Let the much incense of thy prayer  
In my behalf ascend ;  
And, as its virtue, so my praise  
Shall never, never end. TOPLADY.

- i **J**ESUS, who passed the angels by,  
Assumed our flesh, to bleed and die ;  
And still he makes it his abode :  
As man he fills the throne of God.
- 2 Our nearest friend, our Brother now,  
Is he to whom the angels bow ;  
They join with us to praise his name,  
But we the nearest interest claim.  
But ah ! how faint our praises rise !  
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,  
That we, who share his richest love,  
So cold and unconcerned should prove.  
) glorious hour, it comes with speed !  
When we, from sin and darkness freed,  
all see the God who died for man,  
! praise him more than angels can.

*The Consolation of Israel.*

Luke ii. 25. 1 Tim. i. 1.

1 **C**OME, thou long-expected Jesus!  
 Born to set thy people free:  
 From our fears and sins release us,  
 Let us find our rest in thee:  
 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the saints thou art;  
 Dear desire of every nation—  
 Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver;  
 Born a child and yet a king;  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.  
 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

*The Desire of all Nations.*

Haggai ii. 7.

Romans xv. 12.

1 **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,  
 Thou lovely Prince of grace!  
 Thy uncreated beauties shine  
 With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,  
 Come bending at thy feet:  
 To thee their prayers and vows ascend,  
 In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,  
 Delights the church around;

Sweetly the sacred odours spread  
Through all Emmanuel's ground.

- 4 Millions of happy spirits live  
On thy exhaustless store ;  
From thee they all their bliss receive,  
And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;  
They find their all in thee ;  
Thy glories will their tongues employ  
Through all eternity. FAWCETT.

*The Door.*

Hosea II. 15.

John x. 1—10.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, and bless his name  
Whose mercies never fail ;  
Who opens wide a door of hope  
In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide displayed,  
The buildings strong and fair ;  
Within are pastures fresh and green,  
And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,  
For Jesus is the door ;  
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,  
Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead,  
And Jews and Gentiles come,  
*All travelling through one beauteous gate  
To one eternal home.* DODDRIDGE.

*The Forerunner.*

Lev. xvi. 15, 16.

Heb. vi. 19, 20.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Lord, our souls adore,  
 A painful sufferer now no more ;  
 High on his Father's throne he reigns,  
 O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.
- 2 His race for ever is complete ;  
 For ever undisturbed his seat ;  
 Myriads of angels round him fly,  
 And sing his well gained victory.
- 3 Yet, 'midst the honours of his throne,  
 He joys not for himself alone ;  
 His meanest servants share their part,  
 Share in that royal tender heart.
- 4 Raise, raise my soul, thy raptured sight,  
 With sacred wonder and delight ;  
 Jesus thy own forerunner see  
 Entered beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,  
 And foaming waves to mountains swell,  
 No shipwreck can my vessel fear,  
 Since hope hath fixed its anchor here.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Friend.*

Prov. xviii. 24.

John xv. 13—15.

- 1 **O**NE there is above all others,  
 Well deserves the name of Friend :  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end :  
*They who once his kindness prove*  
*Find it everlasting love.*

- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,  
 Could, or would have shed his blood ;  
 But the Saviour died to have us  
 Reconciled in him to God :

This was boundless love indeed !  
 Jesus is a friend in need.

- 3 When he lived on earth abased,  
 Friend of sinners was his name ;  
 Now, above all glory raised,  
 He rejoices in the same :  
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,  
 And to all their wants attends.

- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften !  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
 We, alas ! forget too often  
 What a friend we have above :  
 But, when home our souls are brought,  
 We shall love thee as we ought.

NEWTON.

*The Friend.*

Luke xxii. 19.

2 Cor. viii. 9.

- 1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more  
 The Friend who all thy misery bore ;  
 Let every idol be forgot,  
 But, O my soul, forget him not.
- 2 Jesus for thee a body takes,  
 Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,  
 Discharging all thy dreadful debt :  
 And canst thou e'er such love forget ?
- 3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,  
 And fly to this most sure relief ;

Nor him forget who left his throne,  
And for thy life gave up his own.

- 4 Infinite truth and mercy shine  
In him, and he himself is thine ;  
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget ?
- 5 Ah ! no : till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart,  
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.
- 6 Ah ! no : when all things else expire,  
And perish in the general fire,  
This name all others shall survive,  
And through eternity shall live.

TRANSLATED FROM KRISHNU.

96

C. M.

[126]

*The Friend.*

John xiii. 1.

Heb. xiii. 8.

- 1 **A** FRIEND there is—your voices join,  
Ye saints, to praise his name !  
Whose truth and kindness are divine,  
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his helping hand,  
This Friend is always near ;  
With heaven and earth at his command,  
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,  
No change can turn its course ;  
Immutably the same it flows  
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,  
And clouds surround his throne,  
*He hides the purpose of his grace.*  
*To make it better known.*

- 5 And, if our dearest comforts fall  
 Before his sovereign will,  
 He never takes away our all :  
 Himself he gives us still !
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,  
 And measures out our pains ;  
 The wildest storm his word obeys,  
 His word its rage restrains. SWAIN.
- 

*The Friend.*

Proverbs xvii. 17. Gal. ii. 20.

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,  
 I have a rich, almighty Friend ;  
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,  
 He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransomed me from hell with blood ;  
 And, by his power, my foes controlled ;  
 He found me wandering far from God,  
 And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,  
 And says that I shall shortly be  
 Enthroned with him above the skies ;  
 Oh ! what a Friend is Christ to me !

NEWTON.

*The Head.*

Ephesians iv. 15, 16. Col. i. 18.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,  
 That calls a worm thy own ;  
*Gives me among thy saints a place,*  
*To make thy glories known.*

- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,  
 We act, and grow, and thrive :  
 From thee divided, each is dead,  
 When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
 Here join in sweet accord ;  
 One body all in mutual love,  
 And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O may my faith each hour derive  
 Thy Spirit with delight ;  
 While death and hell in vain shall strive  
 This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present  
 Before thy Father's face ;  
 Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot  
 Its beauteous form disgrace. DODDRIDGE.

99

L. M.

[130]

*The Hiding-place.*

Isai. xxxii. 2.

John i. 29.

- 1 **A**WAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake !  
 Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;  
 We sing the Saviour of our race,  
 The Lamb, our shield, and hiding-place.
- 2 When God's right arm is bared for war,  
 And thunders clothe his cloudy car,  
 Where—where—oh where shall man retire,  
 To escape the horror of his ire ?
- 3 'Tis he—the Lamb—to him we fly,  
 While the dread tempest passes by ;  
 God sees his well-beloved's face ;  
 And spares *us* in our hiding-place.
- 4 *Thus, while we dwell in this low scene,  
 The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;*  
 79



- To him, though guilty, still we run,  
And God still spares us for his Son.
- 5 While yet we sojourn here below,  
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;  
Fall'n, abject, mean—a sentenced race,  
We deeply need a hiding-place.
- 6 Yet, courage—days and years will glide,  
And we shall lay these clods aside ;  
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,  
And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.
- 7 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,  
We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;  
Shall meet the Father face to face,  
And need no more a hiding-place.

H. K. WHITE.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place :  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,  
My prophet, priest, and king ;  
*My Lord, my life, my way, my end,*  
*Accept the praise I bring.*

- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart  
 And languid are my lays ;  
 But, when I see Thee as thou art,  
 I'll give thee nobler praise.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath ;  
 And may the music of thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

101

C. M.

[135]

*The King.*

Zech. ix. 9.    Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
 And joy to make it known,  
 The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,  
 And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned  
 With glories all divine ;  
 And tell the wondering nations round,  
 How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,  
 In him unite their rays :  
 You that have e'er beheld his face,  
 Can you forbear his praise ?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view  
 The glories of our King,  
 We long to love as angels do,  
 And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?  
 Lord, teach our songs to rise !  
*Thy love can animate the strain.*  
*And bid it reach the skies.*

102, 103

THE SAVIOUR.

- 6 O happy period, glorious day !  
 When heaven and earth shall raise,  
 With all their powers, the raptured lay,  
 To celebrate thy praise. STEELE.
- 

102

L. M.

*The Lamb of God.*

Isaiah xlii. 4—7.

John i. 29.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,  
 With wonder, gratitude, and love :  
 To take away our guilt and shame,  
 See him descending from above.
- 2 To save a guilty world, he dies ;  
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb !  
 To him lift up your longing eyes,  
 And hope for mercy in his name.
- 3 Pardon, and peace through him abound ;  
 He can the richest blessings give :  
 Salvation in his name is found,  
 He bids the dying sinner live.
- 4 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee—  
 Where else can helpless sinners go ?  
 Thy boundless love shall set me free  
 From all my wretchedness and wo.

FAWCETT.

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103

8. 7.

[137]

*Light.*

Isaiah ix. 2.

John viii. 12.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
 Borders on the shades of death,  
*Come! and, by thyself revealing,*  
*Dissipate the clouds beneath.*

182

- 2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise !  
Scattering all the night of nature,  
Pouring day upon our eyes !
- 3 Still we wait for thy appearing,  
Life and joy thy beams impart ;  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every poor benighted heart.
- 4 Come, extend thy wonted favour  
To our ruined, guilty race ;  
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour,  
Come, apply thy saving grace.
- 5 Save us, in thy great compassion,  
O thou mild, pacific Prince !  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Give the pardon of our sins.
- 6 By thine all-sufficient merit  
Every burthen'd soul release ;  
By the teachings of thy Spirit  
Guide us into perfect peace.

**104**

L. M.

*Light.*

Luke ii. 32.

2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the Gentiles, thee I hail !  
Essential light, thyself impart !  
Spirit of light, his face reveal ;  
And set thy signet on my heart.
- 2 Thy office is to enlighten man  
And point him to the heavenly prize ;  
*The hidden things of God to explain,*  
*And chase the darkness from our eyes.*

105, 106

THE SAVIOUR.

- 3 Show me I have the better part,  
The treasure hid with Christ in God ;  
Give me a perfect peace of heart,  
And pardon through my Saviour's blood.
- TOPLADY.

105

C. M.

[372]

*Light.*

Luke i. 78, 79.

Eccles. xi. 7.

- 1 **S**WEET is the light of opening day  
That shines on all mankind :  
But sweeter far the Saviour's ray  
Illuminates the mind.
- 2 Dark is the night of clouds, wherein  
Nor moon nor stars appear ;  
But darker far the night of sin,  
Of error, doubt, and fear.
- 3 His Spirit from the mental eye  
The vicious film removes ;  
And then the day-spring from on high  
The soul beholds and loves.
- RYLAND.

106

L. M.

[341]

*Messiah.*

Dan. ix. 25, 26.

John i. 41.

- 1 **T**HE wondering nations have beheld  
The sacred prophecy fulfilled ;  
And angels hailed the glorious morn  
That showed the great Messiah born.
- 2 The Prince ! the Saviour ! long desired,  
Whom men foretold, by heaven inspired,  
And raptured saw the blissful day  
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

- 3 Oft, in the temples of his grace,  
His saints behold his smiling face ;  
And oft have seen his glories shine  
With power and majesty divine :
- 4 But soon, alas ! his absence mourn,  
And pray and wish his kind return ;  
Without his life-inspiring light,  
Tis all a scene of gloomy night.
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,  
Our graces droop, our comforts die ;  
Return, and let thy glories rise  
Again to our admiring eyes ;—
- 6 Till, filled with light, and joy, and love,  
Thy courts below, like those above,  
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,  
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

STEELE.

107

L. M.

[141]

*The Morning Star.*

2 Peter i. 19.

Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 **A**RISE, thou bright and morning star,  
And send thy silvery beams from far ;  
Dispel the shades of dreary night,  
And let me hail the dawning light.
- 2 Blinded by sin, I went astray,  
And wandering left the heavenly way ;  
Dart forth thy soul-reviving rays,  
And guide me all my future days.
- 3 With growing strength may I pursue  
The course which heavenly wisdom drew,  
Till I shall reach the blissful shore,  
Where pilgrims rest and stray no more.

BEDDOME.

## 108

L. M.

[142]

*The Morning Star.*

Num. xxiv. 17. Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 **Y**E worlds of light that roll so near  
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,  
Oh tell, how mean your glories are ;  
How faint and few, compared with his !
- 2 We sing the bright and morning Star,  
Jesus, the source of light and love ;  
His purest rays, diffused from far,  
Conduct us to the realms above.
- 3 'Midst gloomy darkness spread abroad,  
This light directs the pilgrim's way ;  
Still, as he goes, he finds the road  
That leads him safe to endless day.
- 4 When shall we reach the glorious height,  
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine ;  
Leave far behind these scenes of night,  
And view the lustre all divine ! **BEDDOME.**

## 109

C. M.

[143]

*The Pearl of great price.*

Matthew xiii. 45, 46.

Phil. iii. 8.

- 1 **Y**E glittering toys of earth, adieu !  
A nobler choice be mine ;  
A real prize attracts my view,  
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,  
Ye specious baits of sense ;  
Inestimable worth appears,  
The pearl of price immense !
- 3 *Jesus to multitudes unknown—  
O name divinely sweet !*

- Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,  
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,  
Their boasted stores resign ;  
With joy I would renounce them all,  
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
Of this dear gift possessed,  
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
And be for ever blessed.
- 6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,  
Thy love is bliss divine ;  
Accept the wish that love inspires,  
And bid me call thee mine.

STEELE.

110

L. M.

[144]

*The Physician.*

Jer. viii. 22.

Matt. ix. 12.

- D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made ;  
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;  
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns  
With fatal strength in every part ;  
The dire contagion fills the veins,  
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found ?  
And is no kind physician nigh,  
To ease the pain and heal the wound,  
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 4 There is a great physician near ;  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live :  
See in his heavenly smiles appear  
Such ease as nature cannot give !



- 5 See in the Saviour's dying blood,  
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow ;  
'Tis only this dear sacred flood  
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

STEEL.

## III

148th Metre.

*The High Priest.*

Psalm cx. 4.

Heb. ii. 17, 18.

- 1 **A** GOOD High Priest is come,  
Supplying Aaron's place,  
And taking up his room,  
Dispensing life and grace :  
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,  
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.
- 2 My Lord a Priest is made,  
As sware the mighty God  
To Israel and his seed ;  
Ordained to offer blood  
For sinners, who his mercy seek ;  
A priest, as was Melchizedek.
- 3 He once temptations knew  
Of every sort and kind,  
That he might succour show  
To every tempted mind :  
In every point the Lamb was tried  
Like us, and then for us he died.
- 4 He dies ; but lives again,  
And by the altar stands ;  
There shows how he was slain,  
Opening his pierced hands :  
*Our priest abides, and pleads the cause  
Of us, who have transgressed his laws.*

- 5 I other priests disclaim,  
 And laws, and offerings too,  
 None but the bleeding Lamb  
 The mighty work can do ;  
 He shall have all the praise, for he  
 Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and died for me.

CENNICK.

112

L. M.

[131]

*The High Priest.*

Heb. viii. 1, 2.

Heb. iv. 14—16.

- 1 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
 The house of God not made with hands,  
 A great High Priest our nature wears,  
 The Patron of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their surety stood,  
 And poured on earth his precious blood,  
 Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,  
 The Saviour and the friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,  
 He bends on earth a brother's eye ;  
 Partaker of the human name,  
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains  
 A fellow-feeling of our pains ;  
 And still remembers, in the skies,  
 His tears, and agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,  
 The man of sorrows had a part ;  
*He sympathizes in our grief,*  
*And to the sufferer sends relief.*

- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
 Let us make all our sorrows known,  
 And ask the aids of heavenly power  
 To help us in the evil hour. LOGAN.

*The High Priest.*

Exodus xxviii. 29, 30.    Heb. vii. 23—28.

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey  
     Our great High Priest above ;  
 And celebrate his constant care,  
     And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,  
     Where angels bow around,  
 And high o'er all the shining train,  
     With matchless honours crown'd.
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears  
     Deep graven on his heart ;  
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say  
     That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide  
     Our everlasting trust,  
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns,  
     Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast,  
     May thy dear name be worn,  
 A sacred ornament and guard,  
     To endless ages borne. DODDRIDGE.

*Priest—Melchisedek.*

Gen. xiv. 18.

Hebrews vii.

- 1 **THOU** dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !  
 We love to hear of thee ;  
 No music's like thy charming name,  
 Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O may we ever hear thy voice  
 In mercy to us speak ;  
 And in our priest we will rejoice,  
 Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
 While in this world we stay ;  
 We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,  
 When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
 With all the ransomed throng,  
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And Christ shall be our song. CENNICK.

*Prophet, Priest, and King.*

Deut. xviii. 15—19.

1 Peter ii. 7.

- 1 **JESUS**, how precious is thy name !  
 The great Jehovah's chosen, thou !  
 Oh, let me catch th' immortal flame,  
 With which angelic bosoms glow !  
 Since angels love thee, I would love,  
 And imitate the blessed above.
- 2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly guide,  
 Thy sweet instructions I will hear ;  
 The words, that from thy lips proceed,  
 Oh, how divinely sweet they are !  
*Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,*  
*And imitate the blessed above.*

- 3 My great *High Priest*, whose precious bl  
 Did once atone upon the cross ;  
 Who now dost intercede with God,  
 And plead the friendless sinner's cause  
 In thee I trust ; thee I would love,  
 And imitate the blessed above.
- 4 My *King* supreme, to thee I bow,  
 A willing subject at thy feet ;  
 All other lords I disavow,  
 And to thy government submit :  
 My *Saviour King* this heart would love,  
 And imitate the blessed above. DAV

## 116

C. M.

*Our Righteousness.*

Jer. xxiii. 6.

1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR divine ! we know thy name,  
 And in that name we trust ;  
 Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,  
 Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,  
 And low in dust we lie,  
 Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm  
 To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day  
 Might plunge us in despair ;  
 Yet all the crimes of numerous years  
 Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought  
 Shall deck us all around ;  
*Nor by the piercing eye of God*  
*One blemish shall be found.*

- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,  
 To sinners now are given ;  
 Israel and Judah soon shall change  
 Their wilderness for heaven.
- 6 With joy we taste that manna now  
 Thy mercy scatters down ;  
 We seal our humble vows to thee,  
 And wait the promis'd crown.

DODDRIDGE.

117

L. M.

[108]

*Our Righteousness.*

Isai. xlv. 24.

Jerem. xxxiii. 16.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When, from the dust of death, I rise  
 To take my mansion in the skies ;  
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
 "Jesus hath lived and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
 While, through thy blood, absolved I am  
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears  
 When ruined nature sinks in years ;  
 No age can change its glorious hue ;  
 The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 O let the dead now hear thy voice !  
 Bid, Lord, thy banished ones rejoice ;  
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
*Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.*

118

S. M.

[62]

*The Root of David.*

Isa. xl. 1.

Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 **A**LL HAIL, mysterious King!  
     Hail David's ancient root!  
 Thou righteous branch, which thence did  
     To give the nations fruit. [spring
- 2 Our weary souls shall rest  
     Beneath thy grateful shade;  
 Our thirsting lips salvation taste:  
     Our fainting hearts are glad.
- 3 Fair Morning Star, arise,  
     With living glories bright,  
 And pour on these awakening eyes  
     A flood of sacred light. DODDRIDGE.

119

C. M.

[150]

*The Saviour.*

John iv. 42.

1 John iv. 14.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour! O what endless charms  
     Dwell in the blissful sound!  
 Its influence every fear disarms,  
     And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
     In rich effusion flow:  
 For guilty rebels lost in sin,  
     And doomed to endless woe.
- 3 O the rich depths of love divine,  
     Of bliss a boundless store!  
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;  
     *I cannot wish for more!*

- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,  
 Beneath thy cross I fall ;  
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,  
 My Saviour and my all !

STEELE.

120

8. 7. 4.

*The Saviour.*

2 Tim. i. 9.

Titus iii. 4—6.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our great salvation,  
 Worthy of our best esteem !  
 He has sav'd his favourite nation ·  
 Join to sing aloud to him :  
 He has sav'd us,  
 Christ alone could us redeem.
- 2 When involved in sin and ruin,  
 And no helper there was found ;  
 Jesus our distress was viewing ;  
 Grace did more than sin abound :  
 He has called us,  
 With salvation in the sound.
- 3 Save us from a mere profession !  
 Save us from hypocrisy ;  
 Give us, Lord, the sweet possession  
 Of thy righteousness and thee :  
 Best of favours !  
 None compared with this can be.
- 4 Let us never, Lord, forget thee ;  
 Make us walk as pilgrims here :  
 We will give thee all the glory  
 Of the love that brought us near :  
*Bid us praise thee,*  
*And rejoice with holy fear.*



- 5 Free election, known by calling,  
 Is a privilege divine :  
 Saints are kept from final falling ;  
 All the glory, Lord, be thine ;  
 All the glory,  
 All the glory, Lord, is thine.

## 121

C. M.

[151]

*The Shepherd.*

Isa. xl. 11.

1 Peter ii. 25.

- 1 **T**HOU Keeper of a lovely flock,  
 Thyself far lovelier still,  
 Beneath the overshadowing rock  
 Thy sheep are safe from ill.
- 2 There thou at noon dost make them rest,  
 Screened from the burning sky ;  
 Nor dares the wolf, with hunger prest,  
 Approach when thou art nigh.
- 3 Once for his flock the Shepherd died,  
 But now he lives again :  
 For all their wants will he provide,  
 And ease their every pain.
- 4 I, like a sheep, had gone astray ;  
 But me that shepherd sought,  
 Till I, in his appointed way,  
 Into the fold was brought.
- 5 O may I always hear thy voice,  
 Nor ever wander more ;  
 But in thy constant care rejoice,  
 Thy dying love adore.

RYLAND

122

C. M.

[152]

*The Shepherd.*

Ezek. xxxiv. 23.

John x. 11—16.

- 1 **T**O thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,  
     A grateful song I'll raise ;  
 O let the meanest of thy flock  
     Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 Vain the attempt ! what tongue can speak  
     A subject so divine ?  
 Do justice to so vast a theme,  
     Or praise a love like thine ?
- 3 Love, that could bring thy willing feet  
     From the blest world on high !  
 From thy great Father's dear embrace,  
     To labour, bleed, and die !
- 4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe  
     To this amazing love ;  
 Ten thousand, thousand comforts here,  
     And nobler bliss above.
- 5 To thee my trembling spirit flies,  
     With sin and grief opprest ;  
 Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,  
     And lulls my cares to rest.
- 6 Nay, should I walk thro' death's dark vale,  
     With double horror spread,  
 Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,  
     And guard my drooping head.
- 7 Lead on, dear Shepherd ! led by thee  
     No evil shall I fear ;  
 Soon shall I reach thy fold above,  
     And praise thee better there.

*The Sun of Righteousness.*

Malachi iv. 2.

Eph. v. 14.

- 1 **O** FOR one celestial ray  
 From the shining seats of day !  
 Sun of Righteousness, arise !  
 Warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.
- 2 Distant from thy blest abode,  
 Far from glory, far from God,  
 Now and then we breathe a sigh  
 Upwards to our native sky.
- 3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire ;  
 Love, and joy, and peace inspire ;  
 Make us feel thy grace within ;  
 Thou canst break the power of sin.
- 4 Give, O give us wings to rise  
 In affection to the skies !  
 Liberty and joy divine,  
 Sun of righteousness, are thine. TOPI

*The Sun of Righteousness.*

Malachi iv. 2.

Luke i. 78, 79.

- 1 **A**LL hail ! redeeming Lord,  
 Sweet day-spring from on high ;  
 All hail, thou Sun of righteousness,  
 With all thy vital joy.
- 2 In deepest shades of death,  
 The borders of despair,  
*We lie oppressed with heavy gloom,*  
*And constant fetters wear.*

- 3 Shine, lovely star of day,  
Around and in us shine,  
And our benighted souls shall own  
Thy light and love divine.
- 4 Our wandering footsteps guide,  
Through all this desert place :  
Beneath thy beams we'll trace the path  
Of purity and peace.
- 5 Death's vale shall lose its gloom,  
Cheered with thy vital ray,  
And open to our longing eyes  
The road to perfect day.

BOYCE.

## 125

C. M.

*The Vine.*

John xv. 1-5. Col. ii. 6, 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, immutably the same !  
Thou true and living Vine !  
Around thy all-supporting stem  
My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quickened by thee, and kept alive,  
I flourish and bear fruit :  
My life I from thy sap derive,  
My vigour from thy root.
- 3 I can do nothing without thee ;  
My strength is wholly thine :  
Withered and barren should I be  
If severed from the Vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf, when parched with heat,  
Refreshing dew shall drop ;  
*The plant, which thy right hand hath set,  
Shall ne'er be rooted up.*

- 5 Each moment, watered by thy care,  
And fenced with power divine,  
Fruit to eternal life shall bear  
The feeblest branch of thine. TOPLA

*The Way.*

Isa. xxxv. 8-10. John xiv. 6.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;  
My hopes I fix on Him alone :  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went—  
The road that leads from banishment—  
The king's high-way of holiness—  
I'll go ; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 No adversary walks therein,  
No lover of the world and sin ;  
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound  
Alone shall in the way be found.
- 4 This is the way I long had sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come! and Thou, blest Lam!  
Wilt now receive me as I am!  
My sinful self to thee I give ;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found :  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
*And say—Behold the way to God.*

L. M.

*The Way.*

[1

Jer. vi. 16.

Acts iv. 12.

- 1 **JESUS**, the spring of joys divine,  
 Whence all our hopes and comforts flow  
**Jesus**, no other name but thine  
 Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find  
 The way to happiness and God;  
 Her weak directions leave the mind  
 Bewildered in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will heaven approve;  
 Thou art the true, the living way,  
 Ordained by everlasting love,  
 To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,  
 Nor from the heavenly path depart:  
 O let thy Spirit, gracious guide!  
 Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this world of night,  
 And bring us to the blissful plains—  
 The regions of unclouded light,  
 Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

STEELE.

C. M.

*His Achievements.*

Psalm lxxxix. 19.

Matt. i. 21.

**JESUS!** O word divinely sweet!  
 How charming is the sound!  
 What joyful news! what heavenly sense  
 In that dear name is found!  
 Our souls all guilty, and condemned,  
 In hopeless fetters lay;

- Our souls, with numerous sins depraved,  
To death and hell a prey.
- 3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,  
A willing victim fell,  
And on his cross triumphant broke  
The bands of death and hell.
- 4 Our foes were mighty to destroy,  
He mighty was to save ;  
He died, but could not long be held  
A prisoner in the grave.
- 5 Jesus ! who mighty art to save,  
Still push thy conquests on ;  
Extend the triumphs of thy cross,  
Where'er the sun has shone.
- 6 O Captain of salvation ! make  
Thy power and mercy known ;  
Till crowds of willing converts come  
And worship at thy throne. STENNETT.

*His Achievements.*

2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

Rev. v. 11, 12.

- 1 COME tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,  
Your dying, rising Lord, to sing ;  
And echo to the heavenly plains  
The triumphs of your Saviour king.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell  
How he subdued your potent foes,  
Subdued the powers of death and hell,  
And, dying, finished all your woes.
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high  
Returned, while hymning angels round,  
Through the bright arches of the sky,  
The God, the conquering God, resound.

- 4 Almighty love, victorious power !  
 Not angel-tongues can e'er display  
 The wonders of that dreadful hour,  
 The joys of that illustrious day.
- 5 Then well may mortals try in vain,  
 In vain their feeble voices raise ;  
 Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,  
 And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace  
 Fill every heart and every tongue.  
 Till the full glories of thy face  
 Inspire a sweeter, nobler song. STEELE.

130

148th Metre.

[477]

*His Achievements*

John xvi. 28.

Rom xiv. 9.

- 1 **C**OME, every pious heart,  
 That loves the Saviour's name,  
 Your noblest powers exert  
 To celebrate his fame ;  
 Tell all above, and all below,  
 The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 He left his starry crown,  
 And laid his robes aside ;  
 On wings of love came down,  
 And wept, and bled, and died :  
 What he endured, O who can tell !  
 To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave he rose,  
 The mansion of the dead,  
 And thence his mighty foes  
 In glorious triumph led :  
 Up *through the sky* the conqueror rode,  
 And *reigns on high* the Saviour God.



131, 132

THE SAVIOUR.

- 4 From thence he'll quickly come,  
His chariot will not stay,  
And bear our spirits home  
To realms of endless day ;  
There shall we see his lovely face,  
And ever be in his embrace. STENNE

131

C. M.

[93]

*His condescension.*

Matt. xx. 28.

2 Cor. viii. 9.

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,  
How sweet thy gracious name !  
With joy that errand we review  
On which thy mercy came.  
2 While all thy own angelic bands  
Stood waiting on the wing,  
Charmed with the honour to obey  
The word of such a King.  
3 For us mean, wretched, sinful men,  
Thou laidst that glory by,  
First in our mortal flesh to serve,  
Then in that flesh to die.  
4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,  
We doubly, Lord, are thine ;  
To thee our lives we would devote,  
To thee our death resign. DODDRIDGE

132

C. M.

[486]

*His love.*

John xv. 13.

Eph. iii. 19.

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name,  
Awake the sacred song !  
O may his love (immortal flame !)  
*Tune every heart and tongue.*

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?  
     What mortal tongue display ?  
     Imagination's utmost stretch  
     In wonder dies away.
- 3 Let wonder still with love unite,  
     And gratitude and joy ;  
     Jesus be our supreme delight,  
     His praise our best employ.
- 4 Jesus, who left his throne on high,  
     Left the bright realms of bliss,  
     And came to earth to bleed and die !—  
     Was ever love like this ?
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
     Fill every heart and tongue ;  
     Till strangers love thy charming name,  
     And join the sacred song.      STEELE.

133

L. M.

[104]

*His love.*

Rom. v. 6—8.

2 Cor. v. 14.

- 1 **S**EE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,  
     Adoring low before thy throne :  
     Accept our humble, cheerful vow ;  
     Thou art our sovereign, thou alone.
- 2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,  
     E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom  
     Shall brighten into vernal day,  
     And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,  
     In concert with the choir above,  
     *The glories of our Saviour king,*  
     *The condescensions of his love.*

- 4 Amazing love ! that stooped so low,  
To view with pity's melting eye  
Vile men, deserving endless woe :  
Amazing love ! did Jesus die ?
- 5 He died, to raise to life and joy  
The vile, the guilty, the undone ;  
Oh ! let his praise each hour employ,  
Till hours no more their circles run !
- 6 He died ! ye seraphs, tune your songs !  
Resound, resound, the Saviour's name !  
For nought below immortal tongues  
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

ST

## 134

C. M.

[98

*His love.*

1 Cor. xvi. 22.

2 Cor. x. 5.

- 1 **J**ESUS, in thy transporting name  
What blissful glories rise !  
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme !  
The wonder of the skies !
- 2 Well might the skies with wonder view  
A love so strange as thine !  
No thought of angels ever knew  
Compassion so divine !
- 3 Didst thou forsake thy radiant crown,  
And boundless realms of day  
(Aside thy robes of glory thrown),  
To dwell in feeble clay ?
- 4 Victorious love ! can language tell  
The wonders of thy power,  
*Which conquered all the foes of hell,  
In that tremendous hour ?*

- 5 Is there a heart that will not bend  
 To thy divine control?  
 Descend, O sovereign Love, descend  
 And melt that stubborn soul.
- 6 O may our willing hearts confess  
 Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;  
 Glad captives of resistless grace,  
 Thy pleasing rule obey.
- 7 Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,  
 Till rebels rise no more;  
 Thy praise all nature then shall join,  
 And heaven and earth adore. STEELE.

135

7.

[78]

*Redeeming love.*

Gal. iii. 13.

Titus ii. 14.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,  
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name;  
 Ye who his salvation prove,  
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace  
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
 As to Canaan on ye move,  
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;  
 Banish all your guilty fears;  
 See your guilt and curse remove,  
 Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
 Willing slaves to death and sin,  
 Now from bliss no longer rove,  
 Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 *Welcome all, by sin oppressed,  
 Welcome to the Saviour's breast;*  
 107

Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

- 6 Hither, then, your music bring,  
Strike aloud each tuneful string;  
Mortals join the host above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

136

8s.

[86]

*Redeeming love.*

Eph. i. 7.

Rev. i. 5, 6.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love!  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
And join with the armies above  
To shout his adorable name;  
To gaze on his glories divine  
Shall be my eternal employ;  
To feel them incessantly shine  
My boundless ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeemed, with his blood,  
My soul from the confines of hell,  
To live on the smiles of my God,  
And in his sweet presence to dwell;  
To shine with the angels of light;  
With saints and with seraphs to sing  
To view with eternal delight  
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
Your pride with disdain I survey;  
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
And pass in a moment away:  
The crown that my Saviour bestows  
Yon permanent sun shall outshine,  
*My joy everlastingly flows:*  
*My God, my Redeemer, is mine.* FRANCIS

137

L. M.

[84]

*Loving-kindness.*

Isa. lxiii. 7.

John xiii. 1.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;  
He saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud ;  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;  
But, though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
O ! may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day,  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

**138**

C. M.

[88]

*His saving power and love.*

John viii. 36. Phil. iv. 4.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise !  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Saviour and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
And spread, though all the earth abroad,  
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free :  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me. OLIVER.

**139**

104th Metre.

*His saving power and love.*

Isa. ix. 6. Acts i. 36.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour alone  
The Lord let us bless,  
Who reigns on his throne,  
The Prince of our peace ;  
Who evermore saves us  
By shedding his blood ;  
*All hail, holy Jesus,*  
*Our Lord and our God.*

- 2 We thankfully sing  
 Thy glory and praise,  
 Thou merciful spring  
 Of pity and grace :  
 Thy kindness for ever  
 To men we will tell,  
 And say, our dear Saviour  
 Redeems us from hell.
- 3 Preserve us in love,  
 While here we abide :  
 O never remove  
 Thy presence, nor hide  
 Thy glorious salvation,  
 Till each of us see  
 With joy the blessed vision  
 Completed in thee !
- 

140

8. 7.

*His saving power and love.*

Mark xv. 16—20.

Rev. v. 9—12.

- 1 **H**AIL! thou once despised Jesus,  
 Hail thou Galilean king !  
 Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
 Thou didst free salvation bring :  
 Hail thou agonizing Saviour,  
 Bearer of our sin and shame !  
 By thy merits we find favour ;  
 Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on thee were laid ;  
 By *almighty* love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made :
- 111



All thy people are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of thy blood ;  
 Opened is the gate of heaven ;  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,  
 There for ever to abide !  
 All the heavenly host adore thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side :  
 There for sinners thou art pleading ;  
 There thou dost our place prepare ;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give :  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits !  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays !  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;  
 Help to chaunt Emanuel's praise.

*His saving power and love.*

*Isaiah vii. 14.*

*Luke xix. 40.*

- 1 **S**WEETER sounds than music knows  
 Charm me in Emanuel's name :  
 All her hopes my spirit owes  
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came, the angels sung  
 "Glory be to God on high !"  
*Lord, unloose my stammering tongue ;*  
*Who should louder sing than I !*
- 112

- 3 Did the Lord a man become,  
That he might the law fulfil,  
Bleed and suffer in my room,—  
And can'st thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No; I must my praises bring,  
Though they worthless are, and weak;  
For, should I refuse to sing,  
Sure the very stones would speak!
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,  
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,  
Every precious name in one,—  
I will love Thee without end!      NEWTON.

142

C. M.

[85]

*His incomparable excellence.*

1 Peter i. 8. 1 Peter ii. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name;  
Tis music to my ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust:  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In thee doth richly meet:  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name  
 With my last labouring breath ;  
 Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,  
 The antidote of death. DODDRIDGE.
- 

**143**

C. M.

[483]

*His incomparable excellence.*

Ps. xlv. 2. 1 Pet. i. 8.

- 1 **T**O Christ, the Lord, let every tongue  
 Its noblest tribute bring :  
 When he's the subject of the song,  
 Who can refuse to sing ?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,  
 And on his glories dwell ;  
 Think of the wonders of his grace,  
 And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned  
 Upon his awful brow ;  
 His head with radiant glories crowned,  
 His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare  
 Among the sons of men :  
 Fairer he is than all the fair  
 That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 He saw me plunged in deep distress ;  
 He flew to my relief ;  
 For me he bore the shameful cross,  
 And carried all my grief.
- 6 His hand a thousand blessings pours  
 Upon my guilty head ;  
 His presence gilds my darkest hours  
 And guards my sleeping bed.
- 7 *To him I owe my life and breath,  
 And all the joys I have :*

- He makes me triumph over death,  
 And saves me from the grave.  
 8 To heaven, the place of his abode,  
 He brings my weary feet ;  
 Shows me the glories of my God,  
 And makes my joys complete.  
 9 Since from thy bounty I receive  
 Such proofs of love divine,  
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
 Lord they should all be thine. STENNETT.
- 

## 144

C. M.

[139]

*His incomparable excellence.*

Jer. xxiii. 5, 6.

Luke xxiii. 33.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour! on Mount Calvary,  
 And near thy cross I stand,  
 The most delightful place to me  
 In all Judea's land.  
 2 In those pierced hands, and feet, and side,  
 And that distressed face,  
 With reverence let me always view  
 The Lord my Righteousness.  
 3 And were those pains endured for me?  
 Lord, help my feeble tongue  
 To spread the wonders of thy love  
 In a melodious song.
- 

## 145

C. M.

[112]

*His incomparable excellence.*

John xv. 16.

1 John iv. 19.

- 1 **C**OMPARED with Christ, in all beside  
 No comeliness I see :  
 The one thing needful, dearest Lord,  
 Is to be one with thee.

- 2 The sense of thy expiring love,  
 Into my soul convey ;  
 Thyself bestow ! for thee alone,  
 My All in All, I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice  
 My comfort to restore ;  
 More than thyself, I cannot crave,  
 Nor canst thou give me more.
- 4 Lov'd of my God, for him again  
 With love intense I'd burn ;  
 Chosen of thee, ere time began  
 I choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy will,  
 O teach me to resign ;  
 I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,  
 Since thou, O God, art mine. TOPL
- 

*His incomparable excellence.*

Matthew x. 37.

1 Peter ii. 7.

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus ! when my soaring thou  
 O'er all thy graces rove,  
 How is my soul in transport lost,  
 In wonder, joy, and love !
- 2 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes  
 Unnumbered blessings see ;  
 But what is life, with all its bliss,  
 If once compared with thee ?
- 3 Hast thou a rival in my breast ?  
 Search, Lord, for thou canst tell  
*If aught can raise my passions thus,*  
*Or please my soul so well.*

- 4 No, thou art precious to my heart,  
 My portion and my joy ;  
 For ever let thy boundless grace  
 My sweetest thoughts employ.
- 5 When nature faints—around my bed  
 Let thy bright glories shine ;  
 And death shall all its terrors lose,  
 In raptures so divine. HEGINBOTHAM.

**147**

C. M.

[89]

*His incomparable excellence.*

Ps. xlv. 2. 1 Peter ii. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou fairest, dearest One,  
 What beauties thee adorn !  
 Far brighter than the noon-day sun,  
 Or star that gilds the morn.
- 2 The joy of all the saints above,  
 And hope of all below ;  
 O may I taste thy richest love,  
 And thine endearments know !
- 3 Here let me fix my wondering eyes,  
 And all thy glories trace ;  
 Till, in the world of endless joys,  
 I rise to thine embrace. BEDDOME.

**148**

C. M.

[481]

*Universal adoration.*

John i. 14.

Rev. xix. 13.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand seraph tongues  
 To bless th' incarnate Word :  
 O for a thousand thankful songs  
 In honour of my Lord !

2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,  
 Ye angels round the throne ;  
 Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,  
 Adore th' eternal Son.

3 Yet ah ! how far beneath his feet  
 Must faint your noblest lays !  
 So high the theme, the notes, though sweet,  
 How short of his due praise !

4 His grace is known in heaven above ;  
 His power is felt in hell ;  
 His saints can ne'er speak half his love,  
 Nor fiends his fury tell.

5 None but thy wisdom, Lord, hath known,  
 None but thyself can trace  
 The awful glories of thy throne.  
 Or mysteries of thy grace.

*Universal adoration.*

Col. 1. 15—18.

1 Tim. III. 16.

1 **THOU** art the Everlasting Word,  
 The Father's only Son ;  
 God manifestly seen and heard,  
 And heaven's beloved One.  
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,  
 That every knee to thee should bow.

2 In thee most perfectly expressed  
 The Father's glories shine ;  
 Of the full deity possessed,  
 Eternally divine.  
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,  
*That every knee to thee should bow.*

- 3 True image of the Infinite,  
 Whose essence is concealed,  
 Brightness of uncreated light,  
 The heart of God revealed.  
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,  
 That every knee to thee should bow.
- 4 But the high mysteries of thy name  
 An angel's grasp transcend,  
 The Father only—glorious claim !  
 The Son can comprehend.  
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,  
 That every knee to thee should bow.
- 5 Yet, loving thee, on whom his love  
 Ineffable doth rest,  
 Thy glorious worshippers above  
 As one with thee are blest.  
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,  
 That every knee to thee should bow.
- 6 Throughout the universe of bliss,  
 The centre, thou, and Sun,  
 Th' eternal theme of praise is this  
 To heaven's beloved one :  
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,  
 That every knee to thee should bow.

CONDER.

150

8. 7. or 8. 7. 4.

[113]

*Universal adoration.*

Luke ii. 13—15.

Heb. i. 3.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God ! while angels bless thee  
 May an infant lisp thy name ?  
 Lord of men as well as angels  
 Thou art every creature's theme !

[Hallelujah,  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Amen.]



- 2 Lord of every land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days !  
Sounded through the wide creation  
Be thy just and lawful praise. [Hall.]
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature—  
Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;  
For created works of power—  
Works with skill and kindness wrought. [Hall.]
- 4 For thy providence, that governs  
Through thine empire's wide domain ;  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;  
Blessed be thy gentle reign. [Hall.]
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,  
Dark through brightness all along :  
Thought is poor, and poor expression :  
Who dare sing that awful song ? [Hall.]
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unuttered lie ?  
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence !  
Sing the Lord who came to die. [Hall.]
- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming ?  
Did the shepherds learn their lays ?  
Shame would cover me ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise. [Hall.]
- 8 From the highest throne in glory,  
To the cross of deepest woe ;  
All to ransom guilty captives :  
Flow, my praise, for ever flow. [Hall.]
- 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour !  
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne :  
Thence return, and reign for ever—  
*Be the kingdom all thy own.* [Hall.]

151

C. M.

[77]

*Universal adoration.*

1 Cor. i. 24.

Eph. iii. 10.

- 1 **H**OW great the wisdom, power, and grace,  
Which in redemption shine !  
Angels and men with joy confess  
The work is all divine.
- 2 Myriads of spirits round the throne,  
Behold, with wondering eyes,  
God's holy undefiled One  
Once made a sacrifice:
- 3 In rapturous strains they celebrate  
The mysteries of his love ;  
Redemption does new joys create  
Amongst the hosts above.
- 4 Beneath his feet they cast their crowns,  
Those crowns which Jesus gave ;  
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,  
Proclaim his power to save.
- 5 They tell the triumphs of his cross,  
The sufferings which he bore ;  
How low he stooped, how high he rose,  
And rose to stoop no more.
- 6 Oh ! let them still their voices raise,  
And still their songs renew ;  
Salvation well deserves the praise  
Of men and angels too.

BEDDOME.

## 152

C. M.

*Universal adoration.*

Ps. cxv. 1.

2 Cor. v. 8.

- 1 **N**OT unto us, but thee alone,  
Bless'd Lamb! be glory given;  
Here shall thy praises be begun,  
And carried on in heaven.
- 2 The hosts of spirits now with thee  
Eternal anthems sing:  
To imitate them here, lo! we  
Our hallelujahs bring.
- 3 Had we our tongues like them inspired,  
Like theirs our songs should rise;  
Like them we never should be tired,  
But love the sacrifice.
- 4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,  
Accept our weaker lays;  
And when we reach thy Father's throne  
We'll give thee nobler praise. CENNI

## 153

8. 7.

[48

*Universal adoration.*

Rev. v. 8—14.

Rev. vii. 10.

- 1 **H**ARK, the notes of angels singing—  
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"  
All in heaven their tribute bringing,  
Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 Ye for whom his life was given,  
Sacred themes to you belong:  
*Come, assist the choir of heaven;  
Join the everlasting song.*

- 3 Saints and angels thus united,  
Songs imperfect still must raise ;  
Though despised on earth and slighted,  
Jesus is above all praise.
- 4 See, the angelic hosts have crowned him ;  
Jesus fills the throne on high :  
Countless myriads hovering round him,  
With his praises rend the sky.
- 5 Filled with holy emulation,  
Let us vie with those above ;  
Sweet the theme—a free salvation !  
Fruit of everlasting love.
- 6 Endless life in him possessing,  
Let us praise his precious name :  
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,  
Be for ever to the Lamb. **KELLY.**

154

6. 4.

[487]

*Universal adoration.*

Rev. v. 8—14.

Rev. vii. 10.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high :  
Let heaven and earth reply  
“ Praise ye his name !”  
Angels his love adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore ;  
And saints cry, evermore,  
“ Worthy the Lamb !”
- 2 All they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising his name :  
We who have felt his blood  
Sealing our peace with God,  
Sound his dear fame abroad,  
“ Worthy the Lamb !”

*The King of glory.*

Dan. vii. 13, 14. Eph. i. 21, 22.

1 **H**ARK, ten thousand harps and voices  
 Sound the note of praise above !  
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;  
 Jesus reigns the God of Love :  
 See, he fills yon azure throne !  
 Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory, reign for ever !  
 Thine an everlasting crown :  
 Nothing from thy love shall sever  
 Those whom thou hast made thine own.  
 Happy objects of thy grace,  
 Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;  
 Bring, O bring the glorious day !  
 When, the awful summons hearing,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away  
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,  
 "Glory, glory to our King !" **KELLY.**

*The King of heaven and earth.*

Ps. cxlix. 2. Heb. i. 3—9.

1 **R**EJOICE! the Lord is King ;  
 Your God and King adore,  
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
 And triumph evermore :  
*Lift up the heart, lift up the voice :*  
*Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.*

- 2 Rejoice ! the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above :  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice :  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Saviour given :  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice :  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy,  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy :  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope !  
Jesus the judge shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home :  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice—  
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

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L. M.

*The Lord of the dead and the living.*

Rom. xiv. 9.

Rev. i. 18.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Prince of life and peace,  
Who holds the keys of death and hell !  
The spacious world unseen is his,  
And sovereign power becomes him well.
- 2 *In shame and torment once he died ;  
But now he lives for evermore :*

Bow down, ye saints, around his seat  
And all ye angel-bands adore.

3 So live for ever, glorious Lord,  
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends;  
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,  
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,  
Guided by wisdom, and by love;  
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,  
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

5 When death thy servants shall invade  
When powers of hell thy church annoy  
Controlled by thee their rage shall cease  
The cause they laboured to destroy.

6 For ever reign, victorious King;  
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known  
And call my longing soul to sing  
Sublimed anthems near thy throne.

DOD

*The Omnipotent King.*

Psalm ii.

Matt. xiii. 31—33.

1 **R**EJOICE, the Saviour reigns  
Among the sons of men;  
He breaks the prisoners' chains,  
And makes them free again:  
Let hell oppose God's only Son,  
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

2 The baffled prince of hell  
In vain new projects tries,  
Truth's empire to repel  
By cruelty and lies:

*Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain,  
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.*

He died, but soon arose  
 Triumphant o'er the grave ;  
 And now himself he shows  
 Omnipotent to save :

Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,  
 Eternal bliss his subjects meet.

- 4 All power is in his hand,  
 His people to defend ;  
 To his most high command  
 Shall millions more attend :  
 All heaven with smiles approves his cause,  
 And distant isles receive his laws.

- 5 This little seed from heaven  
 Shall soon become a tree ;  
 This ever blessed leaven  
 Diffused abroad must be :  
 Till God the Son shall come again  
 It must go on. Amen ! Amen ! RYLAND.

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8. 7. 4.

[381]

*The blessings of his reign.*

*Psalm xlv. 1—7.*

*Jer. xxiii. 5, 6.*

- 1 **L**ET us sing the King Messiah—  
 King of righteousness and peace ;  
 Hail him, all his happy subjects,  
 Never let his praises cease :  
 Ever hail him,  
 Never let his praises cease.
- 2 How transcendent are thy glories,  
 Fairer than the sons of men :  
 While thy blessed mediation  
 Brings us back to God again :  
 Blest Redeemer,  
 How we triumph in thy reign !



- 3 Gird thy sword on, mighty Hero !  
 Make the word of truth thy car ;  
 Prosper in thy course majestic ;  
 All success attend thy war !  
 Gracious Victor.  
 Let mankind before thee bow !
- 4 Majesty, combined with meekness,  
 Righteousness and peace unite ;  
 To insure thy blessed conquests,  
 On, great Prince, assert thy right !  
 Ride triumphant,  
 All around the conquered globe !
- 5 Blest are all that touch thy sceptre ;  
 Blest are all that own thy reign ;  
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,  
 Rescued from its galling chain :  
 Saints and angels,  
 All who know thee bless thy reign.

RYLAN

*The gentleness of his sway.*

Isa. xlii. 1—4. Isa. lli. 7.

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! th' ambassador divine,  
 Descending from above,  
 To publish to mankind the law  
 Of everlasting love !
- 2 On him, in rich effusion poured,  
 The heavenly dew descends ;  
*And truth divine he shall reveal*  
*To earth's remotest ends.*

- To trumpet sound, at his approach,  
 Shall strike the wondering ears ;  
 But still and gentle breathes the voice  
 In which the God appears.  
 4 By his kind hand, the shaken reed  
 Shall raise its falling frame ;  
 The dying embers shall revive,  
 And kindle to a flame.  
 5 The onward progress of his zeal  
 Shall never know decline :  
 Till foreign lands and distant isles  
 Receive the law divine !

LOGAN.

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L. M.

[146]

*His victories.*

Acts v. 31. Rev. vi. 2.

- 1 **E**XALTED Prince of life, we own  
 The royal honours of thy throne :  
 'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,  
 And seraphs bow at thy command.  
 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess  
 The sovereign triumphs of thy grace ;  
 Where beams of gentle radiance shine,  
 And temper majesty divine.  
 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,  
 Till all thine enemies obey ;  
 Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,  
 And conquer millions by its love !  
 4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive !  
 Thine Israel shall repent and live :  
 And loud proclaim thy healing breath,  
 Which works their life who wrought thy  
 death.

DODDRIDGE.

*His victories.*

Psalms xlv. 3-5      Rev. xix. 11-16.

- 1 **H**AIL, mighty Jesus ! how divine  
Is thy victorious sword !  
The stoutest rebel must resign  
At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows gi  
They pierce the hardest heart ;  
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,  
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh ;  
Ride with majestic sway :  
Go forth, sweet prince, triumphantly,  
And make thy foes obey.
- 4 And, when thy victories are complete  
When all the chosen race  
Shall round the throne of glory meet  
To sing thy conquering grace :
- 5 O may my humble soul be found  
Among that favoured band !  
And I with them thy praise will sound  
Throughout Emanuel's land.

*His victories.*

Ps. xlv. 3-5.      Rev. xix. 11, 12.

- 1 **G**O forth, ye saints, behold your Lord  
With radiant glory crowned ;  
The wondrous progress of his word  
Shall spread his fame around.
- 2 *Where'er the sun begins its race,*  
*Or stops its swift career,*

# HIS DOMINION.

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Both east and west shall own his grace,  
And Christ be honoured there.

3 Ten thousand crowns encircling show  
The victories he has won ;  
Oh may his conquests ever grow,  
While time its course shall run.

4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,  
And millions more subdue ;  
Destroy our unbelief and pride,  
And we will crown thee too.

BEDDOME.

166

L. M.

[147]

*His triumphs anticipated.*

*Acts ii. 34.*

*1 Cor. xv. 25.*

1 **Y**ES, mighty Jesus, thou shalt reign,  
Till all thy haughty foes submit ;  
Till hell, and all her trembling train,  
Become the footstool of thy feet.

2 Then, rescued souls shall bless thy power,  
Thy arm shall full salvation bring ;  
Thy saints in that illustrious hour,  
Shall conquer, with their conquering king.

3 Then, rang'd thy blazing throne around,  
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim ;  
While heaven's transported realms resound  
Thy glorious deeds, and precious name.

MORE.

167

L. M.

*His triumphs desired.*

*Matt. vi. 10.*

*Rev. xi. 15.*

1 **A**SCEND thy throne, Almighty king !  
And spread thy glories all abroad ;  
Let thine own arm salvation bring,  
And be thou known the gracious God.

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- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,  
 Let humble mourners see thy face,  
 Bring daring rebels to thy feet,  
 Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O let the kingdoms of the world  
 Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;  
 Let saints and angels praise thy name,  
 Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

BEDDOME.

*His triumphs desired.*

Psalm cx.

Micah iv. 3.

- 1 **J**ESUS, immortal King, go on—  
 The glorious day will soon be won ;  
 Thine enemies will quickly flee,  
 And leave a conquered world to thee.
- 2 Gird on thy sword, victorious chief !  
 The captive sinner's sole relief ;  
 Cast the usurper from his throne,  
 And make the universe thine own.
- 3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,  
 And mark the conquests of thy grace ;  
 Finish the work thou hast begun,  
 And let thy will on earth be done.
- 4 Then shall contending nations rest,  
 For love shall reign in every breast ;  
 Weapons for war designed, shall cease,  
 And yield to implements of peace

169

L. M.

[375]

*His triumphs predicted.*

Dan. ii. 44, 45.

1 Cor. xv. 24, 25.

- 1 **E**XERT thy power, thy rights maintain,  
Jesus, thou everlasting King!  
The influence of thy crown increase,  
And strangers to thy footstool bring.
- 2 [We long to see that happy time,  
That dear, expected, blissful day,  
When countless myriads of our race  
The second Adam shall obey.]
- 3 The prophecies must be fulfilled,  
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;  
The stone cut from the mountain's side,  
Though unobserved, to empire grows.
- 4 Soon shall the mingled image fall.  
(Brass, silver, iron, gold and clay).  
And superstition's gloomy reign  
To light and liberty give way.
- 5 In one vast symphony of praise,  
Gentile and Jew shall then unite;  
And infidelity, ashamed,  
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.
- 6 Afric's emancipated sons  
Shall join with Europe's polished race,  
To celebrate, in different tongues,  
The glories of redeeming grace.
- 7 From east to west, from north to south,  
Emanuel's kingdom shall extend;  
And every man, in every face,  
*Shall meet a brother and a friend.*

VOKE

*His triumphs approaching.*

Isal. lxiii. 10—12.

Luke xiii. 4—6.

- 1 **P**ROPHETIC era! blissful day!  
     We catch thy warm, inspiring ray,  
     Which gleams o'er India's plains;  
     We hail the dawn of morning light  
     That breaks upon the gloomy night,  
     Where superstition reigns.
- 2 We hasten thy advance to meet;  
     With vivid joy the sign we greet,  
     That brightens in the sky,—  
     The peaceful sign of heavenly love,  
     Which, like the holy mystic dove,  
     Declares Messiah nigh.
- 3 Behold! he comes in triumph now:  
     Before him see the mountains bow,  
     And all the valleys rise:  
     He comes, with majesty and grace,  
     To sanctify the human race,  
     And raise them to the skies.
- 4 We'll aid thy triumphs, mighty King!  
     The glories of thy cross we'll sing,  
     And shout salvation round;  
     Till every nation, every land,  
     From Greenland's shore to Afric's strand  
     Shall echo back the sound.
- 5 Let earth commence the lofty praise;  
     Let heaven prolong th' enraptured lays;  
     Swell every tuneful lyre;  
     Bright seraphs! chant th' immortal song  
     And pour the bounding notes along,  
     From heaven's eternal choir.

STEANE.

*His triumphs extending.*

Zech. viii. 20—22.

Rev. xi. 15.

- 1 **SHOUT**, for the blessed Jesus reigns ;  
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread ;  
And sinners, freed from endless pains,  
Own him their Saviour and their Head.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,  
Daily at Zion's gates arrive ;  
Those who were dead in sin before,  
By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 Gentiles and Jews shall him obey,  
Nations remote their offerings bring,  
And unconstrained their homage pay  
To their exalted Lord and King.
- 4 Oh may his conquests still increase,  
And every foe his arm subdue ;  
While angels celebrate his praise,  
And saints his growing glories show.
- 5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
From all below and all above :  
In lofty songs exalt his name,  
In songs as lasting as his love.

BEDDOME.

*The immutability of his government.*

John xvii. 5.

Heb. xiii. 8.

- 1 **WITH** transport, Lord, our souls proclaim  
Th' immortal honours of thy name ;  
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,  
We make his ceaseless glories known.



- 2 High on his Father's royal seat  
Our Jesus shone divinely great,  
Ere Adam's clay with life was warmed,  
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit formed.
- 3 Through all succeeding ages, he  
The same hath been, the same shall be :  
Immortal radiance gilds his head,  
While stars and suns wax old and fade.
- 4 The same his power his flock to guard ;  
The same his bounty to reward ;  
The same his faithfulness and love  
To saints on earth, and saints above.
- 5 Let nature change, and sink, and die,  
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,  
And fix them near his stable throne,  
In glories changeless as his own.

DODDRIDGE

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THE SPIRIT.

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*Regeneration.*

John iii. 5-7.

Col. iii. 10.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !  
The heart, unchanged, can never rise  
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
*'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine  
To form the heart anew.*

- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
 And upwards bid them rise :  
 To make the scales of error fall  
 From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,  
 And bid the sinner live !  
 A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
 'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
 And give them life divine !  
 Then shall our passions and our powers,  
 Almighty Lord, be thine. STEELE.

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C. M.

[166]

*Regeneration.*

John iii. 8.

Rom. v. 5.

- 1 **T**HE blessed Spirit, like the wind,  
 Blows when and where he please ;  
 How happy are the men who feel,  
 The soul-enlivening breeze.
- 2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,  
 Subdues the power of sin,  
 Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,  
 And plants his grace within.
- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,  
 Applies redeeming blood,  
 Bids both our guilt and fear remove,  
 And brings us home to God.
- 4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul,  
 With light, and life, and joy ;  
 None can thy mighty power control,  
 Or shall thy work destroy. BEDDOME

*Regeneration.*

Ezek. xxxvii. 9-14. John iii. 8.

- 1 **A**S blows the wind, and in its flight  
Escapes the glance of keenest sight,  
So are the wonder-working ways  
Of God's regenerating grace.
- 2 [As nothing can its power withstand,  
But Him who holds it in his hand,  
So are the soul's corruptions slain  
When once that soul is born again.]
- 3 [As o'er our frames we feel the gale  
Gently or mightily prevail,  
So some are softly drawn to heaven,  
And others as by tempests driven.]
- 4 [And as the herbs, the flowers, the trees,  
Are seen to bend beneath the breeze,  
So visible the change we view,  
When grace doth thus the heart renew.]
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, and impart  
Thy secret virtue to each heart;  
And let this be the happy hour  
To show thy mighty quickening power.

COBBIN.

*The Comforter.*

John xiv. 15-17. John xvi. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone up on high;  
But his promise still is here,  
"I will all your wants supply;  
I will send the Comforter."
- 2 *Let us now his promise plead,  
Let us to his throne draw nigh;*

Jesus knows his people's need—  
 Jesus hears his people cry.

3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter ;  
 Pledge and witness of thy love ;  
 Dwelling with thy people here,  
 Leading them to joys above.

4 Till we reach the promised rest ;  
 Till thy face unveiled we see,  
 Of this blessed hope possessed,  
 Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.

KELLY.

177

C. M.

[159]

*Imparting light and energy.*

Eph. iii. 14—16.

James i. 17.

1 **THY** influence, mighty God ! is felt  
 Through nature's ample round ;  
 In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,  
 Thy energy is found.

2 Thy sacred influence, Lord ! we need,  
 To form our hearts anew ;  
 Oh, cleanse our souls from every sin,  
 And thy salvation show !

3 Father of light ! thy aid impart  
 To guide our doubtful way :  
 Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,  
 And make a glorious day.

4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,  
 We'll do and bear thy will ;  
 That grace shall make each burden light,  
 And every murmur still.

5 Cheered by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread  
 The gloomy path of death ;  
 And with the hope of endless bliss,  
 To thee resign our breath.

- 4 The powers of earth and hell, in vain  
 Against the sacred word combine ;  
 Thy providence, through every age,  
 Securely guards the book divine.
- 5 Thee, its great author, source of light,  
 Thee, its preserver, we adore ;  
 And humbly ask a ray from thee,  
 Its hidden wonders to explore. SC

*His influence generally implored.*

Gen. i. 2.      John xiv. 26.

- 1 **C**REATOR Spirit ! by whose aid  
 The world's foundations first were laid  
 Come, visit every waiting mind ;  
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;  
 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
 And make us temples meet for thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated light,  
 The Father's promised Paraclete ;  
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire !  
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring  
 To sanctify us, while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,  
 Rich in thy seven-fold energy.  
 Thou strength of his almighty hand,  
 Whose power doth heaven and earth contain  
 Our frailties help, our vice control, [ma  
 Subject the senses to the soul.
- 4 *Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,  
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;*  
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And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way :  
Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe.

- 5 Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the almighty Father's name :  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Comforter, to thee !

DRYDEN.

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112th Metre.

*His influence generally implored.*

Zech. xii. 10.

Rom. xv. 13.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit ! source of light !  
Enlivening, consecrating fire,  
Descend, and with celestial heat,  
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire :  
Our souls refine, our dross consume !  
Come, *condescending* Spirit, come !
- 2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark  
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel ;  
Nor let us wander in the dark,  
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still :  
Come, *vivifying* Spirit, come,  
And make our hearts thy constant home.
- 3 Let pure devotion's fervour rise ;  
Let every pious passion glow ;  
Oh, let the raptures of the skies,  
Kindle in our cold hearts below !  
Come, *condescending* Spirit, come,  
And make our souls thy constant home.

DAVIES.

*His aid implored.*

Ps. xxvii. 14. Phil. ii. 12, 13.

- 1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,  
 Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!  
 Celestial breeze, no longer stay,  
 But swell my sails, and speed my way.
- 2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,  
 And loose my cable from below:  
 But I can only spread my sail;  
 Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale."

TOPLADY.

*His guidance implored.*

John xvi. 13, 14. I John ii. 27.

- 1 **C**OME, blessed Spirit, source of light,  
 Whose power and grace are unconfined,  
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
 The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display  
 The glorious truths thy word reveals,  
 Cause me to run the heavenly way,  
 The book unfold, and loose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,  
 The mysteries of redeeming love,  
 The emptiness of things below,  
 And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,  
 Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,  
 To show the dangers of the way,  
*And guide my feeble steps to God.*

BEDDOME.

185

L. M.

[158]

*His guidance implored.*

Rom. viii. 14. Gal. v. 16—18.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above ;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide !  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
From every sin and hurtful snare ;  
Lead to thy word that rules must give,  
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness—the road  
That we must take to dwell with God :  
Lead us to Christ—the living way ;  
Nor let us from his pasture stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In his enjoyment to be blest ;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is. BROWN.

186

S. M.

[157]

*His quickening influence implored.*

Ps. lxxx. 18. Eph. i. 17, 18.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come !  
With energy divine ;  
And on this poor benighted soul,  
With beams of mercy shine.



- 2 From the celestial hills,  
Light, life, and joy dispense :  
And may I daily, hourly feel  
Thy quickening influence.
- 3 Oh melt this frozen heart,  
This stubborn will subdue ;  
Each evil passion overcome,  
And form me all anew.
- 4 The profit will be mine,  
But thine shall be the praise ;  
Cheerful to thee will I devote  
The remnant of my days. BEDDOME.

*His continuance implored.*

Isal. lxiii. 10.

Eph. iv. 30.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite ;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,  
And still shook off my guilty fears,  
And vexed and urged thee to depart,  
For many long rebellious years ;
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace received,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;
- 4 Yet, oh ! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest ;  
*Nor in thy righteous anger swear*

- 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,  
 Upraise me by thy gracious hand,  
 And guide me into perfect peace,  
 And bring me to the promised land.

C. WESLEY.

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8. 7.

*His continuance implored.*

Rom. xv. 13. Col. i. 11.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,  
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night ;  
 Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,  
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light !
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,  
 As a gracious shower descend ;  
 Bringing down the richest treasure,  
 Man can wish, or God can send.
- 3 Come, thou best of all donations,  
 God can give, or we implore ;  
 Having thy sweet consolations,  
 We need wish for nothing more.
- 4 Known to thee are all recesses  
 Of the earth and spreading skies ;  
 Every sand the shore possesses,  
 Thy omniscient mind describes.
- 5 Manifest thy love for ever,  
 Fence us in on every side ;  
 In distress be our reliever ;  
 Guard and teach, support and guide.
- 6 Be our friend on each occasion,  
 God omnipotent to save !  
 When we die, be our salvation ;  
 Make us triumph o'er the grave.

TOPLAND

189

S. M.

[161]

*His sealing operations implored.*

Rom. v. 5. 2 Cor. i. 22.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, immortal Dove ;  
     Spread thy kind wings abroad ;  
 And, wrapt in flames of holy love,  
     Bear all my soul to God.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, reveal  
     In charms of grace divine,  
 And be thyself the sacred seal,  
     That pearl of price is mine.
- 3 Behold my heart expands  
     To catch the heavenly fire :  
 It longs to feel the gentle bands,  
     And groans with strong desire.
- 4 Thy love, my God, appears,  
     And brings salvation down,  
 My cordial through this vale of tears,  
     In paradise my crown. DODDRIDGE.

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190

L. M.

[299]

The extension of his operations implored.

Ps. cii. 13-16. Isa. lxiv. 1, 2.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,
 And send thy various blessings down :
 While by thine Israel thou art sought,
 Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit ! from above,
 And fill the coldest heart with love ;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.

- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise :
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 4 Oh, let a holy flock await
Numerous around thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee !
- 5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise ;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

DODDRIDGE.

191

L. M.

[374]

His operations sought for all mankind.

Ezek. xxxvii. 9—14. Acts ii. 16—18.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
*Breathe thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.*

192, 193

THE SPIRIT.

- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.
- 6 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall his salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned thro' Thee.

MONTGOMERY.

192

L. M.

[305]

His operations sought for the Church and the world.

Acts ii. 1—4.

Acts ix. 31.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of mercy, truth, and love !
O shed thy influence from above,
And still from age to age inspire
Thy church with Pentecostal fire.
- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung,
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort ! heavenly Guide !
Still o'er thy favoured church preside :
Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love !

193

C. M.

[490]

Praise to Father, Son, and Spirit.

2 Cor. xiii. 14.

Eph. ii. 18.

- 1 **F**ATHER of glory, to thy name,
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us, rebels, live.

152

- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,
 Who makes thine anger cease ;
 Our lives he ransomed with his own
 And died to make our peace.
- 3 To the almighty Spirit be
 Immortal glory given :
 Whose influence brings us near to thee,
 And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,
 Adore the eternal God ;
 And spread his honours, and their joys,
 Through nations far abroad.
- Let faith, and love, and duty join
 One general song to raise :
 Let saints in earth and heaven combine
 In harmony and praise. WATTS.

 THE UNCONVERTED.

194

L. M.

[53]

Transgressors beheld with grief.

Ps. cxix. 158. Rom. ix. 1—3.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise,
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
 Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
 See scandals poured on Jesus' name :
The Father wounded through the Son ;
The world abused ; the soul undone !

- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?
 And can these perished bones revive ?
 That, mighty God, to thee is known ;
 That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
 To prophesy upon the slain ;
 In vain they call, in vain they cry—
 Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But, if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
 Life spreads through all the realms of death,
 Dry bones obey the powerful voice ;
 They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
 Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
 Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
 And spring to life beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE.

Prayer for wanderers.

Romans x. 1.

2 Tim. ii. 26.

- 1 **S**AVED ourselves by Jesus' blood,
 Let us now draw nigh to God :
 Many round us blindly stray ;
 Moved with pity, let us pray—
 Pray that they who now are blind
 Soon the way of truth may find.
- 2 Lord awaken all around,
 Let them know the joyful sound ;
 Slaves to Satan heretofore,
 Let them now be slaves no more ;
Lord, we turn our eyes to thee,
Set the captive sinner free !

- 3 Glorious things of thee are told,
 What thine arm has wrought of old ;
 Thousands once its power confessed ;
 Oh, for seasons like the past !
 Lord, revive the former days—
 Thine the power, and thine the praise.

KELLY.

199

8. 7.—7. 7.

Prayer for wanderers.

Luke xv. 11—32.

1 Peter ii. 25.

- 1 **WE** were lost, but God has found us,
 God, who seeks and saves the lost ;
 Let us pray for those around us,
 Thousands by the world engrossed ;
 Though they seem from God to fly,
 God has power to bring them nigh.
- 2 Lord, behold the sinner wandering,
 Far from thee, and far from peace,
 All his precious substance squandering
 In pursuit of earthly bliss :
 Show him, Lord, that none can be
 Truly blest till brought to thee !
- 3 Let thy word go forth with power,
 Spread abroad "the joyful sound,"
 Oh ! our light, our strength, our power,
 Make thy glory known around ;
 Let the truth's resistless force
 Stop the sinner in his course.
- 4 Of their Master's honour jealous,
 Let thy people plead thy cause ;
 In thy service bold and zealous,
 Let them scorn the world's applause ;
 Whether men approve or blame,
 Let them own thy glorious name.

KELLY

200

L. M.

Prayer for a revival.

Psalm lxxxv. 6.

Hab. iii. 2.

- 1 **O** THOU that hearest ! let our prayer
Like incense come before thy face ;
Behold our Intercessor there,
The pledge and surety of thy grace.
- 2 Amidst us, Lord, thy work revive ;
Let thy Almighty power be known ;
Oh, bid these dying sinners live—
The stubborn bow before thy throne !
- 3 Deep fix conviction, like a dart
In the galled conscience, ne'er to move
Till thou hast won the rebel's heart,
Surrendered all to grief and love.
- 4 Conduct the doubtful to thy feet,
And make the trembling soul rejoice ;
Let crowds around thy table sit,
And bless thy name with cheerful voice.

HIN

201

C. M.

Expostulation.

Isai. lv. 6, 7.

Hosea xlv. 1, 2

- 1 **SINNERS**, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

- 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travail all your days
To reap immortal woe !
- 4 But he that turns to God shall live
Through his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

FAWCETT

202

L. M.

[350]

Delay deprecated.

Gen. xix. 15, 16.

Prov. xxvii. 1.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.
- 3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.
- 4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
*For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.*

- 5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn !
 Now rouse him from his senseless state !
 O let him not thy counsel spurn,
 Nor rue his fatal choice too late !

203

L. M.

[352]

The heavenly guest.

Rev. iii. 20.

Rev. xxii. 12.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a Stranger at the door,
 He gently knocks—has knock'd before ;
 Has waited long ; is waiting still :
 You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 [But will he prove a friend indeed ?
 He will—the very friend you need ;
 The man of Nazareth, 'tis he,
 With garments dyed at Calvary.]
- 3 Oh, lovely attitude ! he stands
 With melting heart and open hands ;
 Oh, matchless kindness ! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes !
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine ;
 Turn out that hateful monster, Sin,
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 [If thou art poor—and poor thou art—
 Lo ! he hath riches to impart :
 Not wealth in which mean avarice rolls ;
 But nobler far, the wealth of souls.
- 6 Thou'rt blind ; he'll take the scales away,
 And let in everlasting day,
 Naked thou art, but he shall dress
 Thy blushing soul in righteousness.
- Admit him, ere his anger burn,
 lest he depart, and ne'er return ;*
 7

- Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
When at his door denied you'll stand.
- 8 Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest :
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom he condescends to dwell.]
- 9 Yet know—nor of the terms complain—
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign,
To reign with universal sway :
E'en thoughts must die that disobey.
- 10 Sovereign of souls ! thou Prince of Peace !
Oh, may thy gentle reign increase !
Throw wide the door, each willing mind ;
And be his empire—all mankind. GRIGG.

 THE GOSPEL.

204

L. M.

[56]

The Revelation of God.

Gen. i. 31.

2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 **C**REATION'S works in all their forms,
From rolling stars to creeping worms,
In never-ceasing concord join
To sing thy name, thy power divine.
- 2 But when the dawn of heaven we view
In ruined sinners formed anew ;
When, in the gospel's brighter skies
We see the Sun of glory rise ;
- 3 No more we ask the stars to tell
What Jesus only could reveal ;
In him at once our eyes behold
More than creation ever told.

205

C. M.

[1]

Light shining in darkness.

Psalm xix. 2 Peter i. 19.

- 1 **A** GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
Its truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

COWPER.

206

C. M.

[101]

The revelation of a Saviour:

1 Cor. i. 18—25.

1 Tim. i. 11.

- 1 **W**HAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Through all the gospel shine !
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his starry throne on high
The Almighty Saviour comes ;
*Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.*

- 3 The mighty debt that sinners owed
 Upon the cross he pays :
 Then through the clouds ascends to God,
 'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There He, our great High Priest, appears
 Before his Father's throne !
 Presents the contrite sinner's tears
 And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great God ! with reverence we adore
 Thy justice and thy grace ;
 And on thy faithfulness and power
 Our firm dependence place. STENNETT.

207

C. M.

[6]

The revelation of a Saviour.

Deut. xxxii. 2. Jer. xv. 16.

- 1 **THE** word reveals a Saviour's grace,
 Its height, and breadth, and length ;
 It points us to his righteousness,
 And arms us with his strength.
- 2 It cheers our minds, like heavenly dew
 Or kind refreshing rain ;
 And, when affliction brings us low,
 It softens every pain.
- 3 This word shall be our heritage,
 Our portion and delight,
 In sickness or declining age,
 When death appears in sight.
- 4 Then will it cheer the darksome path,
 And brighten all the gloom ;
 While steadfast hope and humble faith
 Shall triumph o'er the tomb. FAWCETT

The revelation of Divine love.

Ps. cxix. 49, 50.

2 Tim. iii. 15—17.

- 1 **N**OW let my soul, eternal King!
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.
- 3 There what delightful truths I read
There I behold a Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my labouring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O let my song
Through endless years thy praise prolong,
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

HEGINBOTHAM.

Abundance for the needy.

Prov. viii. John v. 39.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
*For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.*

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around :
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

STEEL

210

L. M.

[11]

Spiritual wisdom.

Romans i. 16, 17.

1 John v. 11.

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here Jesus in ten thousand ways
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tell his love in melting strains.

- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye ;
Till life's last hour my thoughts engage,
And be my chosen heritage ! BEDDOMI

Spiritual wealth.

Ps. cxix. 72, 127. Prov. III. 13—18.

- 1 **L**ET avarice, from shore to shore,
Her favorite god pursue ;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are opened to our sight ;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold ;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 4 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet :
*Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.*

- 5 Our numerous griefs are here redrest
 And all our wants supplied :
 Nought we can ask to make us blest
 Is in this book denied.
- 6 For these inestimable gains,
 That so enrich the mind,
 O may we search with eager pains,
 Assured that we shall find. STENNETT.

212

L. M.

[3]

Light and Comfort.

Exod. xiii. 21, 22.

Rom. xv. 4.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
 A fiery pillar went before ;
 Their guide by night through all the waste
 From Egypt quite to Canaan's shore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God ;
 'Tis for our light and guidance given ;
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,
 And points the path to bliss and heaven.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
 And quickens its inactive powers ;
 It sets our wandering footsteps right,
 Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
 Its doctrines are divinely true ;
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;
 It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye British isles who have this word,
 Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
 Your efforts join with one accord,
 To send it forth to every shore. BEDDOME

213

C. M.

[103]

Grace.

Rom. v. 20, 21. Rom. vi. 1, 2.

- 1 **G**RACE! how melodious is the sound!
 What music to our ear!
 Spread the sweet accent far around,
 That heaven and earth may hear.
- 2 Where sin, abounding sin, hath reigned,
 Grace reigns, abounding more;
 Behold an ocean here, without
 A bottom or a shore!
- 3 From the high heaven's eternal throne
 It overflowed our earth,
 When Christ, the first-born Son, came down,
 And angels hailed his birth.
- 4 Grace was the theme, the gladdening theme,
 Of their astonished strains;
 Grace, free, abounding grace, to man,
 Through all their anthems reigns.
- 5 And shall we still persist in sin,
 That grace may yet abound?
 Forbid it, Lord, nor let the thought
 Within our hearts be found.

BOYCE

214

S. M.

[79]

Grace.

Zech. iv. 7. Eph. ii. 5, 8

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to my ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ;
It **lays** in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

216

L. M.

[100]

Forgiveness.

Micah vii. 18, 19. Luke vii. 47, 48.

- 1 **F**ORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To rebel sinners doomed to die :
Publish the bliss the world around ;—
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky !
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine :
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime :
Uncclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins, unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand ;—
The seas of sovereign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honour shall we show ?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow.

- 5 By this inspired, let all our days
 With various holiness be crowned ;
 Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound. GIBBONS.

Cleansing.

Zech. xiii. 1. Rev. i. 5, 6.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 O may I there, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away !
- 3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save ;
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

COWPER.

217

C. M.

[106]

Salvation.

Ps. xxxv. 3. Acts iv. 12.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O melodious sound
 To wretched, dying men!
 Salvation, that from God proceeds,
 And leads to God again!
- 2 And may a weak, degenerate soul,
 Sinful and dark as mine,
 Presume to raise a trembling eye
 To blessings so divine?
- 3 The lustre of so bright a bliss
 My feeble heart o'erbears;
 And unbelief almost perverts
 The promise into tears.
- 4 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
 These dying hopes can raise;
 Speak thy salvation to my soul,
 And turn its tears to praise.
- 5 My Saviour God, this broken voice
 Transported shall proclaim,
 And call on all the angelic harps
 To sound so sweet a name. DODDRIDGE.
-

218

L. M.

[102]

Salvation.

Isa. xlv. 12, 13. Rom. x. 6-10.

- 1 **A**ND is salvation brought so near
 Where sinful men expiring lie?
Triumph, my soul, the sound to hear,
And shout it joyous to the sky.

- 2 I ask not who to heaven shall scale,
That Christ the Saviour thence may come ;
Or who earth's inmost depths assail,
To bring him from the dreary tomb.
- 3 From heaven on wings of love he flew,
And Conqueror from the tomb he sprung ;
My heart believes the witness true,
And dictates to my faithful tongue.
- 4 I sing salvation brought so near ;
No more on earth expiring lie ;
I teach the world my joys to hear,
And shout them to the echoing sky.

DODDRIDGE.

219

L. M.

[81]

The voice of mercy.

Psalm lxxxix. 15.

Luke i. 77, 78.

- 1 SWEET were the sounds that reached our
ears
When mercy raised her heavenly voice ;
'Twas mercy that dispelled our fears,
And bade our souls in hope rejoice.
- 2 All other sounds discordant seem,
Compared with mercy's heavenly song,
So sweet and joyful is the theme,
It bears our willing souls along.
- 3 O may we never cease to hear
The voice that gives our conscience rest ;
That dissipates our guilty fear,
And tells us we are truly blest.
- 4 May mercy still remove our fear,
And bind our souls with cords of love !
Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
And gives us hope of joys above.

KELLY.

The voice of mercy.

Ps. cl. 1.

Titus iii. 3-7.

- 1 **I** HEAR a sound that comes from far ;
It fills my soul with joy and love ;
Not seraphs' voices sweeter are,
That echo through the courts above.
- 2 'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
From Calvary it sounds abroad ;
It soothes my soul and calms my fear :
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 3 And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice,
And rather choose with fools to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice ?
- 4 With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss ;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

KELLY.

The three mountains.

Exod. xx. 18, 19.

Luke ix. 28-36, and xxiii. 33.

- 1 **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.—
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away ;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

MONTGOMERY.

The heavenly proclamation.

Luke ii. 10.

Rom. x. 12, 13.

- 1 **G**O, favoured Britons, and proclaim
The kind Redeemer you have found ;
Publish his ever precious name
To all the wondering nations round.
- 2 Go tell the unlettered wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring a freedom bought with blood,
The blood of an incarnate God.
- 3 Go tell the panting sable chief,
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come—with a refreshing stream
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.
- 4 Go tell the distant isles afar,
That lie in darkness and the grave,
You come—a glorious light to show,
You come—their souls to seek and save.
- 5 Go tell, on India's golden shores,
Of a rich treasure, more refined :
And tell them, though they'll scarce believe,
You come—the friend of human kind.

- 6 Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love ;
And, by its own divine effects,
Its heavenly origin will prove.

VOKE.

223

L. M.

To the guilty.

Isa. l. 18.

1 John l. 7—9.

- 1 "COME, sinners," saith the mighty God,
"Heinous as all your crimes have been,
Lo! I descend from mine abode
To reason with the sons of men.
- 2 No clouds of darkness veil my face,
No vengeful lightnings flash around :
I come with terms of life and peace ;
Where sin hath reigned, let grace abound."
- 3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow ;
Oh, make our crimsoned sins like wool—
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow !
- 4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While, humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

STENNETT.

224

C. M.

[105]

To the thirsty.

Isa. lv. 1.

Rev. xxii. 17.

- 1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to every sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.

- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then with all your wants and wou
Your every burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring !
- 4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace :
Come then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless. MED

225

C. M.

[13]

To the thirsty.

John vii. 37—39. Rev. xxi. 6.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice :
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee let sinners fly,
*And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.* ST

226

C. M.

[421]

To the famishing.

Matt. xxii. 1—10.

Luke xiv. 16—23.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconciled
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

To the famishing.

Isa. xxv. 6. Luke xiv. 13—23.

- 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table sprea
And dainties crown the board ;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 4 Yet are his house and heart so large !
That millions more may come ;
Nor could the wide assembled world
O'er-fill the spacious room.
- 5 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

DODGE

To the famishing.

Luke xiv. 22. Rev. xxii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you :
*Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.*

- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame :
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame :
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name :
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near ;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear !
Let whosoever will now come ;
In mercy's breast there yet is room. BODEN

229

8. 7. 4.

[226]

To the perishing.

Isa. lv. 1.

Matt. xi. 28—30.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come—'tis mercy's welcome hour,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power ;
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
Is, to feel your need of him
This he gives you ;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall !
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 [View him prostrate in the garden ;
On the ground the Saviour lies !—
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry before he dies
It is finished !
Sinner ! will not this suffice ?]
- 6 [Lo ! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood :
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.]
- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

HART.



230

8. 7. 4.

To the weary.

Matt. xi. 28—30.

Rev. xxii. 14

- 1 **C**OME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
 Bowed with fruitless sorrow down;
 By the broken law convicted,
 Through the cross behold the crown!
 Look to Jesus!
 Mercy flows through him alone.
- 2 Take his easy yoke and wear it,
 Love will make obedience sweet;
 Christ will give you strength to bear it
 While *his* wisdom guides your feet
 Safe to glory,
 Where his ransomed captives meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
 Light to newly-opened eyes;
 Or full springs in deserts dreary,
 Is the rest the cross supplies;
 All who taste it,
 Shall to rest immortal rise.
- 4 Blessed are the eyes that see him;
 Blest the ears that hear his voice;
 Blessed are the souls that trust him,
 And in him alone rejoice;
 His commandments
 Then become their happy choice.
- 5 [But to sing the rest of glory,
 Mortal tongues far short must fall,
 Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
 But it soars beyond them all;
 Faith *believes it*; Hope *expects it*;
 Love *desires it*;
 But it overwhelms them all.]

To the weary.

Matt. xi. 28—30.

Heb. iv. 1—11.

- 1 “**C**OME unto me, ye weary come !
 Ye heavy-laden, cease to roam !
 I will refresh the weary breast,
 And give the labouring spirit rest.”
- 2 Sweet word ! it calms my troubled soul ;
 It bids my sorrows cease to roll ;
 Smiles like the rainbow on the deep,
 And hushes all my woes to sleep.
- 3 Here, at thy feet, 'tis good to be,
 Thy word to hear, thy face to see ;
 Thy freedom's easy yoke to wear ;
 The burden of thy love to bear.
- 4 Saviour, thy promise I believe,
 Nor ever would thy presence leave,
 But seek, upon thy gentle breast,
 The foretaste of eternal rest.

To the weary.

Is. lv. 1—7.

Matt. xi. 28, 29.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls with sin distressed
 Come, and accept the promised rest.
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
 Oh, come and spread your woes abroad !
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woe
Pardon and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift, how free the grace !

- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
 The hope thy gracious words impart;
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
 And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
 And sweetly influence every breast,
 And guide us to eternal rest.

STEELE.

233

104th.

To prisoners.

Zech. ix. 12.

Nahum i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E prisoners of hope
 O'erwhelmed with grief,
 To Jesus look up
 For certain relief;
 There's no condemnation
 In Jesus the Lord,
 But strong consolation
 His grace doth afford.
- 2 "None will I cast out
 Who come," saith the Lord,
 Why then do you doubt?
 Lay hold of his word:
 Ye mourners of Sion,
 Be bold to believe;
 For ever rely on
 Your Saviour, and live.
- 3 Should justice appear
 A merciless foe,
 Yet be of good cheer,
 And soon shall you know
 That sinners, confessing
 Their wickedness past,
 A plentiful blessing
 Of pardon shall taste.

Then dry up your tears,
 Ye children of grief,
 For Jesus appears
 To give you relief;
 If you are returning
 To Jesus, your friend,
 Your sighing and mourning
 In singing shall end.

234

148th Metre.

[310]

To the enslaved.

Lev. xxv.

Is. xxvii. 13.

BLLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound!
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the world proclaim.

The year, &c.

Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back, unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love.

The year, &c.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live.

The year, &c.

The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace;

*Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face.* The year, &c.

- 6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest !
Ye mournful souls, be glad ! The year, &c.

235

C. M.
To All.

Luke xiv. 21.

Rom. i. 16.

- 1 **H**OW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood !
- 2 The mightiest king and meanest slave
May his rich mercy taste ;
He calls the beggar and the prince
Unto the gospel feast.
- 3 None are excluded thence, but those
Who do themselves exclude ;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.
- 4 Come, then, ye men of every name,
Of every rank and tongue ;
What you are willing to receive
Doth unto you belong.
- 5 Come without money, without price,
The rich provision share ;
Fear not that you will be refused,
For all are welcome here.

BEDDOME.

236

7s.
To All.

Luke xiv. 17.

John vi. 37.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, welcome ! sinner, hear !
Hang not back through shame or fear ;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call ;
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

- 2 Welcome, to the offered peace ;
Welcome, prisoner, to release.
Burst thy bonds ; be saved ; be free
Rise and come—He calleth thee.
- 3 Welcome, weeping penitent ;
Grace has made thy heart relent :
Welcome, long estranged child ;
God in Christ is reconciled.
- 4 Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount ;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.
- 5 All ye weary and distressed,
Welcome to relief and rest.
All is ready ; hear the call ;
There is ample room for all.
- 6 None can come that shall not find
Mercy called whom Grace inclined ;
Nor shall any willing heart
Hear the bitter word, Depart !
- 7 Oh, the virtue of that price,
That redeeming sacrifice !
Come, ye bought, but not with gold
Welcome to the sacred fold.

237

C. M.

To backsliders.

Jer. iii. 12—15.

Hos. xiv.

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDING Israel, hear the
Of thy forgiving God ;
Nor force such goodness to exert
The terrors of the rod.
- 2 *Thus saith the Lord, " My mercy &
An unexhausted stream .*

- And, after all its millions saved,
 Its sway is still supreme.
- 3 Own but the follies thou hast done,
 And mourn thy sins in dust,
 And soon thy trembling heart shall learn
 To hope, and love, and trust."
- 4 All-gracious God, thy voice we own
 And, prostrate at thy feet,
 Our souls in humble silence wait,
 A pardon there to meet. DODDRIDGE.

 THE CHRISTIAN.

238

8. 7.

Seeking salvation.

Mark x. 47.

John vi. 68.

- 1 **J**ESUS! full of all compassion,
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
 Let me know thy great salvation:
 See! I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelmed with helpless grief
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
 Send, O send me quick relief!
- 3 Hear, then, blessed Saviour, hear me!
 My soul cleaveth to the dust;
 Send the Comforter to cheer me;
 Lo! in thee I put my trust.
- 4 On the word thy blood hath sealed
 Hangs my everlasting all:
 Let thy arm be now revealed;
 Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

- 5 In the world of endless ruin,
 Let it never, Lord, be said,
 "Here's a soul that perished suing
 For the boasted Saviour's aid!"
- 6 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
 Through the shining realms above;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptured with thy love!

TURNER.

Praying for pardon.

Luke xxiv. 47.

Acts v. 31.

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet
 A guilty rebel lies;
 And upwards to the mercy-seat
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
 Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
 Forbid it, that Omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
 And all my sins forgive:
*Justice will well approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.*

STENNETT

240

L. M.

[506]

Hoping for mercy.

Psalm cxxx. 7.

John vi. 37.

- 1 **L**ORD, didst thou die, but not for me ?
 Am I forbid to trust thy blood ?
 Hast thou not pardons rich and free,
 And grace, an overwhelming flood ?
- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
 From Thee, to regions of despair ?
 Who has surveyed the sacred roll,
 And found my name not written there ?
- 3 Presumptuous thought ! to fix the bound,
 To limit mercy's sovereign reign :
 What other happy souls have found
 I'll seek ; nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt ; my sins confess :
 Can men or devils make them more ?
 Of crimes, already numberless,
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,
 While I remember thou hast died,
 'Twould only urge my speedier flight,
 To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down ;
 To thee reveal my guilt and fear ;
 And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
 I'll be the first who perished there.

241

C. M.

Hoping for mercy.

Esther iv. 16.

Luke xx. 18, 19.

- 1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try ;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.
- 7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die—delightful thought !
As sinner never died. JONES.

Taking refuge in Christ.

Exodus xxxiii. 22.

1 Cor. x. 24.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages ! cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Black ! I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of ages, shelter me !
Let me hide myself in thee !

TOPLADY.

243

7^a.

[148]

Taking refuge in Christ.

Isaiah xxxii. 1, 2

Luke viii. 22, 24.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life is past :
Safe into the haven guide :
Oh, receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone !
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is staid ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness !
 Vile, and full of sin, I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

Returning as a Penitent.

Job xxxiii. 27, 28.

Luke xv.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, from his exalted throne,
 In majesty arrayed,
 Looks with a gracious pity down
 On all that seek his aid.
- 2 When, touched with penitent remorse,
Our follies past we mourn,
With what a tenderness of love
He meets our first return !

- 3 From heaven he sent his only Son
 To ransom us with blood,
 To snatch us from the burning lake,
 When on its brink we stood.
- 4 From death and hell he leads us up
 By a delightful way ;
 And the bright beams of endless life
 Doth round our path display.
- 5 Great God, we wonder and adore ;
 And to exalt such grace,
 We long to learn the songs of heaven
 Ere yet we reach the place. DODDRIDGE.

245

L. M.

[168]

Surrendering the heart to God.

Is. lvii. 15.

2 Cor. vi. 16.

- 1 **A**ND will th' offended God again
 Return and dwell with sinful men ?
 Will he within this bosom raise
 A living temple to his praise ?
- 2 The joyful news transports my breast ;
 All hail ! I cry, thou heavenly guest !
 Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
 And let the King of glory in.
- 3 Enter, with all thy heavenly train ;
 Here live, and here for ever reign ;
 Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
 Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
 And pay their homage at thy feet ;
 To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
 And bid each rival thence depart.

- 5 No idol-god shall hold a place
 Within this temple of thy grace ;
 Dagon before the ark shall fall,
 And God in Christ be all in all. STEN

246

C. M.

[418]

Self-consecration.

Rom. xiv. 8, 9.

2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

- 1 **A**ND did the holy and the just,
 The Sovereign of the skies,
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust
 That guilty worms might rise ?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high,
 (Surprising mercy—love unknown !)
 To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffered in his stead ;
 For man (O miracle of grace !)
 For man the Saviour bled !
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
 In thy atoning blood !
 By this are sinners snatched from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus ! my soul adoring bends
 To love so full, so free ;
 And may I hope that love extends
 Its sacred power to me ?
- 6 What glad return can I impart
 For favours so divine ?
*O take my all—this worthless heart,
 And make it only thine.* ST

247

S. M.

[405]

Self-consecration.

Rom. xii. 1.

Phil. ii. 17.

- 1 **A**ND will th' eternal King,
 So mean a gift reward?
 That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,
 Which thine own hand prepared.
- 2 We own thy various claims,
 And to thine altar move,
 The willing victims of thy grace,
 And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire,
 The sacrifice inflame;
 So shall a grateful odour rise
 Through our Redeemer's name.

DODDRIDGE.

248

L. M.

[435]

The grateful surrender.

Luke vii. 47.

1 John iv. 19.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts, delighted, rove
 Amid the wonders of thy love;
 The sight revives my drooping heart,
 And bids invading fears depart.
- 2 Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
 On thy atoning blood rely,
 And on thy righteousness depend,
 My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.
- 3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
 Devoted to thy single praise!
 And let my glad obedience prove
 How much I owe, how much I love.

STERNE.

249

L. M.

[507]

Seeking the best portion.

Ps. xvii. 5.

Luke x. 42.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Saviour divine ! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart,
O Lord, to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

DODDRIDGE.

250

S. M.

[52]

Seeking for sanctification.

Jer. xvii. 9.

Matt. xv. 19.

- 1 **A**STONISHED and distressed,
I turn my eyes within ;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
The seat of every sin.
- 2 Almighty king of grace !
My tyrant lusts subdue !
*Expel the darkness from my mind,
And all my powers renew.*

- 3 This done, my cheerful voice
 Shall loud hosannas raise ;
 My soul shall glow with gratitude ;
 My lips proclaim thy praise.

BEDDOME, *altered*

251

C. M.

Struggling with depravity.

Romans vii. 17—25.

Gal. v. 17.

- 1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,
 Here at thy feet, my God,
 My passion, pride, and discontent,
 And vile ingratitude.
- 2 My reason tells me thy commands
 Are holy, just, and true ;
 Tells me whate'er my God demands
 • Is his most righteous due.
- 3 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
 And all her words approve ;
 But still I find it hard to obey,
 And harder yet to love.
- 4 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
 These strugglings in my breast ?
 When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
 And give my conscience rest ?
- 5 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
 And set the captive free :
 Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
 And haste to rescue me.

STIMNETT.

Renouncing the world.

Col. iii. 1, 2.

1 John ii. 15—17.

- 1 **Y**E gay deceivers of the mind,
 Ye dreams of happiness, adieu ;
 No more your soft enchantments bind—
 This heart was never made for you.
- 2 The brightest joy your smile can boast
 Is but a moment's glittering light ;
 It sparkles now, and then 'tis lost,
 Extinguished in the shades of night.
- 3 Begone with all your soothing charms !
 Pleasure on earth ! O empty name !
 Superior joy my bosom warms,
 And heaven approves the sacred flame.
- 4 To perfect bliss my soul aspires,
 That shines with never-fading ray ;
 Nor less can satiate my desires
 Than full delight and endless day.
- 5 Blessed be the kind, the gracious power,
 That gently called, and bade me rise,
 And taught my nobler thoughts to soar
 To happiness beyond the skies. STEELE.

The choice of Moses.

Heb. xi. 24—26.

1 Pet. iv. 13, 14.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with all thy wakened powers
 Survey the heavenly prize !
 Nor let these glittering toys of earth
 Allure thy wandering eyes.
- 2 *The splendid crown, which Moses sought,
 Still beams around his brow ;*
 ing

- Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptred pride
Was taught by death to bow.
- 3 The joys and treasures of a day
I cheerfully resign ;
Rich in that large, immortal store,
Secured by grace divine.
- 4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,
Angels and God approve ;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,
My stedfast soul shall move.
- 5 With ardent eye that bright reward
I daily will survey ;
And in the blooming prospect lose
The sorrows of the way. DODDRIDGE

254

C. M.

[170]

Divine drawings.

Hos. xi. 4.

2 Cor. x. 4, 5.

- 1 **M**Y God, what silken cords are thine !
How soft and yet how strong !
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.
- 2 Thou sawest us crushed beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin :
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away ;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.

- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
 Till round thy throne we meet;
 And, captives in the chains of love,
 Embrace our conqueror's feet.

DODDRIDGE.

255

L. M.

[165]

Praying for Divine influence.

Num. xxi. 17, 18.

John iv. 10—15.

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus, Source of grace divine,
 What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
 O bring these healing waters nigh,
 Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
 'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
 More needs the cool, refreshing rain,
 Or pants the current to obtain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
 Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
 To a redundant river flow,
 And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May these blest waters near my side
 Through all the desert gently glide;
 Then, in Emmanuel's land above,
 Spread to a sea of joy and love.

DODDRIDGE.

256

C. M.

Filial obedience.

Rom. vii.

2 Cor. v. 14,

- 1 **N**O strength of nature can suffice
 To serve the Lord aright;
 And what she has, she misapplies,
 For want of clearer light.

- 2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress !
I toiled, the precept to obey ;
But toiled without success.
- 3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do ;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too :
- 4 Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise ;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.
- 5 "What shall I do ?" was then the word,
"That I may worthier grow ?"
"What shall I render to the Lord ?"
Is my inquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

COWPER.

257

L. M.

[228]

A mournful retrospect.

2 Sam. xii. 13.

Job xxxiii. 27, 28.

- 1 **I** LEFT the God of truth and light ;
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.
- 2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne ;
Through all his bonds of love I broke,
I cast away his gifts with scorn.

- 3 [I dreamed of bliss in pleasures' bowers,
While pillowing roses stayed my head ;
But serpents hissed among the flowers ;
I 'woke, and thorns were all my bed.]
- 4 [In riches when I sought for joy,
And placed in sordid gains my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
And worldly treasure fleeting dust.]
- 5 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty vengeance, from thy frown ?
Eternal Justice, from thine eye ?
- 6 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace ;
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.
- 7 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would despair ;
None ever perished at thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

MONTGOMERY.

A grateful retrospect.

Romans v. 10, 11.

2 Cor. v. 18.

- 1 **O**NCE I was estranged from God ;
Paths of sin perverse I trod ;
To the Blest resolved to be,
Without cause, an enemy.
- 2 Now to God I'm reconciled ;
For his love on me hath smiled, .
In the death of Christ his Son,
And my stubborn heart is won.

- 3 Soon shall I behold his face,
 In his friendship heaven possess ;
 Perfect made in purity;
 God in holiness to see.
- 4 Blessed be thou, God of love,
 Mercy sending from above :
 Grateful let me ever be,
 And a faithful friend to thee !

HINTON

259

L. M.

[92]

A grateful retrospect.

Matth. ii. 1—11.

2 Peter i. 19.

- 1 **W**HEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! Hark ! to God the chorus breaks
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks ;
 It is the star of Bethlehem !
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
 When suddenly a star arose :
 It was the star of Bethlehem !
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And, through the storm and dangers' thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace

- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever, and for evermore,
 The star!—the star of Bethlehem !

KIRKE WHITE.

260

L. M.

[230]

A grateful retrospect.

Ezek. xvi. 6.

Luke xix. 1—10.

- 1 **T**HAT was a time of wondrous love,
 When Christ my Lord was passing by ;
 He felt his tender pity move,
 And brought his great salvation nigh.
- 2 Guilty, and self-condemned I stood,
 Nor thought his mercy was so near ;
 When he my stubborn heart subdued,
 And planted all his graces there.
- 3 My eyes were sealed, the shades of night
 O'er all my mental powers were drawn ;
 He spake the word, " Let there be light,"
 And straight the day began to dawn.
- 4 When, on the verge of endless pain,
 He gently whispered, I am thine,
 I lost my fears and dropped my chain,
 And felt a transport all divine.
- 5 Now he supports the work begun,
 Strengthens my hands and guides my ways ;
 To him be endless honours done,
 Let heaven and earth resound his praise !

BEDDOME.

261

7s.

[482]

Praise for recent pardon.

Isa. xli. John iv. 14.

- 1 **I** WILL praise Thee every day !
Now thine anger's turned away,
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Here, in the fair gospel field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength ;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.
- 4 Praise ye, then, his glorious name ;
Publish his exalted fame :
Still his worth your praise exceeds ;
Excellent are all his deeds.
- 5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round !
Zion shout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

COWPER.

262

S. M.

[427]

Faith.

Eph. ii. 8.

2 Cor. v. 7.

- 1 **FAITH**, 'tis a precious grace
Where'er it is bestowed,
*It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.*

205

T

i

- 2 Jesus it owns as king,
And all-atoning priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 On him it safely leans,
In times of deep distress ;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay ;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
While it directs our way.
- 5 Lord, 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me. BEDDOME

Faith.

Acts xv. 9. Heb. xi. 1—3.

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares ;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares ;
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give :
*That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.*

- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there
Nor bids me seek in vain ;
- 5 Shows me the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken, would I rest,
Till this vile body dies ;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise. TURNER.
-

264

C. M.

[428]*Faith.*

John xiv. 19. Gal. ii. 20.

- 1 **M**Y Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on Thee,
Its Saviour, and its God.
- 2 By hourly faith in thee I live,
'Midst all my griefs and snares ;
And death, encountered in thy sight,
No form of horror wears.
- 3 On thy dear cross I fix mine eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat :
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At its Redeemer's feet.
- 4 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms ;
Be dead to every sin ;
And tell the boldest foes without,
That Jesus reigns within.

- 5 My life with his connected stands,
 Nor asks a surer ground :
 He keeps me in his gracious arms,
 Where heaven itself is found.

DODDRIDGE.

265

L. M.

[8]

Faith in the Divine word.

Joshua i. 8.

Jas. i. 21.

- 1 **T**HY word, O Lord ! is light and food,
 The law of truth, and source of good :
 There thou hast pointed out my way
 To pardon and perpetual day.
- 2 May I receive it, Lord, as thine,
 Receive it as the word divine,
 With firm assent, with listening ear,
 With bending heart, and filial fear.
- 3 Make me to know its saving might,
 Its quickening power, its cheering light ;
 May it my stubborn heart subdue,
 And still my sinful soul renew.
- 4 Oh ! let it richly dwell within,
 To keep me from the snares of sin,
 And guide me still to choose my way,
 That I no more may go astray.
- 5 Thus shall I stand approved of God,
 And follow still the heavenly road :
 Here like an heir of heaven shall live,
 And there a crown of life receive.

266

C. M.

Faith in the Saviour's promises.

2 Cor. xii. 9. Phil. iv. 13.

- 1 **K**IND are the words that Jesus speaks
 To cheer the drooping saint :
 "My grace sufficient is for you,
 Though nature's powers may faint.
- 2 My grace its glories shall display,
 And make your griefs remove ;
 Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
 Of boundless power and love."
- 3 What though my griefs are not removed
 Yet why should I despair ?
 While my kind Saviour's arms support,
 I can the burden bear.
- 4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,
 'Tis good to trust thy name :
 Thy power, thy faithfulness and love,
 Will ever be the same.
- 5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
 I all things can perform ;
 And, smiling, triumph in thy name,
 Amid the raging storm.

NEEDHAM

267

L. M.

[5]

Faith in an unseen Saviour.

Psalm cxix. 103.

Luke xxiv. 27.

- i **I** LOVE the sacred book of God,
 No other can its place supply :
It points me to the saints' abode ;
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

- 2 Sweet book ! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord ;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 Then shall I need thy light no more,
For nothing shall be then concealed ;
When I have reached the heavenly shore,
The Lord himself will stand revealed.
- 4 When, 'midst the throng celestial placed,
The bright original I see,
From which thy sacred page was traced,
Sweet book ! I've no more need of thee.
- 5 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love :
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above. KELLY.

Love to the unseen Saviour.

John xiv. 21.

1 Peter i. 8.

- 1 **T**HOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore ;
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 *But ah ! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain ;*

My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray.
Break radiant through the shades of night
And chase my fears away.

- 6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love ;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

STEELE.

269

C. M.

[145]

Love to Christ.

Lam. iii. 24.

Phil. iii. 8.

- 1 **F**ROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss ;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear ;
And, while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide ;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.
- 5 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him renown ;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown !

NEWTON

270

C. M.

[495]

Love to Christ.

John xxi. 15—17.

1 Pet. i. 8.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love ;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear.
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known ?
- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name ?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame ?
- Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord :
But O ! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

DOUGBRIDGE.

Love to Christ.

John xxi. 15—17.

1 Cor. xvi. 22.

- 1 **A**ND have I, Lord, no love for thee,
 No passion for thy charms?
 No wish my Saviour's face to see,
 And dwell within his arms?
- 2 Is there no spark of gratitude
 In this cold heart of mine,
 To him whose generous bosom glowed
 With friendship all divine?
- 3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
 His acts of kindness tell;
 And, while I dwell upon the theme,
 No sweet emotion feel?
- 4 Such base ingratitude as this
 What heart but must detest!
 Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
 In every human breast.
- 5 A very wretch, Lord! I should prove,
 Had I no love for thee:
 Rather than not my Saviour love,
 O may I cease to be!

STENNETT.

Love to Christ.

Mal. iii. 1.

Eph. iii. 16—19.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down!
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown:
 Jesus! thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every longing heart!

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast ;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest :
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be ;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive !
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave !
 Thee we would be always blessing ;
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing ;
 Glory in thy precious love.
- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation ;
 Pure, unspotted, may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by thee ;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

WESLEY, *altered.*

Love to Christ,

Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 John iv. 8-10.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee ?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me !

- 2 Stronger his love, than death and hell;
Its riches are unsearchable :

The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

- 3 God only knows the love of God :

O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine !
Be mine this better part !

- 4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet
Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice !

WESLEY.

274

C. M.

Cleaving to Christ.

Matt. ix. 2. Luke vii. 47—50.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace !
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven ;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.

- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread ;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know ;
That hand, which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

DODDRIDGE.

Clearing to Christ.

John iii. 16.

2 Cor. ix. 15.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which often I have seen ?
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed ;
The first of all his gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
The world should lie beneath my feet ;
Though poor, no more would I repine,
Or look with envy on the great.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart ;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart.

BEDDOME

Cleaving to Christ.

John vi. 68.

Phil. iii. 8.

- 1 **T**HOU only sovereign of my heart,
 My refuge, my almighty friend—
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart;
 On these my fainting spirit lives;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
 While thou art near, in vain they call;
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
 Depart from thee! 'tis death—'tis more,
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life, is thine.

STEELE.

Cleaving to Christ.

Acts xi. 23.

2 Tim. iv. 10.

- 1 **A**H wretched souls, who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.

- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy ;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint or tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways !
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

STEELE.

278

7^a.

[492]

Conformity to Christ.

2 Cor. iii. 18.

Phil. iii. 7—12.

- 1 **F**ATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me ;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown ;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will—thy will be done !
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path he trod,
 Die with Jesus on the cross,
 Rise with him to thee my God.

MONTGOMERY.

279

L. M.

[121]

Conformity to Christ.

Luke xxii. 26, 27. Phil. ii. 1—5.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love ?
 Such let our conversation be ;
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life !
- 3 Oh, how benevolent and kind !
 How mild ! how ready to forgive !
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight,
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 But ah ! how blind ! how weak we are !
 How frail ! how apt to turn aside !
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,
 And ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace
 To teach us what we ought to be !
 Make us, by thy transforming grace,
 Dear Saviour, daily more like thee !

STEELE.

Conformity to Christ.

Matt. xviii. 4.

1 Peter v. 5, 6.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master be
 Rooted in humility :
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Changed into a little child,
 Pleased with all the Lord provides,
 Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee ;
 Every evil let me flee :
 Nothing want, beneath, above,
 Happy in redeeming love.
- 4 Oh, that all may seek, and find,
 Every good in Jesus joined !
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust him, praise him evermore !

~~~~~

*Desiring sanctification.*

Psalm li. 10.

Heb. x. 22.

- 1 **O**H for a heart to praise my God,  
     A heart from sin set free !  
     A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
     So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
     My great Redeemer's throne ;  
     Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
     Where Jesus reigns alone.

- 3 A lowly and believing heart,  
 Abhorring every sin ;  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From him that dwells within.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
 Come quickly from above ;  
 Write thy new name upon my heart,  
 Thy new best name of LOVE.

WESLEY, *altered*.

282

L. M.

[491]

*Desiring sanctification.*

Eph. iv. 22—24.

1 Thess. v. 23.

- 1 **THY** healing spirit, Lord, impart ;  
 Refine and sanctify my heart ;  
 And with reflected beauty fair  
 Impress thy sacred image there.
- 2 Oh, train me for the seats of rest,  
 Where, in eternal glory blest,  
 My soul shall see thy lovely face,  
 And sing the triumphs of thy grace.

283

C. M.

*Self-abasement.*

Psaln xxxii. 5—7.

Hosea xiv. 1, 2.

- 1 **DEAR** Saviour! when my thoughts recall  
 The wonders of thy grace,  
 Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,  
 And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?  
 Ah, vile ungrateful heart !  
 By *earth's* low cares detained—betrayed  
 From Jesus to depart :

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- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give  
 True pleasure, peace, and rest :  
 When absent from my Lord, I live  
 Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,  
 My wandering soul restores :  
 He bids the mourning heart partake  
 The pardon it implores.
- 5 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,  
 The penitential sigh,  
 Confirm the kind forgiving word,  
 With pity in thine eye !
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet  
 Rejoice to seek thy face :  
 And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet  
 Thy condescending grace ! STEELE.

*Sincerity.*

Joshua xxiv. 14. John iv. 24.

- 1 **L**ORD ! when we bend before thy throne  
 And our confessions pour,  
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
 And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits, pitying see,  
 And penitence impart ;  
 And let a healing ray from thee  
 Beam peace upon our heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay  
 Their grateful songs to raise,  
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
 And rise to thee in praise.
- 4 *When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
 May we our wills resign ;*  
 ana

And not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly thine.

- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies ;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

**285**

C. M.

*Sincerity and Earnestness.*

Psalm lxxxiv. 8.

Jer. vi. 16.

- 1 **L**ORD God, omnipotent to bless,  
My supplication hear ;  
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice  
Incline thy gracious ear.
- 2 If I have never yet begun  
To tread the sacred road,  
O teach my wandering feet the way,  
To Zion's blest abode !
- 3 Or if I'm travelling in the path,  
Assist me with thy strength,  
That I may swift advances make,  
And reach thy courts at length !
- 4 My care, my hope, my first request,  
Are all comprised in this,  
To follow where thy saints have led,  
And then partake their bliss. GIBBONS.

**286**

C. M.

[248]

*Earnestness.*

Isa. xxxiii. 17.

Amos v. 4.

- 1 **P**ERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,  
Obedient to thy call,  
To seek the presence of thy grace,  
My strength, my life, my all.

- 2 All I can wish is thine to give ,  
     My God, I ask thy love,—  
     That greatest bliss I can receive,  
     That bliss of heaven above.
- 3 In these dark scenes of pain and woe,  
     What can my spirit find ?  
     No happiness can dwell below,  
     To fill the immortal mind.
- 4 To heaven my restless heart aspires ;  
     Oh, for a quickening ray  
     To invigorate my faint desires,  
     And cheer the tiresome way.
- 5 The path to thy divine abode  
     Through a wild desert lies ;  
     A thousand snares beset the road,  
     A thousand terrors rise.
- 6 Satan and sin unite their art  
     To keep me from my Lord ;  
     Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,  
     And guide me by thy word.
- 7 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,  
     On thee my soul would rest ;  
     On thee alone my hopes depend—  
     Be near, and I am blest.

STEELE.

*Earnestness.*

Gen. xxxii. 24—30.

Ps. cxliii. 5—8.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,  
     Till a blessing thou bestow :  
     Do not turn away thy face,  
     Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am ?  
 Ah ! my Lord, thou know'st my name :  
 Yet the question gives a plea  
 To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
 In rebellion blindly bold,  
 Scorn thy grace, thy power defy ;  
 That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair  
 Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;  
 Mercy heard, and set him free ;  
 Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have passed since then,  
 Many changes I have seen ;  
 Yet have been upheld till now ;  
 Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need ;  
 This emboldens me to plead ;  
 After so much mercy past,  
 Canst thou let me sink at last ?
- 7 No, I must maintain my hold,  
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;  
 I can no denial take,  
 When I plead for Jesus' sake.      NEWTON.

288

C. M.

[283]

*Earnestness.*

1 Cor. ix. 24, 25.      Phil. iii. 12—14.

- 1 **W**HILE carnal men with all their might  
 Earth's vanities pursue,  
*How slow th' advances which I make*  
*With heaven itself in view !*  
 225

- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal ;  
     Great God ! my love inflame ;  
     Religion, without zeal and love,  
     Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,  
     May I with fervour strive ;  
     And all those powers employ for thee,  
     Which I from thee derive.

BEDDOME, *altered.*

*Earnestness.*

Prov. iii. 13—18.      Luke x. 42.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern  
     Of mortals here below ;  
     May I its great importance learn,  
     Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,  
     Or aught the world bestows ;  
     Not reputation, food, or health,  
     Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,  
     Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
     ' Twill fit us for declining age,  
     And for the awful tomb.
- 4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renewed,  
     Be my Redeemer's throne !  
     And be my stubborn will subdued,  
     His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,  
     Be joined with godly fear ;  
     And all my conversation prove  
     My heart to be sincere.

- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,  
Through my remaining days ;  
And in me let each virtue shine,  
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;  
Let warm affections rise ;  
And may I wait with strong desire  
To mount above the skies. FAWCETT.

290

L. M.

[572]

*Choosing a heavenly portion.*

Ps. xvii. 14, 15.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **I**N vain my roving thoughts would find  
A portion worthy of the mind ;  
On earth my soul can never rest,  
For earth can never make me blest.
- 2 Can lasting happiness be found  
Where seasons roll their hasty round,  
And days and hours, with rapid flight,  
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight ?
- 3 Arise, my thoughts, my heart arise,  
Leave this low world and seek the skies.  
There joys for ever, ever last,  
When seasons, days, and hours are past.
- 4 Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart,  
Thy grace can raise my wandering heart  
To pleasures, perfect and sublime,  
Unmeasured by the wings of time.
- 5 Let those bright worlds of endless joy,  
My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ ;  
No more, ye restless passions, roam,  
God is my bliss, and heaven my home.

291

C. M.

[571]

*Choosing a heavenly portion.*

Ps. lv. 6. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy world inquires,  
     Forgetful of their God,  
     "Who will supply our vast desires,  
     Or show us any good?"
- 2 Through the wide circuit of the earth  
     Their eager wishes rove,  
     In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,  
     The phantoms of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude  
     Their most intense pursuit;  
     Or, if they seize the fancied good,  
     There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lord, from this world call off my love,  
     Set my affections right:  
     Bid me aspire to joys above,  
     And walk no more by sight.
- 5 O let the glories of thy face  
     Upon my bosom shine;  
     Assured of thy forgiving grace,  
     My joys will be divine.

STENNETT.

292

C. M.

[573]

*Choosing a heavenly portion.*

Micah ii. 10.

Col. iii. 2.

- 1 **W**HEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,  
     And wanders unconfined  
     *Amid the boundless scene of things,*  
     *Which entertain the mind.*

- 2 In vain I trace creation o'er,  
 In search of sacred rest;  
 The whole creation is too poor,  
 Too mean to make me blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ  
 Each flattering specious wile:  
 There's nought can yield a real joy,  
 But my Creator's smile.
- 4 Let earth and all her charms depart,  
 Unworthy of the mind;  
 In God alone, this restless heart  
 An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great spring of all felicity,  
 To whom my wishes tend!  
 Do not these wishes rise from thee,  
 And in thy favour end?

STEELE

293

C. M.

[493]

*Self-denial.*

Matt. xlii. 44—46.

Luke xiv. 33

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,  
 My dearest Lord, for thee?  
 It is but right! since thou hast done  
 Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go!—one look from thee  
 Will more than make amends  
 For all the losses I sustain  
 Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,  
 How worthless they appear  
 Compared with thee, supremely good!  
 Divinely bright and fair!



- 4 Saviour of souls ! could I from thee  
 A single smile obtain,  
 Though destitute of all things else,  
 I'd glory in my gain. BEDDOME.

## 294

C. M.

*Taking up the cross.*

Luke ix. 26.

2 Tim. ii. 12.

- 1 **A** SHAMED of Christ ! my soul disdain  
 The mean ungenerous thought :  
 Shall I disown that friend, whose blood  
 To man salvation brought ?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,  
 From heaven to earth he came ;  
 For us endured the painful cross,  
 For us despised the shame.
- 3 At his command, we must take up  
 Our cross without delay ;  
 Our lives, and thousand lives of ours,  
 Can ne'er his love repay.
- 4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views  
 With infinite delight ;  
 Their lives to him are dear ; their deaths  
 Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name, his cross to bear,  
 Our highest honour this !  
 Who nobly suffers now for him,  
 Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 But should we, in the evil day,  
 From our profession fly—  
*Jesus, the Judge, before the world,*  
*The traitors will deny.* NEEDHAM.

295

C. M.

[266]

*Spiritual joy.*

Neh. viii. 10.

1 John i. 4.

- 1 **J**OY is a fruit that will not grow  
In nature's barren soil ;  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
And made his glories known ;  
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace  
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
A sense of pardoning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,  
To know that God is mine,  
Are springs of joy that never fail,  
Unspeakable, divine !
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,  
And sanctify the mind :  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.

NEWTON.

296

7<sup>a</sup>.

[444]

*Love to God.*

Rom. v. 5.

2 Cor. i. 3, 4.

- 1 **H**EAVENLY Father ! God of love !  
Look with mercy from above ;  
Let thy streams of comfort roll,  
Let them fill and cheer my soul.
- 2 *Love celestial*, ardent fire !  
*O extreme of sweet desire !*

231

297, 298

THE CHRISTIAN.

Spread thy bright, thy gentle flame,  
Swift o'er all my mental frame.

- 3 Sweet affections flow from hence,  
Sweet above the joys of sense ;  
Let me thus for ever be  
Full of gladness, full of thee.

PARNEL.

297

C. M.

[390]

*Delight in God.*

Psalm iv. 6, 7.

John xiv. 21.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of joys divine,  
To Thee my soul aspires ;  
O could I say, "The Lord is mine,"  
'Tis all my soul desires.

- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,  
Unmingled and refined ;  
Substantial bliss, without alloy,  
And lasting as the mind.

- 3 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,  
Assure me of thy love ;  
O speak the kind transporting word,  
And bid my fears remove.

- 4 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,  
And triumph in my God,  
Till heavenly raptures tune my voice  
To spread thy praise abroad.

STEELE.

298

C. M.

[440]

*Delight in God.*

Ps. xxxvii. 3—5.

Rom. v. 11.

- 1 **O** LORD! I would delight in thee,  
And on thy care depend ;  
To thee in every trouble flee—  
My best, my only friend.

- 2 When all created streams are dried,  
 Thy fulness is the same ;  
 May I with this be satisfied,  
 And glory in thy name !
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
 Who has a fountain near—  
 A fountain, which will ever run  
 With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found  
 But may be found in thee ;  
 I must have all things and abound  
 While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,  
 To look within the veil—  
 To credit what my Saviour saith,  
 Whose word can never fail !
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure,  
 Will here all good provide :  
 While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?  
 What can I want beside ?
- 7 O Lord ! I cast my care on thee ;  
 I triumph and adore :  
 Henceforth my great concern shall be  
 To love and please thee more. RYLAND.

299

C. M.

[574]

*Delight in God.*

Lam. iii. 24.

Tim. vi. 17.

- 1 **MY** God ! to thee my soul aspires,  
 Dispel the shades of night ;  
*Enlarge and fill my vast desires*  
*With infinite delight.*

- 2 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,  
 Heaven dawns in every ray;  
 One glimpse of thee will cheer my heart,  
 And turn my night to day.
- 3 Not all the good which earth bestows  
 Can fill the craving mind;  
 Its highest joys have mingled woes,  
 And leave a sting behind.
- 4 Should boundless wealth increase my store,  
 Can wealth my cares beguile?  
 I should be wretched still, and poor,  
 Without thy blissful smile. STEELE.
- 

*Delight in God's salvation.*

Psalm xl. 16.

Isaiah xli. 2.

- 1 **G**OD of salvation, we adore  
 Thy saving love, thy saving power!  
 And to our utmost stretch of thought  
 Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.
- 2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,  
 The sword by which our sins are slain;  
 And, while abased in dust we bow,  
 We sing the grace that lays us low.
- 3 Perish each thought of human pride;  
 Let God alone be magnified:  
 His glory let the heavens resound,  
 Shouted from earth's remotest bound.
- 4 Saints, who his full salvation know,  
 Saints, who but taste it here below,  
 Join every angel's voice to raise  
*Continued, never-ending praise.*

DODDRIDGE.

## 301

C. M.

[432]

*Fear of God.*

Ps. cxli. 1.

Heb. xii. 28, 29.

- 1 **H**APPY, beyond description, he  
     Who fears the Lord his God ;  
     Who hears his threats with holy awe,  
     And trembles at his rod.
- 2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells  
     With its fair partner, love :  
     Blending their beauties, both proclaim  
     Their source is from above.
- 3 Let terrors fright the unwilling slave,  
     The child with joy appears ;  
     Cheerful he does his Father's will,  
     And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let fear and love, most holy God,  
     Possess this soul of mine,  
     Then shall I worship thee aright,  
     And taste thy joys divine.

NEEDHAM.

## 302

C. M.

*Fear of God.*

Psalm xvi. 8.

Prov. xxiii. 17.

- 1 **T**HRICE happy souls, who born from  
     heaven,  
     While yet they sojourn here,  
     Humbly begin their days with God,  
     And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal  
     Prevent the dawning day,  
     And turn the sacred pages o'er,  
     And praise thy name, and pray.

- 3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present  
 Its incense to thy throne ;  
 And, while the world our hands employs,  
 Our hearts be thine alone !
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends  
 Be each refreshment sought ;  
 And, by each various providence,  
 Some wise instruction brought !
- 5 When to laborious duties called,  
 Or by temptations tried,  
 We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,  
 And in thy strength confide.
- 6 As different scenes of life arise,  
 Our grateful hearts would be  
 With thee, amidst the social band—  
 In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night, we lean our weary heads  
 On thy paternal breast ;  
 And, safely folded in thine arms,  
 Resign our powers to rest.
- 8 In solid, pure delights like these,  
 Let all my days be past ;  
 Nor shall I then impatient wish,  
 Nor shall I fear, the last. DODDRIDGE.

*Gratitude for past mercies.*

Ps. lxxv. 11.

Rom. xlii. 11, 12.

- 1 **L**ORD of my life ! inspire my song ;  
 To thee my noblest powers belong ;  
 Grant me thy favourite seraph's flame,  
 To sing the glories of thy name.

- 2 Ten thousand favours claim my song,  
And each demands an angel's tongue;  
Mercy sits smiling on the wings  
Of every moment as it springs.
- 3 But Oh, with infinite surprise  
I see returning years arise;  
When unimproved the former score,  
Lord, wilt thou trust me still with more?
- 4 [Thousands this period hoped to see;  
Denied to thousands, granted me;  
Thousands! that weep, and wish, and pray,  
For those rich hours I throw-away.]
- 5 The tribute of my heart receive;  
'Tis the poor all I have to give;  
Should it prove faithless, Lord, I'd wrest  
The guilty traitor from my breast. COTTON.

304

C. M.

[455]

*Benevolence.*

Luke x. 30, 37.      2 Cor. viii. 9.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace  
All powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts  
That generous pleasure know,  
Kindly to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief  
In low distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,  
When throned above the skies,  
237



And, while possessing boundless wealth,  
He felt compassion rise.

- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew  
To raise us from the ground,  
And made the richest of his blood  
A balm for every wound. DODDRIDGE.

## 305

C. M.

[441]

*Benevolence.*

1 Cor. xiii.

1 John iv. 8.

- 1 **S**HOULD bounteous nature kindly pour  
Her richest gifts on me,  
Still, O my God! I should be poor,  
If void of love to thee.
- 2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense  
Could make me truly good:  
Not zeal itself could recompense  
The want of love to God.
- 3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,  
But were denied thy grace;  
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,  
Would be but sounding brass.
- 4 Though thou should'st give me heavenly skill  
Each mystery to explain;  
If I'd no heart to do thy will,  
My knowledge would be vain.
- 5 Had I so strong a faith, my God!  
As mountains to remove;  
No faith could do me real good,  
That did not work by love.
- 6 Oh, grant me then, this one request,  
And I'll be satisfied:  
*That love divine may rule my breast,  
And all my actions guide.* STENNETT.

306

C. M.

[521]

*Benevolence.*

Ps. xvi. 2, 3.

Heb. vi. 10.

- 1 **B**RIGHT source of everlasting love !  
     To thee our souls we raise :  
     And to thy sovereign bounty rear  
         A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life  
     With every cheering ray ;  
     Kindly restrains the rising tear,  
         Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approached  
     The borders of despair ;  
     Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed  
         A free salvation near.
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,  
     For all the grace we see ?  
     Alas ! the goodness worms can yield,  
         Extendeth not to thee.
- 5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,  
     We cheerfully repair,  
     And, with the gift thy hand bestows,  
         Relieve the mourner's care.
- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,  
     The orphan's breast shall glow ;  
     Thus streams of mercy from our God,  
         Through human channels flow.
- 7 So passing through the vale of tears,  
     Our useful light will shine ;  
     And others learn to glorify  
         Our Father's name divine.

BODEN.

*Love to the Redeemer's brethren.*

Matt. xxv. 35—45.

Mark iii. 31—35.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !  
Thy bounties how complete !  
How shall I count the matchless sum ?  
How pay the mighty debt ?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost thou exalted shine ;  
What can my poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of thy grace,  
And wilt confess their humble names  
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayest be clothed, and fed,  
And visited, and cheered ;  
And in their accents of distress  
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face with reverence and with love,  
I in thy poor would see ;  
Oh, rather let me beg my bread,  
Than hold it back from thee. DODDRIDGE.

*Honouring the Lord with his substance.*

Prov. iii. 9.

2 Cor. ix. 6, 7.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,  
Praise him, all ye hosts above ;  
Shout, with joyful acclamations,  
His divine victorious love :  
Be his kingdom now promoted,  
*Let the earth her monarch know ;*  
*Be my all to him devoted,*  
*To my Lord my all I owe.*

- 2 See, how beauteous on the mountains  
 Are their feet, whose grand design  
 Is to guide us to the fountains  
 That o'erflow with bliss divine :  
 Who proclaim the joyful tidings  
 Of salvation all around—  
 Disregard the world's deridings,  
 And in works of love abound.
- 3 With my substance I will honour  
 My Redeemer and my Lord ;  
 Were ten thousand worlds my manor,  
 All were nothing to his word :  
 While the heralds of salvation  
 His abounding grace proclaim,  
 Let his friends of every station  
 Gladly join to spread his fame.

FRANCIS.

309

C. M.

[237]

*The afflicted remembering God.*

Psalm xlii. 7, 8.

Mark iv. 37—40.

- 1 **A**FFLICTION is a stormy deep  
 Where wave resounds to wave ;  
 Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
 I know the Lord can save.
- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys  
 Can reinstate my peace ;  
 And he who bade the tempest roar  
 Can bid the tempest cease.
- 3 In the dark watches of the night,  
 I'll count his mercies o'er ;  
 I'll praise him for ten thousand past,  
 And humbly sue for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrows rose,  
 And pressed on every side,

- The Lord has still sustained my steps,  
 And still has been my guide.  
 5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,  
 Nor murmur at his rod :  
 He's more than all the world to me,  
 My health, my life, my God ! COTTON.

## 310

L. M.

[239]

*The afflicted praying.*

Ps. xlii. 7, 8.

Isaiah xlv. 19.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee I call,  
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;  
 When the great water-floods prevail,  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail !  
 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint !  
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?  
 Where but with thee, whose open door  
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?  
 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
 Does not thy word still fixed remain,  
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?  
 4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;  
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God,  
 Supports me under every load.  
 5 [Fair is the lot that's cast for me ;  
 I have an advocate with thee ;  
 They, whom the world caresses most  
 Have no such privilege to boast.  
 6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
 And he is safe, and must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.]

COWPER.

*The afflicted praying.*

Matt. viii. 24—27.

1 Tim. i. 19.

- 1 **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;  
Out of the depths to thee I call ;  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 [O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through the storm ;  
Defend me from each threatening ill,  
Control the waves, say, " Peace, be still !"]
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name  
Attend the followers of the Lamb,  
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shattered bark again.

COWPER.

*The afflicted trusting.*

Ps. xli. 10.

Ps. xcvi. 1, 2.

- 1 **O** LET my trembling soul be still  
While darkness veils this mortal frame,  
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,  
Wrapt yet in tears and mystery ;  
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,  
Yet all is well—since ruled by thee.

- 2 Thus trusting in thy love, I tread  
 The narrow path of duty on ;  
 What though some cherished joys are fled ?  
 What though some flattering dreams are  
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain : [gone ?  
 Why should my spirit, then, complain ?

## 313

L. M.

[261]

*The afflicted trusting.*

Ps. xlii. 2.

Ps. xlii. 1.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind ?  
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?  
 Can sovereign goodness be unkind ?  
 Am I not safe if God is nigh ?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand—  
 That gracious hand on which I live  
 Doth life, and time, and death command,  
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame ;  
 On him alone my hopes recline ;  
 The wondrous glories of his name,  
 How wide they spread ! how bright they  
 shine !
- 4 Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !  
 Unchanging faithfulness and love !  
 Here let me trust, while I adore—  
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,  
 Then I have all my heart can crave ;  
 A present help in times of need ;  
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord !  
 And ease the sorrows of my breast ;  
 Speak to my heart the healing word,  
 That thou art mine, and I am blest.

STEELE.

**314**

C. M.

[458]

*Praying for a submissive spirit.*

Job ii. 10.

Acts xxi. 13, 14.

- 1 **O** LORD! my best desires fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No! let me rather freely yield  
What most I prize to thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,  
Thou art engaged to grant:  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;  
Shall I resist them both;  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crushed before the moth?
- 6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway;  
Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,  
Drives all these thoughts away. COWPER.

**315**

C. M.

[276]

*Resignation.*

Job i. 21.

Ps. cxxi. 15.

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God! are in thy hand;  
*My choicest comforts come from thee,*  
*And go at thy command.*



- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,  
 Yet would I not repine ;  
 Before they were possessed by me,  
 They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,  
 Though the whole world were gone ;  
 But seek enduring happiness  
 In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world, with all its store ?  
 'Tis but a bitter sweet ;  
 When I attempt to pluck the rose,  
 A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,  
 The honey's mixed with gall :  
 'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,  
 Be thou my All in All. BEDDOME.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord—enthroned in light,  
 Whose claims are all divine ;  
 Who has an undisputed right  
 To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,  
 Or contradict his will,  
 Who cannot do but what is just,  
 And must be righteous still ?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all  
*My wealth, my friends, my ease ;*  
*And of his bounties, may recall*  
*Whatever part he please.*

- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain  
Beneath the heaviest load ;  
From whom assistance I obtain  
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill  
Can, from afflictions, raise  
Blessings eternity to fill  
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord—my covenant God,  
Thrice blessed be his name !  
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,  
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His covenant will my soul defend  
Should nature's self expire,  
And the Great Judge of all descend  
In awful flames of fire !
- 8 Can I with hope so firmly built  
Be sullen, or repine ?  
No, gracious God ! take what thou wilt,  
To thee I all resign. GREENF.

## 317

7<sup>s</sup>.

*Resignation in all times and circumstances.*

Ps. xxxi. 15.

Ps. xci.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the skies !  
Ever gracious, ever wise !  
All my times are in thy hand ;  
All events at thy command.
- 2 [His decree, who formed the earth,  
Fixed my first and second birth ;  
Parents, native place, and time—  
All appointed were by him.

- 3 He that formed me in the womb,  
He shall guide me to the tomb :  
All my times shall ever be  
Ordered by his wise decree.]
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health ;  
Times of penury and wealth ;  
Times of trial and of grief ;  
Times of triumph and relief ;
- 5 Times the tempter's power to prove ;  
Times to taste a Saviour's love :  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 6 Plagues and deaths around me fly ;  
Till he bids, I cannot die :  
Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love sees fit.
- 7 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,  
In thy hands my life I trust :  
Have I somewhat dearer still ?  
I resign it to thy will.
- 8 May I always own thy hand—  
Still to the surrender stand ;  
Know that thou art God alone,  
I and mine are all thy own.
- 9 Thee at all times will I bless ;  
Having thee, I all possess :  
How can I bereaved be,  
Since I cannot part with thee ?

RYLAND.

*Trust encouraged.*

Ps. xxxvii. 5.

1 Peter v. 7.

- COMMIT** thou all thy griefs  
 And ways into his hands,  
 To his sure truth, and tender care,  
 Who earth and heaven commands :  
 Who points the clouds their course,  
 Whom winds and seas obey ;  
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
 He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Put thou thy trust in God,  
 In duty's path go on ;  
 Fix on his word thy stedfast eye,  
 So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit can'st thou gain  
 By self-consuming care ;  
 To him commend thy cause, his ear  
 Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Give to the winds thy fears ;  
 Hope, and be undismayed ;  
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;  
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 6 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
 He gently clears thy way :  
 Wait thou his time—thy darkest night  
 Shall end in brightest day.

LUTHE

*Trust encouraged.*

Deut. xxxiii. 25.

2 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1 **AFFLICTED** saint, to Christ draw near  
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear  
 His faithful word declares to thee  
 That, "as thy day, thy strength shall

- 2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;  
And, if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;  
For, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see  
That, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 4 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,  
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,  
Or deep distress, or poverty—  
Still, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 5 When ghastly death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;  
He comes to set thy spirit free ;  
And, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

FAWCETT.

## 320

L. M.

[232]

*Looking to Christ for succour.*

Mark ix. 24. Luke xvii. 5.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our soul's delightful choice,  
In thee believing we rejoice ;  
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,  
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,  
And keep our fainting hopes alive ;  
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,  
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,  
While saints lie mourning in the dust ;  
Nor see that faith to ruin brought  
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;  
 Reveal the glories of thy name ;  
 And put all anxious doubts to flight,  
 As shades dispersed by morning light.

DODDRIDGE.

**321**

112th Metre.

*Looking to Christ for succour.*

John x. 28.

Heb. ii. 18.

- 1 **S**TILL nigh me, O my Saviour stand,  
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;  
 Hide in the hollow of thy hand,  
 Show forth in me thy saving power :  
 Still be thine arm my sure defence,  
 Nor earth, nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 2 In suffering be thy love my peace !  
 In weakness be thy love my power !  
 And, when the storms of life shall cease,  
 Jesus, in that important hour,  
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,  
 And save me, who for me hast died.

TOPLADY.

**322**

104th Metre.

[497]

*In affliction confiding in Christ.*

Matt. viii. 23-27.

John xvi. 33.

- 1 **B**EGONE unbelief,  
 My Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief  
 Will surely appear ;  
 By prayer let me wrestle,  
 And he will perform ;  
 With Christ in the vessel,  
 I smile at the storm.

- 2      Though dark be my way,  
        Since he is my guide,  
        'Tis mine to obey,  
        'Tis his to provide :  
        Though cisterns be broken,  
        And creatures all fail,  
        The word he hath spoken  
        Shall surely prevail.
- 3      His love, in time past,  
        Forbids me to think  
        He'll leave me at last  
        In trouble to sink ;  
        Each sweet Ebenezer  
        I have in review,  
        Confirms his good pleasure  
        To help me quite through.
- 4      Determined to save,  
        He watched o'er my path,  
        When, Satan's blind slave,  
        I sported with death :  
        And can he have taught me  
        To trust in his name,  
        And thus far have brought me  
        To put me to shame ?
- 5      Why should I complain  
        Of want or distress,  
        Temptation or pain ?—  
        He told me no less :  
        The heirs of salvation,  
        I know from his word,  
        Through much tribulation  
        Must follow their Lord.
- 6      *How bitter that cup,  
        No heart can conceive,*

Which he drank quite up,  
That sinners might live !  
His way was much rougher,  
And darker than mine ;  
Did Christ my Lord suffer,  
And shall I repine ?

- 7 Since all that I meet  
Shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet,  
The medicine is food ;  
Though painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long,  
And then, O how pleasant  
The conqueror's song !

NEWTON.

323

C. M.

[43]

*Paternal chastisement.*

Pr. cxix. 67, 71. Heb. xii. 5—7.

- 1 **O**FTEN the clouds of deepest woe  
So sweet a message bear,  
Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to find  
A frown of anger there.
- 2 It needs our hearts be weaned from earth ;  
It needs that we be driven,  
By loss of every earthly stay,  
To seek our joys in heaven.
- 3 And what is sorrow, what is pain,  
To that eternal care  
That breaks the conscious heart for sin,  
When sin is hated there ?
- 4 Kind, loving, is the hand that strikes,  
However keen the smart,  
If sorrow's discipline can chase  
One evil from the heart.



- 5 He was a man of sorrows—He  
 Who loved and saved us thus ;  
 And shall the world that frowned on him,  
 Wear only smiles for us ?
- 6 No ! we must follow in the path  
 Our Lord and Saviour run ;  
 We must not find a resting-place  
 Where He we love had none.

FRY.

## 324

S. M.

[242]

*Paternal chastisement.*

Ezek. xx. 37.

Heb. xii. 6—11.

- 1 **H**OW gracious and how wise  
 Is our chastising God !  
 And oh ! how rich the blessings are  
 Which blossom from his rod !
- 2 He lifts it up on high,  
 With pity in his heart,  
 That every stroke his children feel  
 May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus, they bow,  
 And own his sovereign sway ;  
 They turn their erring footsteps back  
 To his forsaken way.
- 4 His covenant love they seek ;  
 And seek the happy bands  
 That closer still engage their hearts  
 To honour his commands.
- 5 Dear Father, we consent  
 To discipline divine ;  
*And bless the pains that make our souls*  
*Still more completely thine.* DODDRIDGE

*Paternal chastisement.*

Ps. xciv. 12.

Heb. xii. 6.

- 1 **A**MID these various scenes of ills,  
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;  
And shall I murmur at my God,  
When sovereign love directs the rod?
- 2 Peace, rebel thoughts!—I'll not complain;  
My Father's smiles suspend my pain;  
Smiles—that a thousand joys impart,  
And pour the balm that heals the smart.
- 3 Though heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,  
Each heart-felt comfort still is mine:  
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,  
And journey with me through the vale.
- 4 Dear Jesus, smooth that rugged way,  
And lead me to the realms of day,  
To milder skies, and lighter plains,  
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

COTTON.

*Paternal chastisement.*

Prov. iii. 11, 12.

Heb. xii. 6—11.

- 1 **'T**IS my happiness below,  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall;  
But, with humble faith to see  
*Love inscrib'd upon them all,—*  
*This is happiness to me.*

- 3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;  
These spring up, and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
Trials give new life to prayer ;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 5 [Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisement by the way,  
Might I not with reason, fear  
I should prove a castaway ?
- 6 Bastards may escape the rod,  
Sunk in earthly vain delight ;  
But the true-born child of God  
Must not, would not if he might.]

COWPER.

*Paternal chastisement.*

Hosea ii. 6, 7.

Hosea xiv. 1, 2.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is kind in all his ways,  
When most they seem severe !  
He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,  
That we may learn his fear.
- 2 With thorns he fences up our path  
And builds a wall around,  
To guard us from the death that lurks  
In sin's forbidden ground.
- 3 Return, ye wandering souls, return,  
And seek his tender breast ;  
Call back the memory of the days  
When there you found your rest.

- 4 Behold, O Lord, we fly to Thee,  
 Though blushes veil our face,  
 Constrained our last retreat to seek  
 In thy much injured grace. DODDRIDGE.

328

C. M.

[473]

*Deliverance.*

Psalm xxxiv.

2 Cor. i. 9, 10.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall still  
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
 Till all who are distressed,  
 From my example comfort take,  
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
 The dwellings of the just;  
 Protection he affords to all  
 Who make his name their trust.
- 4 Oh, make but trial of his love!  
 Experience will decide  
 How blest are they, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints! and you will then,  
 Have nothing else to fear;  
 Make you his service your delight,  
 Your wants shall be his care.
- 6 While hungry lions lack their prey,  
 The Lord will food provide  
 For such as put their trust in him,  
 And see their needs supplied.

TATE AND BRAD'

*Divine favour.*

Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 Tim. vi. 6.

- 1 **H**APPY the men whose bliss supreme  
Flows from a source on high ;  
And flows in one perpetual stream,  
When earthly springs are dry.
- 2 Contentment makes their little more,  
And sweetens good possessed ;  
While faith foretastes the joys in store,  
And makes them doubly blest.
- 3 If Providence their comforts shroud,  
And dark distresses lower ;  
Hope paints its rainbow on the cloud,  
And grace shines through the shower.
- 4 What troubles can their hearts o'erwhelm,  
Who view a Saviour near ?  
Whose Father sits and guides the helm ;  
Whose voice forbids their fear ?
- 5 Let tempests rage, and billows rise,  
And mortal firmness shrink ;  
Their anchor fastens in the skies ;  
Their bark no storm can sink.
- 6 God is their joy and portion still,  
When earthly good retires ;  
And shall their hearts sustain, and fill,  
When earth itself expires.

TIMMS.

*Divine favour.*

Ps. ix. 10.

Ps. lxxxix. 15-18.

- 1 **O** HAPPY they who know the Lord,  
With whom he deigns to dwell !  
He feeds and cheers them by his word ;  
His arm supports them well.

- 2 He helped his saints in ancient days,  
 Who trusted in his name ;  
 And we can witness, to his praise,  
 His love is still the same.
- 3 Oft in his house his glory shines  
 Before our wondering eyes ;  
 We wish not then for golden mines,  
 Or aught beneath the skies.
- 4 His presence sweetens all our cares,  
 And makes our burdens light :  
 A word from him dispels our fears,  
 And gilds the gloom of night.
- 5 Lord, let us then most highly prize  
 These tokens of thy love,  
 Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,  
 To worship thee above.

NEWTON.

331

L. M. D.

[109]

*Election.*

Eph. i. 3, 4.

2 Thess. ii. 13.

- 1 **B**EFORE the almighty power began  
 To form the wondrous frame of man  
 Before he hung the lights on high,  
 And made them sparkle o'er the sky ;  
 Before he gave the mountains birth,  
 Or shaped the yet unfounded earth—  
 God all his ransomed people knew,  
 And in his love he chose them too.
- 2 Chose them in Christ, that they should prove  
 The trophies of his dying love ;  
 Chose them thro' faith, that precious grace,  
 Which bears the fruits of righteousness ;

## 334

L. M.

[279]

*Access to God.*

Exodus xxix. 20, 21. Heb. x. 19—22.

- 1 **S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,  
I venture near thy throne, O God ;  
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,  
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears.
- 2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign !  
Doth with a softened lustre shine.  
And, while my faith beholds it near,  
I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay ;  
With courage sing, with fervour pray,  
And, though a sinner, quite undone,  
Hope for acceptance through thy Son—
- 4 Thy Son, who on the shameful tree,  
Expired to set the vilest free ;  
On this I build my only claim,  
And all I ask is in his name.

BEDDOME.

## 335

C. M.

[327]

*Access to God.*

Acts ix. 11. Rom. viii. 26.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpressed ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer the sublimest strains, that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air ;  
His watch-word at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways !  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind ;  
While with the Father and the Son,  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 [Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;  
The Holy Spirit pleads,  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For mourners intercedes.]
- 8 O thou, by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way !  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :  
Lord, teach us how to pray !

MONTGOMERY.

336

C. M.

[271]

*Friendship with God.*

Psalm lxxxv. 8.

Rom. v. 1.

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts, unite  
In silence soft and sweet :  
And thou, my soul, sit gently down  
At thy great Sovereign's feet.



- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,  
 Yet gladly I attend;  
 For lo! the everlasting God  
 Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul  
 The sounds of peace convey;  
 The tempest at his word subsides,  
 And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart  
 To grieve his love no more;  
 But, charmed by melody divine,  
 To give its follies o'er. DODDRIDGE

*Fellowship with God.*

1 John i. 3.

1 Cor. i. 9.

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father calls,  
 And Christ invites us near;  
 With both, our friendship shall be sweet,  
 And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs;  
 He pardons every day;  
 Almighty to protect our souls,  
 And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!  
 What various stores of good,  
 Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,  
 And purchased with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,  
 We bless thy faithful care;  
*Our Advocate* before the throne,  
*And our Forerunner* there.

- 5 Here fix, my roving heart !  
 Here wait, my warmest love !  
 'Till the communion be complete  
 In nobler scenes above. DODDRIDGE.

338

C. M.

[257]

*Walking with God.*

Gen. v. 24.

Heb. xi. 5.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, our wondering souls  
 Admire thy matchless grace ;  
 That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell,  
 With Adam's worthless race.
- 2 O lead me to that happy path,  
 Where I my God may meet ;  
 Though hosts of foes begird it round,  
 Though briars wound my feet.
- 3 Cheered with thy converse, I can trace  
 The desert with delight :  
 Through all the gloom one smile of thine  
 Can dissipate the night.
- 4 Nor shall I through eternal days  
 A restless pilgrim roam ;  
 Thy hand, that now directs my course,  
 Shall soon convey me home.
- 5 I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight  
 To realms of heavenly day ;  
 Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds  
 To bear this flesh away.
- 6 Joyful my spirit will consent  
 To drop its mortal load ;  
 And hail the sharpest pangs of death  
 That break its way to God. DODDRIDGE

339

7.

[542]

*Communion with God in the night.*

Job xxxv. 10.

Psalm lxiii. 5, 6.

- 1 **W**HAT though downy slumbers flee,  
Strangers to my couch and me?  
Sleepless, well I know to rest,  
Lodged within my Father's breast.
- 2 He, in night's serenest hours,  
Guides my intellectual powers,  
And his Spirit doth diffuse,  
Sweeter far than midnight dews.
- 3 Lifting all my thoughts above,  
On the wings of faith and love ;  
Blest alternative to me,  
Thus to sleep or wake with thee !
- 4 What if beams of opening day  
Shine around my breathless clay ?  
Brighter visions from on high  
Shall regale my mental eye.
- 5 Tender friends awhile might mourn  
Me from their embraces torn ;  
Dearer, better friends I have  
In the realms beyond the grave.
- 6 See the guardian angels nigh  
Wait to waft my soul on high !  
See the golden gates displayed !  
See the crown to grace my head !
- 7 See a flood of sacred light,  
Which no more shall yield to night !  
Transitory world, farewell !  
Jesus calls with him to dwell.

- 8 With thy heavenly presence blest,  
 Death is life, and labour rest,  
 Welcome sleep or death to me ;  
 Still secure, for still with thee.

DODDRIDGE.

**340**

C. M.

[278]

*Adoption.*

Ps. ciii. 13.

Heb. xii. 9.

- 1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,  
 To say, my Father, God !  
 Lord ! at thy feet I fain would lie,  
 And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,  
 For thou art good and wise ;  
 Let every anxious thought be still,  
 Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom  
 And bid me wait serene ;  
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,  
 And brighten all ~~the scene~~.
- 4 My Father—Oh, permit my heart  
 To plead her humble claim,  
 And ask the bliss those words impart,  
 In my Redeemer's name.

STEELE.

**341**

C. M.

[275]

*Adoption.*

Rom. viii. 14—17.

Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,  
 Allow my humble claim ;  
 Nor, while a worm would raise its head,  
 Disdain a Father's name.

- 2 My Father, God, how sweet the sound !  
 How tender, and how dear !  
 Not all the melody of heaven  
 Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name  
 On my expanding heart ;  
 And show that in Jehovah's grace  
 I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheered by a signal so divine,  
 Unwavering I believe :  
 And Abba, Father, humbly cry,  
 Nor can the sign deceive.
- 5 On wings of everlasting love  
 The Comforter is come ;  
 All terrors at his voice disperse,  
 And endless pleasures bloom.

DODDRIDGE.

## 342

C. M.

[496]

*Adoption.*

Psalm xxxi. 14—17.

Romans viii. 15—17.

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father ! blissful name !  
 Oh, may I call thee mine ?  
 May I with sweet assurance claim  
 A portion so divine ?
- 2 This only can my fears control,  
 And bid my sorrows fly ;  
 What harm can ever reach my soul  
 Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies,  
*I calmly would resign,*  
*For thou art good, and just, and wise :*  
*Oh, bend my will to thine.*

- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains  
 Oh, give me strength to bear !  
 And let me know my Father reigns,  
 And trust his tender care.
- 5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown  
 To my weak, erring sight ;  
 Yet let my soul adoring own  
 That all thy ways are right.
- 6 My God, my Father ! be thy name  
 My solace and my stay ;  
 Oh, wilt thou seal my humble claim,  
 And drive my fears away !

STEELE.

343

7. SIX LINES.

*Adoption.*

John i. 12.

1 John iii. 1, 2.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God,  
 They are bought with Jesu's blood,  
 They are ransomed from the grave,  
 Life eternal they shall have :  
 With them numbered may we be,  
 Now, and through eternity !
- 2 God did love them, in his Son,  
 Long before the world begun ;  
 They the seal of this receive,  
 When on Jesus they believe :  
 With them, &c.
- 3 They are justified by grace,  
 They enjoy a solid peace :  
 All their sins are washed away,  
*They shall stand in God's great day*  
 With them, &c.

- 4 They produce the fruits of grace,  
In the works of righteousness !  
Born of God, they hate all sin,  
God's pure word remains within :  
With them, &c.
- 5 They have fellowship with God,  
Through the Mediator's blood ;  
One with God, through Jesus one,  
Glory is in them begun :  
With them, &c.
- 6 Though they suffer much on earth,  
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,  
Yet they have an inward joy,  
Pleasures which can never cloy :  
With them, &c.
- 7 They alone are truly blest—  
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ ;  
They with love and peace are filled  
They are, by his Spirit, sealed :  
With them numbered may we be,  
Now and through eternity !

- 1 **N**OT all the nobles of the earth,  
Who boast the honours of their birth,  
Such real dignity can claim  
As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is given  
*To be the sons and heirs of heaven :*  
*Sons of the God who reigns on high,*  
*And heirs of joys beyond the sky.*

- 3 On them, a happy chosen race,  
 Their Father pours his richest grace ;  
 To them his counsels he imparts,  
 And stamps his image on their hearts.
- 4 When, through temptation, they rebel,  
 His chastening rod he makes them feel ;  
 Then, with a father's tender heart,  
 He soothes the pain, and heals the smart.
- 5 Their daily wants his hands supply ;  
 Their steps he guards with watchful eye ;  
 Leads them from earth to heaven above,  
 And crowns them with eternal love.
- 6 Have I the honour, Lord, to be  
 One of this numerous family ?  
 On me the gracious gift bestow,  
 To call thee, Abba, Father ! too.
- 7 So may my conduct ever prove  
 My filial piety and love ;  
 Whilst all my brethren clearly trace  
 Their father's likeness in my face.

STENNETT.

**345**

8. 6.—8. 8.

*Adoption.*

2 Cor. vi. 18.

1 John i. 3.

- 1 **L**ET others boast their ancient line,  
 In long succession great ;  
 In the proud list let heroes shine,  
 And monarchs swell the state :  
*Descended from the King of kings,*  
*Each saint a nobler title sings.*



- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,  
Own me an heir divine ;  
I'll pity princes on the throne,  
When I can call thee mine :  
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,  
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,  
To fame and rank unknown,  
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,  
And seat me near thy throne :  
No name, no honours here I crave,  
Well pleased with those beyond the grave.
- 4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives ;  
With him I too shall reign ;  
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,  
Shall make the promise vain :  
In him my title stands secure,  
And shall, while endless years endure.
- 5 When he, in robes divinely bright,  
Shall once again appear,  
Thou, too, my soul, shalt shine in light,  
And his full image bear ;  
Enough !—I wait th' appointed day ;  
Blest Saviour, haste, and come away.

CRUTTENDEN.

- 1 **H**ARK ! for 'tis God's own Son that calls  
To life and liberty ;  
*Transported*, fall before his feet  
Who makes the prisoners free.

- 2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,  
And breaks old Satan's chain ;  
Smiling he deals those pardons round  
Which free from endless pain.
- 3 Into the captive heart he pours  
His Spirit from on high ;  
We lose the terrors of the slave,  
And Abba, Father ! cry.
- 4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace ;  
The sinner's friend proclaim ;  
And call on all around to seek  
True freedom by his name.
- 5 Walk on at large, till you attain  
Your father's house above ;  
There shall you wear immortal crowns,  
And sing redeeming love. DODDRIDGE.

347

C. M.

[4]

*Guidance.*

Ps. cxix. 105.

Prov. vi. 23.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given !  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears ;  
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts  
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

FAWCETT

## 348

S. M.

*Guidance and protection.*

1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

Ps. lxxlii. 24.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord indeed  
 Would me his servant bless,  
 From every evil shield my head,  
 And crown my paths with peace !
- 2 Be his almighty hand  
 My helper and my guide,  
 Till with his saints in Canaan's land  
 My portion he divide.
- ~~~~~

## 349

S. M.

[273]

*Guidance and protection.*

Psalm xxxiii.

Ezek. xxxiv. 11—16.

- 1 **W**HILE God my father's near,  
 My shepherd and my guide,  
 I bid farewell to anxious fear,  
 My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,  
 Where rich abundance grows,  
 His gracious hand indulgent leads,  
 And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene,  
 Cool waters gently roll,  
 And kind refreshment smiles serene,  
 To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest :  
 How sweet a lot is mine,  
 With pleasure, food, and safety blest !  
 Beneficence divine !

- 5 Great shepherd ! if I stray,  
My wandering feet restore ;  
To thy fair pastures guide my way,  
And let me rove no more.

STEELE.

350

L. M.

[282]

*Guidance and protection.*

Deut. xxxiii. 29.

Rev. xv. 3.

- 1 **O** ISRAEL, blest beyond compare !  
Unrivalled all thy glories are ;  
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,  
And calls thine interest all his own.
- 2 He is thy Saviour, he thy Lord,  
His shield is thine, and thine his sword ;  
Review, in ecstasy of thought,  
The grand redemption he has wrought.
- 3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,  
Opens thy passage through the sea ;  
He through the desert is thy guide,  
And heaven for Canaan will provide.
- 4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast  
Such favours to their chosen host ;  
Their glories, which through ages shine,  
Are but dim shades and types of thine.
- 5 Celestial Spirit ! teach our tongue  
Sublimier strains than Moses sung,  
Proportioned to the sweeter name  
Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

DODDRIDGE.

## 351

C. M.

*Protection.*

Luke xii. 32.

John x. 11—15.

- 1 **Y**E little flock, whom Jesus feeds,  
Dismiss your anxious cares,  
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,  
And smile away your fears.
- 2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,  
His staff is your defence :  
'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's  
Calls streams and pastures thence. [voice
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,  
And give it with delight ;  
His feeblest child his love shall call  
To triumph in his sight.
- 4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring  
For sure supports like these :  
And, o'er the pious dead, we sing  
Thy living promises.
- 5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,  
We bless the Saviour's name :  
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song  
Which breaks this mortal frame.

DODDRIDGE.

## 352

L. M.

*Aid in temptation.*

1 Cor. x. 13.

2 Peter ii. 9.

- 1 **N**OW let the feeble all be strong,  
And make Jehovah's arm their song :  
His shield is spread o'er every saint ;  
*And, thus supported, who shall faint ?*
- 2 *What though the hosts of hell engage  
With mingled cruelty and rage !*

A faithful God restrains their hands,  
And chains them down in iron bands.

- 3 Bound by his word, he will display  
A strength proportioned to our day :  
And, when united trials meet,<sup>1</sup>  
Will show a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,  
Which Jesus ratified with blood :  
Still is he gracious, wise, and just ;  
And still, in him, let Israel trust.

DODDRIDGE.

## 353

C. M.

*Aid in temptation.*

Luke xxii. 31, 32.

1 Peter v. 8.

- 1 **H**OW keen the tempter's malice is  
How artful and how great !  
Though not one grain shall be destroyed,  
Yet will he sift the wheat.
- 2 But God can all his power control,  
And gather in his chain ;  
And, where he seems to triumph most,  
The captive soul regain.
- 3 There is a Shepherd, kind and strong,  
Still watchful for his sheep ;  
Nor shall the infernal lion rend  
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.
- 4 Blest Jesus ! intercede for us,  
That we may fall no more ;  
Oh, raise us when we prostrate lie ;  
And comfort lost restore.
- 5 Thy secret energy impart,  
That faith may never fail ;  
But, 'midst whole showers of fiery darts,  
That tempered shield prevail.

354, 355

THE CHRISTIAN.

- 6 Secured ourselves by grace divine,  
 We'll guard our brethren too ;  
 And, taught their frailty by our own,  
 Our care of them renew. DODDRIDGE.
- 

**354**

C. M.

[274]

*Safety.*

Ps. xlv.

Isa. xxvi. 1—4.

- 1 **O**N God we build our sure defence,  
 In God our hopes repose :  
 His hand protects our varying life,  
 And guards us from our woes.
- 2 Our minds shall be serene and calm,  
 Like Siloa's peaceful flood ;  
 Whose soft and silver streams refresh  
 The city of our God.
- 3 We to the mighty Lord of hosts  
 Securely will resort :  
 For refuge fly to Jacob's God,  
 Our succour and support. PITT.
- 

**355**

C. M.

[505]

*Safety.*

Isaiah xxxv. 4.

Matt. x. 31.

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls dismiss your fears,  
 Be mercy all your theme ;  
 Mercy which like a river flows  
 In one perpetual stream.
- 2 'Fear not' the powers of earth and hell ;  
 God will those powers restrain ;  
*His arm shall all their rage repel,*  
*And make their efforts vain.*

- 3 'Fear not' the want of outward good ;  
 He will for his provide,  
 Grant them supplies of daily food,  
 And all they need beside.
- 4 'Fear not' that he will e'er forsake,  
 Or leave his work undone ;  
 He's faithful to his promises,  
 And faithful to his Son.
- 5 'Fear not' the terrors of the grave,  
 Or death's tremendous sting ;  
 He will from endless wrath preserve,  
 To endless glory bring. BEDDOME.

356

L. M.

[287]

*Safety.*

Ps. cxvi. 7.

Heb. iv. 3.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest  
 Upon thy heavenly Father's breast :  
 Indulge me, Lord, in that repose,  
 Which only he who loves thee knows.
- 2 Lodged in thine arms, I fear no more  
 The tempest's howl, the billow's roar :  
 Those storms must shake the Almighty's seat,  
 Which violate the saints' retreat.
- 3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount  
 The power of language to recount ;  
 From morning dawn, the setting sun  
 Sees but my work of praise begun.
- 4 The mercies all my moments bring,  
 Ask an eternity to sing ;  
 What thanks those mercies can suffice,  
 Which through eternity shall rise ?



- 5 Rich in ten thousand gifts possessed,  
 In future hopes more richly blest,  
 I'll sit and sing, till death shall raise  
 A note of more proportioned praise.

DODDRIDGE.

## 357

11<sup>a</sup>.*Safety.*

Isa. xliii. 2.

2 Peter i. 4.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !  
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,  
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;  
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
 As thy days may demand, shall thy strength  
 ever be.
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed !  
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
 stand,  
 Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.
- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow ;  
 For I will be with thee, thy trouble to bless ;  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
*My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;*  
*The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design*  
*Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.*

- 6 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;  
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn  
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be  
 borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
 I will not, I will not, desert to its foes ;  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavour to  
 shake,  
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake !

KIRKHAM.

## 358

C. M.

*Inexhaustible resources.*

Phil. iv. 19, 20.

Col. i. 18, 19.

- 1 **MY** God !—How cheerful is the sound !  
 How pleasant to repeat !  
 Well may that heart with pleasure bound,  
 Where God hath fixed his seat.
- 2 What want shall not our God supply  
 From his redundant stores ?  
 What streams of mercy from on high  
 An arm almighty pours !
- 3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,  
 These ample blessings flow :  
 Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,  
 Whose heart has loved us so.
- 4 Now, to our Father and our God,  
 Be endless glory given,  
 Through all the realms of man's abode,  
 And through the highest heaven.

DODDRIDGE

*Inexhaustible resources.*

John I. 16.

Col. i. 19

- 1 **A** FULNESS resides  
 In Jesus our head,  
 And ever abides  
 To answer our need :  
 The Father's good pleasure  
 Has laid up in store  
 A plentiful treasure,  
 To give to the poor.
- 2     Whate'er be our wants,  
       We need not to fear ;  
 Our numerous complaints  
       His mercy will hear :  
 His fulness shall yield us  
       Abundant supplies ;  
 His power shall shield us,  
       When dangers arise.
- 3     Whatever distress  
       Awaits us below,  
 Such plentiful grace  
       Will Jesus bestow  
 As still shall support us,  
       And silence our fear ;  
 For nothing can hurt us  
       While Jesus is near.
- 4     When troubles attend,  
       Or danger or strife,  
 His love will defend  
       And guard us through life :  
 And when we are fainting,  
       And ready to die,  
*Whatever is wanting,*  
       *His hand will supply.*

FAWCETT.

**360**

C. M.

[288]

*Permanent union with Christ.*

John xii. 25, 26. Col. iii. 3.

- 1 **L**ET sinners boast of kindred joys,  
The poor delights of sense ;  
'Tis Christ our inmost thoughts employs  
We draw our comforts thence.
- 2 With sweet contentment now we bid  
Farewell to pleasures here ;  
With Christ in God our life is hid,  
And all its springs are there.
- 3 'Tis now concealed and lodged secure  
In God's eternal Son ;  
From age to age it shall endure,  
Though to the world unknown.
- 4 Jesus, remove whate'er divides  
Our lingering souls from thee ;  
'Tis fit that where the head resides  
The members too should be. BEDDOME.

**361**

L. M.

[504]

*Permanent union with Christ.*

John xiv. 19.

Rom. viii. 34—39.

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,  
And fainting hope almost expires,  
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,  
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?  
And can my hope, my comfort die,  
Fixed on thy everlasting word ;  
That word which built the earth and sky ?
- 3 *If my immortal Saviour lives,  
Then my immortal life is sure ;*

His word a firm foundation gives :  
Here let me build and rest secure.

- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;  
Immovable the promise stands ;  
Not all the powers of earth, or hell,  
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose !  
If Jesus is for ever mine,  
Not death itself, that last of foes,  
Shall break a union so divine.
- 6 Lord, at thy feet I'll cast me down ;  
To thee reveal my guilt and fear ;  
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,  
I'll be the first who perished there. STEELE.

## 362

S. M.

*Permanent union with Christ.*

1 Cor. vi. 17. Eph. v. 30.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine,  
By everlasting bands ;  
Our names, our hearts we would resign,  
Our souls are in thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave  
With ever-growing zeal ;  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite  
Our souls to thee, our head ;  
Shall form us to thy image bright,  
That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay ;  
But love shall keep us near thy side  
Through all the gloomy way.

- 5 Since Christ and we are one,  
 Why should we yield to fear ?  
 If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,  
 He'll fix his members there. DODDRIDGE.

## 363

L. M.

[267]

*Permanent union with Christ.*

Mal. iii. 6. James i. 17. —

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veiled my mind,  
 And smiling day once more appears,  
 Then, my Redeemer ! then I find  
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart ;  
 And blush that I should ever be  
 Thus prone to act so base a part,  
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee !
- 3 Oh, let me then, at length, be taught  
 (What I am still so slow to learn)  
 That God is love, and changes not,  
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !  
 But, when my faith is sharply tried,  
 I find myself a learner yet,  
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee  
 Subdues the disobedient will ;  
 Drives doubt and discontent away ;  
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,  
 As I am ready to repine ;  
 Thou therefore all the praise receive ;  
*Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.*

COWPE

## 364

S. M.

*Persevering grace.*

John x. 27—29.

Rev. vii. 17.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with joy attend,  
While Jesus silence breaks ;  
No angel's harp such music yields  
As what my shepherd speaks.
- 2 'I know my sheep,' he cries,  
My soul approves them well :  
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,  
And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 I freely feed them now  
With tokens of my love ;  
But richer pastures I prepare,  
And sweeter streams above.
- 4 Unnumbered years of bliss  
I to my sheep will give ;  
And, while my throne unshaken stands  
Shall all my chosen live.
- 5 This tried Almighty hand  
Is raised for their defence :  
Where is the power shall reach them there ?  
Or what shall force them thence ?
- 6 Enough, my gracious Lord,  
Let faith triumphant cry ;  
My heart can on this promise live,  
Can on this promise die.

DODDRIDGE.

## 365

C. M.

[461]

*Persevering grace.*

Col. iii. 3.

Jude 24, 25.

**R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause his own ;  
The hope that's built upon his word  
Can ne'er be overthrown.

- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm ;  
Your life is hid with Christ, in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or, fainting, shall not die ;  
Jesus, the strength of every saint,  
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,  
Faith sees him always near ;  
A guide, a glory, a defence ;  
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,  
And triumphed once for you ;  
So surely you that love his name  
Shall triumph in him too.

NEWTON.

**366**

C. M.

[459]

*Persevering grace.*

Ps. cxix. 117.

2 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou made me know thy ways ?  
Conduct me in thy fear :  
And grant me such supplies of grace  
That I may persevere.
- 2 Let but thy own Almighty arm  
Sustain a feeble worm,  
I shall escape secure from harm  
Amid the dreadful storm.
- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient Friend,  
Till all my toils shall cease :  
Guard me through life, and let my end  
Be everlasting peace.



*Persevering grace.*

Matt. xxvi. 41.

Luke xvii. 5.

- 1 **A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise !  
What snares beset my way !  
To heaven O let me lift mine eyes,  
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,  
And melt in flowing tears !  
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !  
How strong my foes and fears !
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid,  
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail ;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 O keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee ;  
And let me never, never stray,  
From happiness and thee.

STEELE.

*Persevering grace.*

John vi. 67—69.

Acts iv. 12.

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way  
(Alas, what numbers do !)  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
" *Wilt thou forsake me too ?*"
- 2 *Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast,*

- I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,  
To save a wretch like me ;  
To whom or whither could I go,  
If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assured  
Thou art the Christ of God,  
Who hast eternal life secured  
By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels joined  
Could never reach my case ;  
Nor can I hope relief to find,  
But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
And bid my fears depart :  
No love but thine can make me blest,  
And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirred  
If I will also go ;  
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,  
I humbly answer, No !

NEWTON.

369

C. M.

[479]

*Persevering grace.*

2 Cor. v. 5.

Rev. xxi. 27.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, if in the book of life  
My worthless name should stand,  
Written in fairest characters,  
By thine unerring hand ;—
- 2 My soul thou wilt by grace prepare  
For crowns above the skies ;  
And on the road, from thy rich stores,  
Wilt grant me fresh supplies.

- 3 Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,  
Will grateful anthems raise ;  
But life's too short, my powers too weak,  
To utter half thy praise.
- 4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,  
Not one should silent be ;  
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,  
I'd give them all to thee. BEDDOME.

*Present and future blessings.*

2 Thess. ii. 16. 1 John iii. 1, 2.

- 1 **C**OME, humble souls, ye mourners, come,  
And wipe away your tears ;  
Adieu to all your sad complaints,  
Your sorrows and your fears.
- 2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,  
And sing the Saviour's love :  
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,  
In loftier strains above.
- 3 God, the eternal mighty God,  
To dearer names descends ;  
Calls you his treasure and his joy,  
His children and his friends.
- 4 My Father God !—and may these lips  
Pronounce a name so dear ?  
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony  
Delight my listening ear.
- 5 Thanks to my God for every gift  
His bounteous hands bestow,  
And thanks eternal for that love  
Which once all those comforts flow

- 6 For ever let my grateful heart  
 His bounteous grace adore ;  
 Which gives ten thousand blessings now,  
 And bids me hope for more.
- 7 Transporting hope !—still on my soul  
 Let thy sweet glories shine,  
 Till thou thyself art lost in joys,  
 Immortal and divine. HEGINBOTHAM.

**371**

S. M.

[467]

*Present and future blessings.*

Lam. iii. 23.

Eph. ii. 4, 5.

- 1 **H**OW various and how new  
 Are thy compassions, Lord  
 Each morning shall thy mercies show—  
 Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,  
 Dawned on our early days,  
 Ere infant reason had begun  
 To form our lips to praise.
- 3 Each object we beheld  
 Gave pleasure to our eyes ;  
 And nature all our senses held  
 In bands of sweet surprise.
- 4 But pleasures more refined  
 Awaited that blest day,  
 When light arose upon our mind,  
 And chased our sins away.
- 5 How new thy mercies, then !  
 How sovereign and how free !  
 Our souls, that had been dead in sin,  
 Were made alive to thee.
- 6 And we expect a day  
 Still brighter far than this,
- 291

- When death shall bear our souls away  
 To realms of light and bliss.
- 7 Nor shall that radiant day  
 So joyfully begun,  
 In evening shadows die away,  
 Beneath the setting sun.
- 8 How various and how new  
 Are thy compassions, Lord !  
 Eternity thy love shall show,  
 And all thy truth record.

STENNE

*Present and everlasting blessings.*

Ps. xli. 4.      Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God ! to thee I raise  
 My spirit, fraught with joy and praise  
 Grateful I bow before thy throne,  
 My debt of mercy there to own.
- 2 Rivers descending, Lord ! from thee,  
 Perpetual glide to solace me :  
 Their varied virtues to rehearse  
 Demands an everlasting verse.
- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,  
 One stream—the widest and the best—  
 Salvation ! lo, the purple flood  
 Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood !
- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to woe ;  
 I bathe—no waters cleanse me so :  
 Such joy and purity to share,  
 I would remain enraptured there—
- 5 'Till death shall give this soul to know  
*The fulness sought in vain below ;—*  
*The fulness of that boundless sea*  
*Whence flowed the river down to me.*

- 6 My soul, with such a scene in view,  
 Bids mortal joys a glad adieu ;  
 Nor dreads a few chastising woes  
 Sent with such love—so soon to close.

COLES.

**373**7<sup>a</sup>.

[284]

*Present and everlasting blessings.*

Prov. iii. 17

1 Tim. iv. 8.

- 1 'TIS religion that can give  
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ;  
 'Tis religion must supply  
 Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be  
 Lasting as eternity !  
 Be the living God my friend,  
 Then my bliss shall never end.

MASTERS.

**374**

8. 7.

[437]

*Ebenezer.*

1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 Peter ii. 25.

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing !  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace !  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet  
 Sung by flaming tongues above :  
 Praise the mount—Oh, fix me on it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging love !
- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.

- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.
- 5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be ;  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee !
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love :  
Here's my heart—O take and seal it !  
Seal it from thy courts above. ROBINSON

375

7<sup>a</sup>.

[438]

*Ebenezer.*

Luke xii. 22—30.

Phil. iv. 6, 7.

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise  
To my kind Redeemer's praise ;  
With a grateful heart I own,  
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,  
Well I know concerns me not ;  
This should set my heart at rest,  
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to Thee resign ;  
Father ! let thy will be mine ;  
May but all thy dealings prove  
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power,  
*Guard me in the trying hour :*  
*Let thy unremitted care*  
*Save me from the lurking snare*

- 5 Let my few remaining days  
Be devoted to thy praise ;  
So the last, the closing scene,  
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,  
Grant me but this one request,  
Both in life and death to prove  
Tokens of thy special love.

FAWCETT.

**376**

L. M.

[551]

*Entering on a new year.*

Acts xxvi. 22.

2 Cor. i. 10.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand  
By which supported still we stand ;  
The opening year thy mercy shows ;  
That mercy crowns it till its close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts, the past we own ;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest :  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our helper God, in whom we trust,  
*In better worlds our souls shall boast.*

DODDRIDGE



*Entering on a new year.*

Gen. i. 14.

Ps. lxxvii. 5.

- 1 **G**OD of our life ! thy various praise  
Let mortal voices sound :  
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,  
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To thee shall annual incense rise,  
Our Father and our Friend ;  
While annual mercies from the skies  
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care,  
In every age we see ;  
And constant as thy favours are  
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love, in every scene,  
In every age, appear ;  
And let the same compassion deign  
To bless the opening year.
- 5 O keep this foolish heart of mine  
From anxious passions free ;  
Each comfort teach me to resign,  
And trust my all to thee.
- 6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring  
My wandering soul to God ;  
And in affliction I will sing,  
If thou wilt bless the rod. HEGINBOTHAM.

*Difficulties and dangers.*

Deut. viii. 2, 3.

Heb. x. 32.

- 1 **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,  
And made his truth and mercy known ;  
My hopes and fears alternate rise,  
My comforts mingle with my sighs.

- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,  
Far distant from my blissful home.  
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,  
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy,  
And sins and snares my peace destroy ;  
My earthly joys are from me torn,  
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul with various tempests tossed,  
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,  
Sees every day new straits attend,  
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,  
Which leads us to the mount of God ?  
Are these the toils thy people know  
While in the wilderness below ?
- 6 'Tis even so : thy faithful love  
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;  
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
That Jesus may be All in All.      FAWCETT.

379

C. M.

[283]

*Continual help.*

Ex. xxxiii. 14—16.      Phil. iv. 6, 7.

- 1 **FATHER!** whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise :—
- 2 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart.  
And make me live to thee.

- 3 'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
 My life and death attend ;  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end !' STEELE.

**380**

8.

[578]

*Guidance and help.*

Ps. xlviii. 14.

Isai. xxv. 9.

- 1 **T**HE God who created the skies,  
 The strength and support of his saints,  
 Who gives them all needful supplies,  
 And hearkens to all their complaints ;
- 2 This God is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend,  
 Whose love is as large as his power,  
 And neither knows measure nor end.
- 3 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;  
 We'll praise him for all that is past,  
 And trust him for all that's to come.

**381**

L. M.

[7]

*Guidance and consolation.*

Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

Ps. cxix. 57.

- 1 **M**Y soul to God, its source, aspires !  
 Come, Lord, and fill my vast desires !  
 Be thou my portion ; here I rest,  
 Since of my utmost wish possessed.
- 2 Oh ! let thy sacred word impart  
 Its generous influence to my heart ;  
 With power, and light, and love divine,  
 Assure my soul that thou art mine.

- 3 Thy blissful word, with joy replete,  
 Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat ;  
 And heaven-born hope, serenely bright,  
 Shine cheerful through this mortal night.
- 4 Then shall my joyful spirit rise  
 On wings of faith above the skies :  
 And when these transient scenes are o'er,  
 And this vain world shall tempt no more,
- 5 Oh ! may I reach the blissful plains,  
 Where thy unclouded glory reigns,  
 And dwell for ever near thy throne,  
 In joys to mortal thought unknown.

STEEL

382

8. 7. 4.

[245]

*Guidance and support.*

Ex. xiv. 19, 20.

Ex. xl. 36—38.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through :  
 Strong deliverer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside :  
 Guide me through the swelling current,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :

*Songs of praises**I will ever give to thee.*

*Complete salvation.*

Ps. cxix. 32.

Heb. xii. 1, 2.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,  
 Your pilgrim-path pursue,  
 In strength and weakness, joy and woe,  
 To God's high calling true !
- 2 Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,  
 A doubting mournful band ?  
 Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?  
 Why fails the feeble hand ?
- 3 Oh ! weak to know a Saviour's power,  
 To feel a father's care ;  
 A moment's toil, a passing shower,  
 Is all the grief ye share.
- 4 The Lord of light, though veiled awhile  
 He hide his noon-tide ray,  
 Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile  
 To gild the closing day.
- 5 Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,  
 The faithless doubt remove ;  
 Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,  
 O wake thy heart to love.
- 6 A Saviour's blood hath bought thy peace ;  
 Thy Saviour God adore :  
 He bade the throb of terror cease ;  
 The pains of guilt he bore.

BOWDLER.

*Complete salvation.*

Psalm cxxxvii. 1—4.

Isa. l. 10.

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
 Down from the willows take,  
 Loud to the praise of love divine  
 Bid every string awake.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at his control :  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on thee !  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

TOPLADY.

385

L. M.

[236]

*Victory.*

Joshua v. 13—15,

1 Cor. xv. 26.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to thy great name we sing,  
And own thee our immortal King ;  
Thy sceptre with delight obey,  
While with thy sword we fight our way.
- 2 While life remains we look to thee  
For courage, strength, and liberty :  
*Supply our wants from thy rich store,  
Till we are filled and want no more.*

- 3 And when thy sweet, thy awful voice,  
In death invites us to rejoice,  
Thyself, O Saviour, strike the blow,  
That slays our last, our strongest foe !
- 4 Thou didst thyself perfume the grave,  
From fear of death thy saints to save :  
Our souls through Jordan's billows guide,  
And stem the overwhelming tide.
- 5 Thyself conduct us to the land  
Where ransomed saints adoring stand ;  
Where bliss, a sea without a shore,  
Forbids the blest to wish for more !

386

C. M.

[462]

*The prize.*

Hebrews xii. 1, 2.

1 Peter v. 10.

- 1 **H**OW rich thy favours, God of grace !  
How various and divine !  
Full as the ocean they are poured,  
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,  
And leads the wondrous way  
To his own palace, where he reigns  
In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the herald of his love,  
Displays the radiant prize ;  
And shows the purchase of his blood  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 He perfects what his hand begins,  
And stone on stone he lays ;  
*Till firm and fair the building rise,*  
*A temple to his praise.*

- 5 The songs of everlasting years  
 That mercy shall attend,  
 Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,  
 To joys that never end. DODDRIDGE.

**387**

C. M.

[429]

*The prize.*

1 Cor. ix. 24, 25. Heb. xii. 1, 2.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve.  
 And press with vigour on;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey:  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high;  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye:—
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
 Have I my race begun;  
 And, crowned with victory, at thy feet  
 I'll lay my honours down. DODDRIDGE.

**388**

C. M.

[252]

*The end of the journey.*

Isaiah xxxv. 8—10.

Isaiah li. 11.

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord;  
 Your great deliverer sing;  
*Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,*  
*Be joyful in your King.*



- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised :  
     How holy and how plain !  
 Nor shall the simplest traveller err,  
     Nor ask the way in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,  
     Nor lurking serpent wound :  
 Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,  
     Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on  
     Through all the blissful road,  
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
     And see your smiling God.
- 5 March, then, in your Redeemer's strength,  
     Pursue his footsteps still ;  
 And let the prospect cheer your hearts,  
     While travelling up the hill.

DODDRIDGE.

389

L. M.

[566]

*Home.*

1 Chron. xxix. 15.      1 Peter II. 11.

- 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,  
     Rise from the vanities of time,  
 Draw back the parting veil, and see  
     The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,  
     Why should we grovel here on earth ?  
     Why grasp at transitory toys,  
     So near to heaven's eternal joys ?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road  
     When we are walking back to God ?  
     For strangers into life we come,  
     And dying is but going home.

- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets our longing souls at large ;  
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,  
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,  
Is the full heaven enjoyed above ;  
And the sweet expectation now  
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

GIBBONS.

390

L. M.

[247]

*Home.*

Mark ii. 19, 20. 2 Cor v. 6-8.

- 1 **T**HOU dearest object of my love,  
I long to dwell with thee above ;  
Fain would I leave the world, and rise  
To yon fair mansion in the skies.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,  
Far distant from my peaceful home ;  
I faint with toil, and often say,  
“Let not thy chariot long delay.”
- 3 As one forsaken, and forlorn,  
Thy absence, dearest Lord, I mourn ;  
I long thy blissful face to see,  
And dwell for ever near to thee.
- 4 With patience I would wear the chain,  
Till I my sweet release obtain ;  
Still waiting for that blessed day  
When thou wilt call my soul away.

FAWCETT.

**391,**

L. M.

[203]

*Home.*

Isa. xxxv. 10. Rev. xiv. 1.

- 1 **A** CAPTIVE here, and far from home,  
For Zion's sacred courts I sigh :  
Thither the ransomed nations come,  
And see their Saviour "eye to eye."
  - 2 While here I walk on hostile ground,  
The few that I can call my friends,  
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,  
And weariness my path attends.
  - 3 But yet we shall behold the day  
When Zion's children shall return ;  
Our sorrows then shall flee away,  
And we shall never, never mourn.
  - 4 The hope that such a day will come  
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet ;  
Though now we're distant far from home,  
In Zion soon we all shall meet.
- 

**392**

L. M.

[253]

*Home.*

John xiv. 2, 3. Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 **A**S when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
His heart revives, if cross the plains  
He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,  
He slights the space that lies between ;  
*His past fatigues are now forgot,  
Because his journey's end is seen.*

- 3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,  
By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers ;  
No more he grieves for troubles past ;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
With Jesus, in the realms of day ;  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And he will wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,  
To lead us on to thine abode ;  
Assured our home will make amends  
For all our toil while on the road.

NEWTON.

393

7<sup>a</sup>.

[265]

*Home.*

Phil. iv. 4.

Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing !  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad !  
Christ our Advocate is made ;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 *Shout, ye ransomed flock, and blest !  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;*  
307

There your seat is now prepared ;  
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land ;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son  
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord ! submissive may we go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee !

CENNICK.

*The heavenly Canaan.*

Deut. xxxiv. 1—5.    2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 **O** FOR a view, from Pisgah's top,  
Of my celestial seat !  
'Twould give new courage to my hope,  
And vigour to my feet.

2 Could I but always fix my eyes  
On my immortal crown,  
'Twould make my noblest passions rise,  
And tread opposers down.

3 The frowns of earth would daunt no more  
Than summer-evening skies !  
Nor could their flattering smiles allure  
My feet to leave the prize.

4 O earth ! thy fairest beauty fades,  
When heaven appears in sight ;  
Thy brightest lustre dies in shades,  
Before celestial light !

5 My spirit stretches all her wings  
Towards the eternal shores ;  
And weary of these restless things,  
A land of peace explores.

LIFE

395

C. M.

[244]

*The heavenly Canaan.*

Psalm cxix. 54. •

1 Peter ii. 21.

- 1 **O**UR country is Emmanuel's ground :  
 We seek that promised soil ;  
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,  
 While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,  
 And oft are bathed in tears ;  
 Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,  
 And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 We tread the path our master trod ;  
 We bear the cross he bore ;  
 And every thorn that wounds our feet,  
 His temples pierced before.
- 4 Our powers are oft dissolved away  
 In ecstasies of love ;  
 And, while our bodies wander here,  
 Our souls are fixed above.
- 5 We purge our mortal dross away,  
 Refining as we run ;  
 But, while we die to earth and sense,  
 Our heaven is here begun. BARBAULD.

396

L. M.

[251]

*A continuing city.*

1 Chron. xxix. 15.

Heb. xiii. 14.

- 1 **W**E'VE no abiding city here :"  
 This may distress the worldly mind ;  
 But should not cost the saint a tear,  
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 *" We've no abiding city here :"*  
*Sad truth, were this to be our home ;*  
 309

- But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
 "We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here :"  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
 Let not the world our rest appear,  
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here :"  
 We seek a city out of sight ;  
 Zion its name—the Lord is there,  
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Oh, sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !  
 Had I the pinions of the dove,  
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine !  
 The time my God appoints is best :  
 While here, to do his will be mine ;  
 And his to fix my time of rest. **KELLY.**

~~~~~  
The heavenly Zion.

Psalm lxxiii. 23, 24.

Rev. iii. 12.

- 1 **MY** soul, triumphant in the Lord,
 Shall tell its joys abroad ;
 And march with holy vigour on,
 Supported by its God.
- 2 Through all the winding maze of life,
 His hand hath been my guide ;
 And, in that long experienced care,
 My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,
 An unexhausted stream :
*That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
 Shall be my endless theme.*

- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
 These distant courts I love ;
 But O ! I burn with strong desire
 To view thy house above.
- 5 Mingled with all the shining band,
 My soul would there adore ;
 A pillar in thy temple fixed,
 To be removed no more. DODDRIDGE.

~~~~~  
**398**

148th Metre.

*The heavenly port.*

Matt. viii. 26.

Heb. vi. 19.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! at thy command  
 I launch into the deep,  
 And leave my native land,  
 Where sin lulls all asleep :  
 For thee I would the world resign,  
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise ;  
 My compass is thy word :  
 My soul each storm defies,  
 While I have such a Lord !  
 I trust thy faithfulness and power  
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep  
 Through all my passage lie ;  
 Yet Christ will safely keep  
 And guide me with his eye :  
 My anchor hope shall firm abide,  
 And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 *By faith I see the land—  
 The port of endless rest ;*  
 311



My soul, thy sails expand,  
 And fly to Jesus' breast !  
 Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore  
 Where winds and waves distress no more !

- 5 [Whene'er becalmed I lie,  
 And storms forbear to toss ;  
 Be thou, dear Lord ! still nigh,  
 Lest I should suffer loss :  
 For more the treacherous calm I dread  
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.]

- 6 Come Heavenly Wind, and blow  
 A prosperous gale of grace ;  
 Waft me from all below  
 To heaven—my destined place !  
 Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

TOPLADY.

*The heavenly kingdom.*

Matthew v. 3.

Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, complain no more ;  
 Let faith survey your future store :  
 How happy, how divinely blest,  
 The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,  
 And pours the penitential tear ;  
 Hope points, to your dejected eyes,  
 The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride  
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride :  
*In vain they boast their little stores ;*  
**Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours !—**

- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,  
Where health, and peace, and joy unite ;  
Where undeclining pleasures rise,  
And every wish hath full supplies :
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,  
While time sweeps earthly thrones away  
The state which power and truth sustain  
Unmoved for ever must remain.
- 6 There shall your eyes with rapture view  
The glorious friend that died for you ;  
That died to ransom, died to raise  
To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.
- 7 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer :  
Reveal, confirm, my interest there :  
Whate'er my humble lot below,  
This, this, my soul desires to know !
- 8 Oh, let me hear that voice divine  
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine ;  
Enrolled among thy happy poor—  
My largest wishes ask no more.      STEELE.

400

L. M.

[469]

*Everlasting praise.*

Ps. cxlvi. 1, 2.      2 Cor. iv. 16.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, through all its days,  
My grateful powers shall sound thy  
praise ;  
The song shall wake with opening light,  
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chained to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise,  
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains  
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains ;  
And emulate with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless soul can live ;  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands, and crowns eternity. DODDRIDGE.

*Everlasting praise.*

Ps. civ. 33.

2 Cor. v.

- 1 **Y**ES, I will bless thee, O my God !  
Through all my mortal days ;  
And to eternity prolong  
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling happy hour,  
Be this my sweet employ ;  
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,  
And doubles all my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care, and keen distress,  
Afflict my throbbing breast,  
**My tears** shall learn to speak thy praise,  
And lull each pain to rest.

- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
 The honours of my God :  
 My life, with all its active powers,  
 Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 Not death itself shall stop my song,  
 Though death will close my eyes ;  
 My thoughts shall then to nobler heights  
 And sweeter raptures rise.
- 6 [How will my happy spirit mount,  
 Confined in flesh no more,  
 Up to thy courts, where kindred minds  
 In countless ranks adore.]
- 7 There shall my powers, in endless praise,  
 Their grateful tribute pay ;  
 The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
 And an eternal day. HEGINBOTHAM.
- 

402

7. 6.

[480]

*Everlasting praise.*

Ps. v. 3.

Ps. cxlvi. 1, 2.

- 1 **T**O thee, my God and Saviour,  
 My soul exulting springs ;  
 Rejoicing in thy favour,  
 Almighty King of kings.  
 I'll celebrate thy glory,  
 With all the saints above ;  
 And tell the pleasing story  
 Of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Soon as the morn with roses  
 Bedecks the dewy east,  
 And when the sun reposes  
 Upon the ocean's breast—

My voice in supplication  
 Well pleased thou shalt hear :  
 Oh, grant me thy salvation,  
 And to my soul draw near.

- 3 By thee, through life, supported,  
 I'll pass the dangerous road,  
 By heavenly hosts escorted,  
 Up to their bright abode ;  
 There cast my crown before thee,  
 When all my woes are o'er ;  
 And day and night adore thee—  
 What can an angel more ?

403

7. 6.—7. 7. 6.

[246]

*The return of his Lord.*

Col. iii. 1—4.

2 Peter iii. 12.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings ;  
 Thy better portion trace ;  
 Rise from transitory things,  
 Towards heaven, thy native place :  
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;  
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course ;  
 Fire ascending seeks the sun ;  
 Both speed them to their source :  
 So a soul, new-born of God  
 Pants to view his glorious face,  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 *Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the prize ;*  
 "3

Soon your Saviour will return  
 Triumphant in the skies :  
 Yet a season, and you know  
 Happy entrance will be given,  
 All your sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

CENNICK.

404

S. M.

[508]

*The return of his Lord.*

Matt. xxiv. 42-47.

Luke xii. 35-37.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
 Each in his office wait,  
 Observant of his heavenly word,  
 And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
 And trim the golden flame ;  
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
 For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,  
 And, while we speak, he's near ;  
 Mark the first signal of his hand,  
 And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he  
 In such a posture found ;  
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
 And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread  
 With his own royal hand,  
 And raise that favourite servant's head  
 Amidst the angelic band.

DODDRIDGE.

## 405

8. 8. 6.

*The return of his Lord.*

1 Thess. i. 10.

2 Peter iii. 3—9.

- 1 **T**O wait for that important day  
 When Jesus will his power display  
 Be this my one great care.  
 To do his will my business here ;  
 No toil to shun, no danger fear ;  
 Resolved his cross to share.
- 2 Though he should still prolong his stay,  
 And sinners mock at the delay,  
 His people need not fear.  
 The man who wore the crown of thorns,  
 Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,  
 In glory will appear.
- 3 Be patient, then, my soul, and rest,  
 Be sure the Saviour's time is best,  
 And cannot be too late :  
 Rejoice in hope, the day will come,  
 When Jesus will convey thee home :  
 Till then in patience wait. KELLY.

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 THE ORDINANCES.
 

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## 406

C. M.

[399]

*The baptism of Christ.*

Mark i. 9—11.

1 Peter ii. 21.

- 1 **T**O Jordan's stream the Saviour goes,  
 To do his Father's will :  
*His breast with sacred ardour glows,*  
*Each precept to fulfil,*

- 2 Behold him buried in the flood  
 (The emblem of his grave)  
 Who, from the bosom of his God,  
 Came down a world to save.
- 3 As from the water he ascends,  
 What miracles appear !  
 God with a voice his Son commends—  
 Let all the nations hear !
- 4 Hear it, ye Christians, and rejoice ;  
 Let this your courage raise :  
 What God approves, be this your choice,  
 And glory in his ways. DEACON.

407

C. M.

[395]

~~~~~  
The baptism of Christ.

Matthew iii. 15.

2 Tim. ii. 11, 12.

- 1 **B**URIED beneath the yielding wave,
 The dear Redeemer lies ;
 Faith views him in the watery grave,
 And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day
 Their ardent zeal to express ;
 And, in the Lord's appointed way,
 Fulfil all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
 And would his cause maintain,
 Like him be numbered with the dead,
 And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
 And drives our fears away ;
 When he commands, and strength imparts,
 We cheerfully obey.

- 2 Glory to him who from on high
 Proclaimed to all, both far and nigh,
 That he in whom his glory shone
 Was his beloved and only Son.
- 3 Glory to the celestial dove,
 Who, swift descending from above,
 Rested upon Messiah's head,
 And there a heavenly lustre spread.
- 4 Ye saints, with cheerfulness submit
 To this mysterious solemn rite,
 On which the sacred Three combine
 To put an honour so divine. BEDDOME
-

The baptism of Christ.

John i. 29-34.

Rom. vi. 3-5.

- 1 **T**HE Jordan prophet cries to day,
 "Behold the Lamb of God ;"
 The Spirit's consecrating ray
 Still lingering o'er the flood.
- 2 Before the symbol wave we bend,
 And shed contrition's tear,
 And own again our buried friend,
 And learn his sorrows here.
- 3 Saviour, within this shadowy tomb,
 Let us the glory see,
 Which pierced the deep unearthly gloom
 Of that which closed on thee.
- 4 Pure as thine own baptismal sign,
 So let our faith arise,
 To live that hidden life of thine—
 That life which never dies.

412

8. 8. 6.

The example of Christ.

Matt. iii. 15.

John xii. 26.

- 1 **T**HUS it became the Prince of grace,
 And thus should all the favoured race
 High heaven's command fulfil;
 For that our condescending Lord
 Should lead his followers through the flood,
 Was heaven's eternal will.
- 2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
 We make these ways our favoured choice,
 And thus with zeal pursue :
 No, heaven's eternal sovereign Lord
 Has, in the precepts of his word,
 Enjoined us thus to do.
- 3 And shall we ever dare despise
 The gracious mandate of the skies,
 Where condescending heaven,
 To sinful man's apostate race,
 In matchless love and boundless grace,
 His will revealed has given ?
- 4 Thou everlasting gracious King,
 Assist us now thy grace to sing,
 And still direct our way,
 To those bright realms of peace and rest,
 Where all th' exulting tribes are blessed
 With one great choral day.

NORMAN.

413

L. M.

[392]

The command.

Mark xvi. 15, 16.

Acts v. 31, 32.

- 1 **'E**RE Christ ascended to his throne,
 He issued forth his great command—
 Go preach my gospel to the world,
 And spread my name through every land

- 2 To men declare their sinful state,
The methods of my grace explain ;
He that believes and is baptized
Shall everlasting life obtain.
- 3 Dear Saviour, we thy will obey,
Not of constraint, but with delight ;
Hither thy servants come to-day,
To honour thine appointed rite.
- 4 Descend again, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord ;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.
- 5 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The mysteries of thy love explore ;
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more.

BEDDOME.

The command.

- Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. Rom. vi. 3, 4.
- 1 **J**ESUS, mighty King in Zion !
Thou alone our guide shalt be ;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee :
 - 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know thy great salvation
Are baptized beneath the wave.
 - 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue ;
*Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.*

FELLOWS.

415

8. 7.

The command.

Acts ii. 38.

Acts xxii. 16.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls who seek salvation,
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 Hear the voice of revelation,
 Tread the path that Jesus trod :
 Flee to him your only Saviour,
 In his mighty name confide ;
 In the whole of your behaviour,
 Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you ;
 Listen to his gracious voice ;
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice.
 Jesus says, " Let each believer
 " Be baptized in my name :"
 He himself in Jordan's river,
 Was immersed beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay ;
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Lo ! your Captain leads the way :
 View the rite with understanding ;
 Jesus' grave before you lies ;
 Be interred at his commanding,
 After his example rise.

FAWCETT.

416

C. M.

[396]

Burial with Christ.

Rom. vi. 3-10.

Col. iii. 1-3.

- 1 **B**APTIZED into our Saviour's death,
 Our souls to sin must die ;
 With Christ our Lord we live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high

- 2 There, at his Father's hand he sits,
 Enthroned divinely fair ;
 Yet owns himself our brother still,
 And our forerunner there.
- 3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
 On wings of faith and love ;
 Above our choicest treasure lies—
 And be our hearts above.
- 4 But earth and sin will drag us down,
 When we attempt to fly ;
 Lord send thy strong attractive power,
 To raise and fix us high. DODDRIDGE.
-

Burial with Christ.

Luke xii. 50.

Romans vi. 2.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! we seek the watery tomb,
 Illumed by love divine ;
 Far from the deep tremendous gloom
 Of that which once was thine.
- 2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
 Obedient to thy word ;
 'Tis thus the world around shall know
 We're buried with the Lord.
- 3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
 And boldly venture in :
 O may we rise to life anew,
 And only die to sin.
-

Burial with Christ.

Acts ii. 41.

Col. ii. 12.

- 1 **S**EE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod !
And follow through his liquid grave
The meek, the lowly Son of God !
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire,
Clothed in the Saviour's righteousness,
They shine in beautiful attire.
- 3 O sacred rite ! on thee impressed,
The image of our death we view :
Emerging from the opening wave,
We see our resurrection too.
- 4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men :
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud Amen. STENNETT.

~~~~~

*Motives.*

Acts viii. 12.

2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

- 1 **G**REAT things, O everlasting Son !  
Great things for us thy grace hath done :  
Constrained by thy almighty love,  
Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 2 In thy assembly here we stand,  
Obedient to thy great command ;  
The sacred flood is full in view,  
And thy sweet voice invites us through.
- 3 *The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,  
Must not invite and be denied ;*

- 5 Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!  
And oh, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!
- 7 [His institutions would I prize,  
Take up my cross—the shame despise;  
Dare to defend his noble cause,  
And yield obedience to his laws.]      GREIG.

## 423

C. M.

[295]

*Profession.*

Acts xi. 23.

2 Cor. viii. 5.

- 1 **WITNESS**, ye men and angels now,  
Before the Lord we speak;  
To him we make our solemn vow,  
A vow we dare not break—
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield;  
Nor from his cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on his grace rely,  
That with returning wants the Lord  
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in thy ways:  
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

BEDDOME

*The solemn pledge.*

Gal. iii. 27.

1 Peter iii. 21.

- 1 **H**OW great, how solemn is the work  
Which we attend to day!  
Now for a holy, solemn frame,  
O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 Oh, may we feel as once we felt,  
When, pained and grieved at heart,  
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look  
Relieved our keenest smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise  
Be exercised again ;  
And nurtured by celestial power—  
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our fear, our love, our hope,  
Wake fortitude and joy :  
Vain world, begone ! let things above  
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee our Saviour and our God  
To all around we own ;  
Drive each rebellious rival lust,  
Each traitor, from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,  
To heaven our passions raise ;  
That hence our lives, our all, may be  
Devoted to thy praise. *BEDDOME, altered.*

*The irrevocable pledge.*

Ps. xvi. 2.

2 Cor. xi. 2.

- 1 **'T**IS done ; the great transaction's done ;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine :  
*He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.*



- 2 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;  
 Fixed on this blissful centre rest ;  
 With ashes who would grudge to part,  
 When called on angels' bread to feast ?
- 3 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renewed shall daily hear ;  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

DODDRIDGE.

*The eunuch rejoicing.*

Acts viii. 39.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the Eunuch, when baptized,  
 Went on his way with joy !  
 And who can tell what rapturous thoughts  
 Did then his mind employ ?
- 2 Is that most glorious Saviour mine,  
 Of whom I lately read ?  
 Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,  
 Was numbered with the dead ?
- 3 Is He who left the lonesome grave,  
 Who reigns above the sky,  
 My advocate before the throne,  
 My portion when I die ?
- 4 Have I professed his holy name ?  
 Do I his gospel bear  
 To Ethiopia's scorched lands,  
 And shall I spread it there ?
- 5 *Blessed pool, in which I lately lay  
 And left my fears behind ;  
 What an unworthy worm am I,  
 And God profusely kind !*

- 6 Blest emblem of that precious blood  
 Which satisfied for sin,  
 And of that renovating grace  
 Which makes the conscience clean.
- 7 This pattern, Lord ! with sacred joy,  
 Help us to keep in view ;  
 The same our work, the same shall be  
 Our consolation too. BEDDOME.
- 

427

C. M.

[409]

*Prayer for the baptized.*

Acts xiv. 23.

Col. ii. 6.

- 1 **L**ET plenteous grace descend on those,  
 Who, hoping in thy word,  
 This day have publicly declared  
 That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,  
 And run the Christian race ;  
 And, through the troubles of the way,  
 Find all-sufficient grace. JAMES NEWTON.
- 

428

S. M.

[296]

*Thanksgiving.*

Acts xv. 3.    1 Thess. ii. 19, 20.

- 1 **W**HO can forbear to sing,  
 Who can refuse to praise,  
 When Zion's high celestial King  
 His saving power displays ?
- 2 When sinners at his feet,  
 By mercy conquered, fall ;  
 When grace, and truth, and justice meet,  
 And peace unites them all ?

- 3 When heaven's expanding gates  
 Invite the pilgrims' feet ;  
 And Jesus, at their entrance, waits  
 To place them on his seat ?
- 4 Who can forbear to praise  
 Our high celestial King,  
 When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace,  
 Invites our tongues to sing ? SWAIN.

**429**

C. M.

[294]

*Thanksgiving.**Luke xv.**Col. i. 3-6.*

- 1 **T**HERE'S joy in heaven, and joy on earth,  
 When prodigals return,  
 To see desponding souls rejoice,  
 And haughty sinners mourn.
- 2 "Come saints, and hear what God has done,"  
 Is a reviving sound ;  
 Oh, may it oft refresh our souls,  
 And spread the globe around.
- 3 Often, O Sovereign Lord, renew  
 The wonders of this day,  
 That Jesus here may see his seed,  
 And Satan lose his prey.
- 4 Great God ! the work is all thy own ;  
 Thine be the praises too :  
 Let every heart and every tongue  
 Give thee the glory due.

**430**

L. M.

[419]

*The Lord's supper.**Matt. xxvi. 26-28.**John xiv. 21*

- 1 **L**ORD ! while around thy board we meet,  
 And humbly worship at thy feet,  
*Oh, let our warm affections move  
 In glad returns of grateful love.*

- 2 Let faith our feeble senses aid,  
To see thy wondrous love displayed,  
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,  
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 3 Let humble, penitential woe,  
With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;  
And thy forgiving smiles impart  
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart. STEELE.

431

L. M.

[414]

*Invitation to the table.*

Romans xiv. 1.

1 Cor. v. 8.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread ?  
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Hither be all thy children led,  
And let them all thy sweetness know.
- 2 Hail ! sacred feast which Jesus makes !  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood ;  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Why are its dainties, all in vain,  
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?  
Was not for you the victim slain,  
Are you forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 Lord, let thy table honoured be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared ;  
With hearts inflamed let all attend ;  
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasure or the profit end.

- 6 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,  
And bid our drooping graces live;  
More of that energy afford  
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

432

C. M.

[415]

*Grateful reception.*

Isa. lvi. 6, 7.

1 Cor. xi. 23—25.

- 1 **L**ORD! at thy table I behold  
The wonders of thy grace,  
But most of all admire that I  
Should find a welcome place :
- 2 I that am all defiled with sin,  
A rebel to my God ;  
I that have crucified his Son,  
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange, surprising grace is this,  
That such a soul has room !  
My Saviour takes me by the hand,  
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,  
"The feast was made for you ;  
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,  
And rose, and triumphed too."
- 5 [With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,  
Lord, we accept thy love ;  
'Tis a rich banquet we have had ;  
What will it be above !]
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,  
Join all your praising powers ;  
No theme is like redeeming love,  
No Saviour is like ours.

- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,  
 I'd give them all to thee ;  
 Had I ten thousand tongues, they all  
 Should join the harmony. STENNETT.

433

C. M.

[425]

*Remembrance of Christ.*

Luke xxii. 19, 20.

Luke xxiii. 42.

- 1 **A**CCORDING to thy gracious word,  
 In meek humility,  
 This will I do, my dying Lord,  
 I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
 My bread from heaven shall be ;  
 The testamental cup I take,  
 And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane, can I forget ?  
 Or there thy conflict see,  
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,—  
 And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
 And rest on Calvary,  
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !  
 I must remember thee :—
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains  
 And all thy love to me ;  
 Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
 Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
 And mind and memory flee,  
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
 Jesus, remember me.

MONTGOMERY

434

C. M.

[419]

*Remembrance of Christ.*

Luke xxii. 19.

Heb. xii. 2.

1 **R**EMEMBER Thee ! remember Christ !

While memory holds her place  
Can we forget our Lord of life,  
Who saves us by his grace ?

2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,  
On heaven's exalted throne,  
Forgets not those for whom, on earth,  
He heaved his dying groan:

3 The promised joy he then obtained,  
When he ascended hence,  
Up from the grave to God's right hand,  
A Saviour and a Prince.

4 His glory now, no tongue of man  
Or seraph bright can tell :  
Yet still the chief of all his joys,  
That souls are saved from hell,

5 For this he came and dwelt on earth ;  
For this his life was given ;  
For this he fought and vanquished death ;  
For this he pleads in heaven.

6 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,  
Your grateful praise to give ;  
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,  
Who died that you might live.

WARDLAW.

## 435

C. M.

[420]

*Remembrance of Christ.*

John xiii. 1.

1 Cor. xi. 24.

- 1 **I**F human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie;  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
To feel a friend is nigh;
- 2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To him who died our fears to quell,  
Our more than orphan's woe?
- 3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed  
Those pangs he would not flee,  
What love his latest words displayed,  
'Meet, and remember me!'
- 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,  
Our worthless hearts to share!  
O memory, leave no other name  
But His, recorded there!

NOEL.

## 436

7s. SIX LINES.

[424]

*Heavenly bread and wine.*

John vi. 51—58.

1 Cor. x. 16.

- 1 **B**READ of heaven! on thee I feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed.  
Ever may my soul be fed  
With this true and living bread;  
Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of him who died.
- 2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice.  
'Tis thy wounds my healing give:  
To thy cross I look and live.  
Thou my life! Oh, let me be  
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

CONDON



437

L. M.

*The Cross.*

Gal. iii. 13.

Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 **C**OME see on gloomy Calvary,  
Suspended on the fatal tree,  
By men rejected in disdain,  
A bleeding sufferer racked with pain.
- 2 Is this the Saviour long foretold  
To usher in the age of gold?  
To make the reign of sorrow cease,  
And bind the jarring world in peace?
- 3 'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindly shrouds  
His glories in a night of clouds,  
That souls might from their ruin rise,  
And heir the unperishable skies.
- 4 See, to their refuge and their rest,  
From all the bonds of guilt released,  
Transgressors to his cross repair,  
And find a full redemption there.
- 5 Jesus! what millions of our race  
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!  
And millions more to thee shall fly,  
And on thy sacrifice rely.
- 6 That tree—that curse-empoisoned tree,  
Which proved a bloody rack to thee,  
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,  
And fill the nations with its fruit.
- 7 The sorrow, shame, and death were thine,  
And all the stores of wrath divine!  
*Ours* are the glory, life, and bliss;  
*What* love can be compared to this?

438

L. M.

[416]

*Anticipating the Lord's return.*

1 Cor. xi. 26. Rev. xxi. 20.

- 1 **T**HUS we commemorate the day  
On which our dearest Lord was slain ;  
Thus we our pious homage pay,  
Till he appear on earth again.
- 2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide  
The curtains of the parting sky ;  
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,  
And on the winds' swift pinions fly.
- 3 Come, king of kings, with thy bright train,  
Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts ;  
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,  
As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,  
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne ;  
Subdue the rebels by thy word,  
And claim the nations for thy own.

STENNETT.

439

8. 8. 6.

[314]

*The Sabbath anticipated.*

Isaiah lvi. 6, 7. Hebrews iv. 9.

- 1 **S**WEET day of rest, for thee I'd wait,  
Emblem and earnest of a state  
Where saints are fully blest !  
For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh,  
I'd count the days till thou art nigh.  
Sweet day of sacred rest !

- 2 O that it might be always so ;  
 My songs no interruption know,  
 Till death shall seal my tongue ;  
 In heaven a nobler strain I'll raise,  
 And rest from every thing but praise,  
 My heaven an endless song.

## 440

L. M.

[315]

*Sabbath morning.*

Gen. ii. 3.

Mark ii. 27.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six day's work is done,  
 Another Sabbath is begun ;  
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
 Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;  
 Provides an antepast of heaven,  
 And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
 As grateful incense to the skies ;  
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
 Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,  
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
 Which for the church of God remains,  
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,  
 In various scenes both old and new ;  
 With praise we think on mercies past ;  
 With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,  
 In holy pleasures pass away ;  
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

STENNET

*Sabbath morning.*

Neh. ix. 14.

Mark ii. 27.

- 1 **H**OW welcome to the saints, when prest  
 With six days' noise, and care, and toil,  
 Is the returning day of rest,  
 Which hides them from the world awhile !
- 2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,  
 They seem to breathe a different air ;  
 Composed and softened by the day,  
 All things another aspect wear.
- 3 With joy they hasten to the place  
 Where they the Saviour oft have met ;  
 And, while they feast upon his grace,  
 Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 4 This highly favoured lot is ours—  
 May we the privilege improve ;  
 And find these consecrated hours  
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.
- 5 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord :  
 Here we thy promised presence seek ;  
 Open thy hand, with blessings stored,  
 And give us manna for the week.

NEWTON.

*Sabbath morning.*

Heb. iv. 9.

Rev. i. 10.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,  
 Come, bear our thoughts from earth  
 away ;  
 Now, let our noblest passions rise  
 With ardour to their native skies.

- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,  
With rays of light upon us shine ;  
And let our waiting souls be blest,  
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then, when our sabbaths here are o'er,  
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,  
With all the ransomed, we shall spend  
A sabbath, which shall never end.

443 -

8. 8. 6.

*Sabbath morning.*

Ps. cxvii.

Zech. viii. 20—23.

- 1 **T**HE joyful morn, my God is come,  
That calls me to thy honoured dome,  
Thy presence to adore :  
My feet the summons shall attend,  
With willing steps thy courts ascend,  
And tread the hallowed floor.
- 2 Hither from Judah's utmost end,  
The heaven-protected tribes ascend ;  
Their offerings hither bring :  
Here, eager to attest their joy,  
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,  
And hail the immortal King.
- 3 Be peace implored by each on thee,  
O Zion, while with bended knee  
To Jacob's God we pray :  
How blest who calls himself thy friend !  
Success his labours shall attend,  
And safety guard his way.
- 4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,  
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,  
Nor war's wild wastes deplore :

May plenty nigh thee take her stand,  
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,  
Distribute all her store !

- 5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail !  
How can my tongue, O Zion, fail  
To bless thy loved abode ?  
How cease the zeal that in me glows  
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose  
The mansions of my God ? MERRICK.

## 444

## 148th Metre.

*Lord's day morning.*

Psalm cx.

Matt. xxviii.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our drowsy souls,  
Shake off each slothful band ;  
The wonders of this day  
Our noblest songs demand :  
Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays  
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,  
Reluctant death resigned,  
The glorious Prince of life,  
In dark domains confined :  
The angelic host around him bends,  
And midst their shouts the God ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
Heaven with hosannas rings ;  
While earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings :  
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,  
Ascend thy conquering car,

While justice, truth, and love,  
 Maintain the glorious war :  
 Victorious thou, thy foes shall tread,  
 And sin and hell in triumph lead.

- 5    Make bear thy potent arm,  
       And wing the unerring dart,  
       With salutary pangs,  
       To each rebellious heart :  
 Then dying souls for life shall sue,  
 Numerous as drops of morning dew.

445

C. M.

[318]

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Lord's day morning.

Ps. cxviii. 24.

Malachi iv. 2.

- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray ;
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours celestial day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
 A sinful world in gloom !
 O what a sun which broke, this day,
 Triumphant, from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannahs sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand joyful lips shall join,
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from above,
 To nations yet unborn.

BARBAULD.

446

C. M.

[322]

The hallowed day.

Gen. ii. 3.

Heb. iv.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join, with sweet accord,
 In hymns around the throne ;
 This is the day our rising Lord
 Has made and called his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
 The brightest of the seven,
 Type of that everlasting rest
 The saints enjoy in heaven.
- ~~~~~

447

C. M.

[316]

The hallowed day.

Ps. cxviii. 24.

Rev. i. 10.

- 1 **V**AIN world, with all thy busy cares
 And glittering toys, depart ;
 A nobler guest demands my time,
 'Tis Jesus claims my heart.
- 2 He rose, the dear Redeemer rose,
 And owns this sacred day ;
 Come, O my soul, with cheerful haste,
 Thy grateful homage pay.
- 3 Sing the rich wonders of his death,
 His risen glories tell :
 His great and glorious victory sing,
 O'er sin, and death, and hell.
- 4 This is the day, the blissful day,
 Ordained for sacred joy ;
 In prayer, in praise, in heavenly love,
 These sacred hours employ.

- 5 Come, blessed Jesus, from above,
 And in my bosom shine ;
 Come, bear my soul from earth away,
 To feast on joys divine.
- 6 O happy place ! I long to appear
 In that bright world above ;
 To see my dear Redeemer there,
 And sing and praise his love !

Lord's day meditations.

Acts i. 9.

Col. iii. 1, 2.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord of life
 Ascended to the skies !
 My thoughts pursue the lofty theme,
 And to the heavens arise.
- 2 Let no vain cares divert my mind
 From this celestial road,
 Nor all the honours of the earth
 Detain my soul from God.
- 3 Think of the splendours of that place,
 The joys that are on high ;
 Nor meanly rest contented here
 With worlds beneath the sky.
- 4 Heaven is the birth-place of the saints,
 To heaven their souls ascend ;
 The Almighty owns his favorite race,
 As Father and as Friend.
- 5 O may these lovely titles prove
 My comfort and defence,
 When the sick couch shall be my lot,
 And death shall call me hence !

COTTON

449

L. M.

[323]

The everlasting Sabbath.

Heb. iv.

Rev. xxii. 3—5.

- 1 **L**ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

450

C. M.

[324]

The everlasting Sabbath.

Dan. xii. 13.

Rev. xxii. 4, 5.

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene ;
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between ?

349

2 R

- 2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares ;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 Release my soul from every chain—
No more sin's captive led ;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee ;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

CENNICK.

The everlasting Sabbath.

1 Cor. xli. 9—12.

Rev. xlii. 3—5.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams :
And yet how slow devotion burns !
How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end :
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;

Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine :

- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
 . Shall all our powers employ ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

BROWN.

452

C. M.

Sabbath evening.

Ps. cxix. 9—12.

Phil. i. 23.

- 1 **T**HIS sacred day, great God, we close
 With gratitude and love,
And bless thee for the joyful news,
 Which hails us from above.
- 2 May we retain the glorious truths
 Recorded in thy word,
And, with obedient lives, adorn
 The doctrines of the Lord.
- 3 Ere long we hope to meet and join
 The ransomed throng in bliss ;
With joy thy earthly courts we'll leave,
 To dwell where Jesus is.

453

104th Metre.

Praise.

Ps. cxlviii.

Rev. iv. 11.

- 1 **M**Y soul, praise the Lord,
 Speak good of his name,
His mercies record,
 His bounties proclaim :
To God, their Creator,
 Let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving,
 The chorus of praise.

- 2 Though hid from man's sight,
 God sits on his throne,
 Yet here, by his works,
 Their author is known.
 The world shines a mirror,
 Its Maker to show,
 And heaven views its image,
 Reflected below.
- 3 By knowledge supreme,
 By wisdom divine,
 God governs this earth
 With gracious design :
 O'er beast, bird, and insect,
 His providence reigns,
 Whose will first created,
 Whose love still sustains.
- 4 And man his last work
 With reason endued,
 Who, falling through sin,
 By grace is renewed.
 To God his Creator,
 Let man ever raise
 The song of thanksgiving,
 The chorus of praise.

PARK.

454

L. M.

[329]

Praise.

Ps. c.

Zeph. iii. 9.

- 1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;
 Glad homage pay with pious mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 *Convinced that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed,*
- 352

- We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 Oh, enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

TATE AND BRADY

455

7s.

Praise.

Neh. ix. 5, 6. Eph. v. 19, 20.

- 1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come
No :—the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then amidst eternal joy
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

MONTGOMERY

456

S. M.

[330]

The sanctuary.

Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

Isa. lvi. 5.

- 1 **H**OW charming is the place,
 Where my Redeemer God
 Unveils the beauties of his face,
 And sheds his love abroad !
- 2 Not the fair palaces,
 To which the great resort,
 Are once to be compared with this,
 Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
 With radiant glory crowned,
 Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
 And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries
 Each humble soul presents :
 He listens to their broken sighs,
 And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will
 He graciously imparts ;
 And in return accepts, with smiles,
 The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
 Within thy blest abode,
 Among the children of thy grace,
 The servants of my God.

STERN

457

L. M.

[331]

The sanctuary.

Ps. lxxxiv. 4—7.

Rev. xlii. 1—5.

- 1 **H**APPY the men, in ancient days,
Whose hearts were set on Zion's ways;
Cheerful along the waste they trod,
To join the assemblies of their God.
- 2 Still happier they whose souls aspire
To heaven, with hope and strong desire;
And, as their course they thither bend,
On uncreated might depend.
- 3 From stage to stage, from strength to strength,
They go, till they arrive at length
At the Jerusalem above,
There to enjoy the God of love.
- 4 Immortal life, and joys unknown,
Flow, in full rivers, from the throne;
In his own light our God is seen,
Without one veiling cloud between.

GIBBONS.

458

7s.

[332]

The sanctuary,

Ps. lxxxiv.

Rev. xi. 19.

- 1 **L**ORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven and much of thee
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

355

- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne ;
 Here thou mak'st thy glories known ;
 Here we learn thy righteous ways,
 Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus, with sacred songs of joy,
 We our happy lives employ ;
 Love, and long to love thee more,
 Till from earth to heaven we soar.

TURNER.

459

L. M.

[333]

The sanctuary.

Ps. xxvii.

Heb. xiii. 5, 6.

- 1 **THOU**, Lord ! my safety, thou my light !
 What danger shall my soul affright ?
 Strength of my life ! what arm shall dare
 To hurt whom thou hast made thy care ?
- 2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
 My heart has formed, and yet shall form—
 In God's own house to spend my days,
 My life devoted to his praise.
- 3 There, joyful, find a sure abode,
 And view the beauty of my God ;
 For he, within his hallowed shrine,
 My secret refuge shall assign.
- 4 When thou, with condescending grace,
 Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
 My heart replied to thy kind word,
 " Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord."
- 5 Should every earthly friend depart,
 And nature leave a parent's heart ;
 My God, on whom my hopes depend,
 Will be my father and my friend.

- 6 Ye humble souls, in every strait,
 On God, with sacred courage, wait;
 His hand shall life and strength afford;
 Oh, ever wait upon the Lord! STEELE.

460

L. M.

[336]

The sanctuary.

Ps. lxxv. 1—4.

Ps. lxxxiv. 4.

- 1 **F**OR Thee, O God! our constant praise
 In Sion waits, thy chosen seat:
 Our promised altars here we'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 Blest is the man who, near Thee placed,
 Within thy sacred dwelling lives:
 Whilst we, at humbler distance, taste
 The vast delights thy temple gives.

TATE AND BRADY.

461

L. M.

[338]

The sanctuary.

Ps. lxxxiv.

Ps. cxl. 13.

- 1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,
 O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
 Fain would my longing passions meet
 The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 Oh, blest the men, blest their employ,
 Whom thy indulgent favours raise
 To dwell in those abodes of joy,
 And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
- 3 One day within thy sacred gate
 Affords more real joy to me
 Than thousands in the tents of state:
 The meanest place is bliss with Thee.

- 4 God is a sun ; our brightest day
 From his reviving presence flows :
 God is a shield, through all the way,
 To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 5 He pours his kindest blessings down,
 Profusely down, on souls sincere ;
 And grace shall guide, and glory crown
 The happy favourites of his care.
- 6 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
 How blest, divinely blest, is he
 Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
 And fixes all his hopes on Thee ! STEELE

462

L. M.

[298]

The sanctuary.

Gen. xxviii. 16, 17.

Ps. xlviii. 9.

- 1 'TIS the fair dawn of heavenly day,
 To heavenly bliss the shining way,
 When to his temple God descends,
 And there converses with his friends.
- 2 With beams of smiling majesty
 He awes and yet invites them nigh ;
 His glory and his grace displays,
 And shines with bright but friendly rays.
- 3 While hovering o'er the happy place,
 The Spirit sheds his heavenly grace :
 To fix our thoughts, our hearts to raise,
 And tune our souls to love and praise.
- 4 'Tis here we learn the blessed skill
 To know and do our Maker's will ;
 And while we hear, and sing, and pray,
 With heavenly joy we soar away.

- 5 These are the dearest hours I know,
 The sweetest joys of all below ;
 Here I would choose my fixed abode,
 And dwell for ever near my God. BROWNE.
-

463

C. M.

[314]

The heavenly sanctuary.

Psalm xl. 4.

Isaiah lvi. 7.

- 1 **W**ITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
 To those bright realms above,
 That glorious temple in the skies,
 Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
 Of heaven's almighty King :
 Here we present the solemn vow,
 And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 Thee we adore ; and, Lord, to thee
 Our filial duty pay ;
 Thy service, unconstrained and free,
 Conducts to endless day.
- 4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel,
 With trust and holy fear ;
 Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
 And lend a gracious ear.
- 5 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
 And tune our lips to sing ;
 Nor from thy presence cast away
 The sacrifice we bring. JERVIS.
-

464

C. M.

[340]

The divine presence.

Matt. xviii. 20.

Rev. xxii. 20.

- 1 **C**OME, thou desire of all thy saints,
 Our humble strains attend :
 While, with our praises and complaints,
 Low at thy feet we bend.

- 2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear !
What rich unbounded grace !
- 3 How should our songs, like those above
With warm devotion rise !
How should our souls, on wings of love
Mount upward to the skies !
- 4 But ah ! the song how cold it flows !
How languid our desire !
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire !
- 5 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame ;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy glories shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.
- 7 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home. ST

- 1 GREAT Sovereign of the earth and sea
And Lord of all below,
Before thy glorious Majesty,
Ten thousand seraphs bow.

- 2 Yet thou art not confined above ;
Thy presence knows no bound ;
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.
- 3 Behold a temple raised for thee,
Oh, meet thy people here ;
Here, O thou king of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.
- 4 Here may salvation be proclaimed,
Through thy most precious blood ;
And sinners know the joyful sound,
And own the Saviour, God.
- 5 Here may a numerous crowd arise,
To bow before thy throne ;
Here may their songs salute the skies,
To ages yet unknown.

466

C. M.

[518]

Opening a place for worship.

Psalm cxxxii. 8-10.

Eph. vi. 23.

- 1 **D**EAR Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow !
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers :
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

NEWTON

467

148th Metre.

Opening a place for worship.

Psalm cxxxii.

Zech. ii. 10, 11.

- 1 **I**N sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise ;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days :
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine ;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine :
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Then, King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own :
Beneath this roof, Oh, deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 Here, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies :
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.
- 5 Here, may the attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above ;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord !
- 6 Here, may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days ;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

FRANCIS.

468

148th Metre.

Opening a place for worship.

Isa. lvi. 6, 7.

Eph. ii. 19.

GREAT Father of mankind !
We bless the wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place ;
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer !
Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne ;
For *Jesus* brings us near,
And *He* makes our cause his own :

Strangers no more,
To thee we come,
And find our home,
And rest secure.

- 3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name :
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim ;
Our Father-King,
Thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

- 4 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house ;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows :
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

DODDRIDGE

469

L. M.

[519]

Opening a place for worship.

2 Chron. vi. 18.

Psalm lxxxvii.

- 1 **A**ND will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish his abode ?
And will He, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples for his own ?

- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise ;
Long may they echo with thy praise ;
And thou, descending, fill the place

With choicest tokens of thy grace.

- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train ;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

DODDRIDGE.

470

L. M.

[520]

Opening a place for worship.

Matt. xviii. 20.

John iv. 20-23.

- 1 **J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care :
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear :
 Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make our waiting hearts thine own.

COWPER.

471

7.

[327]

Before sermon.

Gen. xxxii. 26.

Isa. xlv. 19.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow ;
 Oh ! do not our suit disdain ;
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 In thy own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
 Lord, from hence we would not go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word
 That may joy and peace afford ;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a God supremely kind ;
 Heal the sick, the captive free ;
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

HAMMOND.

472

112th, or L. M.

Before sermon.

Heb. iv. 2.

James i. 22.

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford ;
 Prepare us to receive thy word :
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mixed with what we hear :
 [Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy gospel with success.]

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread,
 [Thus, Lord, &c.]

3 To us the sacred word apply,
 With sovereign power and energy ;
 And may we in thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear :
 [Thus, Lord, &c.]

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
 Teach us to know and do thy will :
 Thy saving power and love display ;
 And guide us to the realms of day :
 [Thus, Lord, &c.] FAWCETT.

473

8. 7. 4.

Before sermon.

Acts iv. 29.

Eph. vi. 19, 20.

- 1 **D**EAREST Saviour, help thy servant
 To proclaim thy wondrous love !
 Pour thy grace upon this people,
 That thy truth they may approve :
 Bless, oh, bless them,
 From thy shining courts above.
- 2 Now thy gracious word invites them
 To partake the gospel feast ;
 Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them ;
 Every soul be Jesus' guest !
 Oh receive us,
 Let us find thy promised rest.



474, 475, 476 THE ORDINANCES.

474

C. M.

Before sermon.

Acts ii. 1—4.

Rev. i. 10.

- 1 **N**OW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love !
- 2 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word ;
And bid us all devoutly keep
Attention to the Lord.

475

8. 7. 4.

[347]

Before sermon.

Isa. lv.

2 Cor. ix. 10.

- 1 **C**OME, thou soul-transforming Spirit
Bless the sower and the seed :
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed :
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy word's designed to give ;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive ;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live !

476

C. M.

[348]

Before sermon.

Matt. xiii. 18—33.

Luke viii. 4—15.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest ! God of grace
Send down thy heavenly rain ;
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.

- 2 May no vain thoughts, like birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain ;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns
Choke up the precious grain.
- 3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring ;
Which, scorched with heat, becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.
- 4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives,
A transient rapture prove ;
Nor may the world, by smiles and frowns,
Our faith and hope remove.
- 5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word ;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

477

C. M.

After sermon.

Mark iv. 3—20.

1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord ! the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care ;
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble, fervent prayer.
- 2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain ;
Lord of the harvest ! God of grace !
Send down thy heavenly rain.
- 3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine ;
Thou, Lord ! hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine.

After sermon.

Deut. xxxii. 2 Isa. lv. 10.

- 1 **A**S the dew, from heaven distilling,
 Gently on the grass descends,
 And revives it, thus fulfilling
 What thy providence intends ;
 Let thy doctrine, Lord ! so gracious,
 Thus descending from above,
 Blest by thee, prove efficacious
 To fulfil thy work of love.
- 2 Lord ! behold thy congregation ;
 Precious promises fulfil ;
 From thy holy habitation
 Let the dew of life distil :
 Let our cry come up before thee,
 Sweetest influence shed around ;
 So thy people shall adore thee,
 And confess the joyful sound.

After sermon.

Ps. cxviii. 18. 1 Cor. iii. 6.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, bless the word to all,
 Quick and powerful let it prove ;
 Oh, let sinners hear thy call,
 And thy people grow in love.
- 2 Thy own gracious message bless ;
 Follow it with power divine :
 Give the gospel great success—
 Thine the work, the glory thine.
- 3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice ;
 Send, Oh send thy truth abroad ;
 Let the nations hear thy voice ;
 Hear it, and return to God.

KELLY

480

C. M.

[351]

After sermon.

Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 Peter v. 10, 11.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,
Who from the imprisoning grave
Restored the shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save :
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make the eternal covenant sure
On which our hopes are built ;
- 3 Perfect our souls in every grace
To accomplish all his will ;
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil !
- 4 For the great Mediator's sake
We every blessing pray ;
With glory let his name be crowned
Through heaven's eternal day ! GIBBONS.

481

L. M.

[356]

Dismission.

2 Kings v. 19.

Luke vii. 48.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HART

Dismission.

Num. vi. 22—27. Luke ii. 29.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
 Bid us all depart in peace ;
 Still on gospel manna feeding,
 Pure seraphic joys increase.
 Fill each breast with consolation,
 Up to thee our voices raise ;
 When we reach thy blissful station
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
 [And sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb,
 For ever and ever, hallelujah, Amen.]

Dismission.

1 Kings viii. 66.

Luke xi. 28.

- 1 **L**ORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 Oh, refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness !
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found !
- 3 So, whenc'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey ;
 We shall surely
 Rise to reign in endless day !

484

8. 8. 6.

[388]

Prayer meeting.

Ex. xx. 24. Matt. xviii. 19, 20.

- 1 " **W**HERE two or three together meet,
 My love and mercy to repeat,
 And tell what I have done,
 There will I be," saith God, "to bless,
 And every burdened soul redress,
 Who worships at my throne."
- 2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
 Speak to each heart some cheering word,
 To set the spirit free ;
 Impart a kind celestial shower,
 And grant that we may spend an hour
 In fellowship with thee.

KENT

485

L. M.

[380]

Prayer meeting.

Matt. xviii. 19, 20.

Acts i. 14.

- 1 **W**HERE two or three with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise—
- 2 " There," says the Saviour, " will I be,
 Amid this little company ;
 To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word ;
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

- 4 Then shall we praise the God of grace,
 Who brought our footsteps to this place ;
 For prayer and praise with sins forgiven,
 • Bring down to earth the bliss of heaven.

STENNETT.

486

7.

[263]

Prayer meeting.

Ps. x. 17.

Heb. iv. 14—16.

- 1 **L**ORD ! there is a throne of grace ;
 There we now would seek thy face ;
 Thou wilt hear the humblest prayer
 Of the soul that seeks thee there.
- 2 Though our language simple be,
 Words are nothing, Lord, with thee :
 To the broken contrite heart,
 Thou wilt joy and peace impart.
- 3 Saviour, for us intercede,
 While the promises we plead ;
 And, while we the blessings gain,
 Thine the glory shall remain.

COBBIN.

487

L. M.

[328]

Prayer meeting.

Ex. xvii. 11, 12.

Phil. iv. 6, 7.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat !
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
 But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But, when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

COWPER.

488

L. M.

Prayer meeting.

1 Sam. xxviii. 6.

Heb. i. 1, 2.

- 1 O GOD, who didst thy will unfold
In wondrous modes to saints of old
By dream, by oracle, or seer—
Wilt thou not still thy people hear ?
What though no answering voice is heard ?
Thine oracles—the written word—
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.
What though no more by dreams is shown
That future things to God are known ?
Enough the promises reveal :
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

- 4 Faith asks no signal from the skies,
To show that prayers accepted rise :
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.
- 5 No need of prophets to inquire :
The Sun is risen—the stars retire.
The Comforter is come, and sheds
His holy unction on our heads.
- 6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire,
Answer our sacrifice by fire ;
And by thy mighty acts declare,
Thou art the God who heareth prayer.

CONDER.

489

7^s.*Prayer meeting.*

Matt. vii. 7, 8. John viii. 36.

- 1 **P**RAYER can mercy's door unlock ;
Open, Lord, to us that knock !
Us the heirs of glory seal,
With thy benediction fill.
- 2 Set, O set the captives free,
Draw our backward souls to thee.
Give our vanquished hearts to say,
Love divine has won the day.

TOPLADY.

490

7^s. SIX LINES.

[391]

The close of a prayer meeting.

Acts iv. 31.

Heb. x. 24, 25.

- 1 **I**F 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer—
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
 Preparations for above ;
 While we worship in this place
 May we go from grace to grace ;
 Till we, each in his degree,
 Meet for endless glory be.

COBBIN.

4917^a.

[547]

A parting prayer.

Heb. xiii, 20. 21.

- 1 **N**OW may he who from the dead
 Brought the shepherd of the sheep,
 Jesus Christ, our king and head,
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in his sight ;
 Perfect us in all his will
 And preserve us day and night !
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
 Who the covenant sealed with blood,
 Let our hearts and voices raise
 Loud thanksgivings to our God.

NEWTON

492

C. M.

[546]

Parting.

Acts xviii. 18—23. Acts xxi. 5, 6.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the interview with friends
 Whose hopes and aims are one ;
 All earthly pleasures it transcends,
 And swift the moments run.
- 2 Of sympathy and love possessed,
 Our sorrows we impart ;
 And, when with pure enjoyments blessed,
 They go from heart to heart.

- 3 Pursuing still our way to bliss,
 A weak and feeble band,
 We trust in Christ our righteousness,
 Who will our strength command.
- 4 Though for a season we must part,
 As urgent duties call,
 Still we remain but one in heart,
 And Jesus is our all.
- 5 Oh, may his Spirit guide our feet
 Inspire our hearts with love,
 Then, though on earth no more we meet,
 We all shall meet above.
-

498

C. M.

Parting.

1 Thess. ii. 17.

1 Thess. iv. 15—17.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the dear uniting love,
 That will not let us part;
 Our bodies may far off remove—
 We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go;
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And do his work below.
- 3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside;
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his beloved embrace;
 Expect his fulness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.

- 5 And let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more. WESLEY.

494

L. M.

[548]

Parting.

Acts xx. 36-38.

Col. iii. 16, 17.

- 1 **C**OME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart,
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore :
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we all shall meet again.
- 3 Now to our God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done ;
Rehearse, ye saints, the sound again—
Let every voice repeat Amen !

KIRKE WHITE.

495

L. M.

[544]

Parting.

John xiv. 3.

Rev. vii. 15,

WHILE in the world we yet remain
We only meet to part again ;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.

The hope that we shall see that day,
Should chase our present griefs away :
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last

- 3 Then let us here improve these hours—
 Improve them to a Saviour's praise :
 To him with zeal devote our powers,
 And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

496

C. M.

[543]

Re-union.

Job x. 12.

Acts xxi. 17.

- 1 **C**OME, let us strike our harps afresh
 To great Jehovah's name ;
 Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
 When we his love proclaim.
- 2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
 In pain awhile to part ;
 'Tis by his care we meet again,
 And gladness fills our heart.
- 3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
 Our feet from every snare ;
 And blest the goodness of the Lord,
 Which to this hour we share.
- 4 Oh, may the Spirit's quickening power
 Now sanctify our joy,
 And warm our zeal, in works of love
 Our talents to employ.
- 5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away ;
 Soon shall our wanderings cease ;
 And with our Father we shall dwell,
 A family of peace.

REED.

497

L. M.

[545]

Welcome to Christian friends.

Mal. iii. 16, 17.

Rom. i. 11, 12.

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.

- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus ;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below ;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

NEWTON.

498

C. M.

Marriage.

John ii. 1, 2.

Heb. xiii. 4.

- 1 **T**HOU who at Cana didst appear
To bless a marriage feast ;
Vouchsafe thy gracious presence here,
Be thou with us a guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best !
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 On every soul assembled here,
Oh make thy face to shine ;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

BERRIDGE.

499

7^s. SIX LINES.*Marriage.*

Eph. v. 25—33.

1 Pet. iii. 7.

- 1 **D**EIGN this union to approve,
And confirm it, God of love !
Bless thy servants, on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed ;
In this nuptial bond, to thee
Let them consecrated be.
- 2 In prosperity, be near
To preserve them in thy fear ;
In affliction, let thy smile
All the woes of life beguile :
And when every change is past,
Take them to thyself at last.

COLLYER.

500

7^s.*Marriage.*

Gen. ii. 18—24.

Matt. xix. 3—6.

- 1 **FATHER** of the human race,
 Sanction with thy heavenly grace
 What on earth hath now been done,
 That these twain be truly one.
- 2 One in sickness and in health,
 One in poverty and wealth;
 And, as year rolls after year,
 Each to other still more dear.
- 3 One in purpose, one in heart,
 Till the mortal stroke shall part;
 One in cheerful piety,
 One for ever, Lord, with thee. COLLYER.

501

L. M.

[525]

Family religion.

Gen. xviii. 19.

2 Sam. vi. 11—20.

- 1 **FATHER** of all! thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace;
 From thee they sprang, and by thy hand
 They have been, and are still sustained.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
 Be our domestic altars raised;
 Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
 With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows;
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 Oh, may each future age proclaim
 The honours of thy glorious name!
 While pleased and thankful we remove
 To join the family above. DODDRIDGE

502

C. M.

[46]

The God of Bethel.

Gen. xxviii. 19—22. Gen. xlviii. 15, 16.

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Our fervent prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace :
God of our Fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around !
Till all our wanderings cease ;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore ;
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore.

DODDRIDGE, *altered.*

503

8. 7.

[468]

Daily mercies acknowledged.

Ps. cxlv. 1, 2.

Eph. v. 20.

- 1 **W**E'LL proclaim the wondrous story
Of the mercies we receive,
From the day-spring's dawning glory,
Till the fading hour of eve.

All the blessings heaven is lending,
 We'll extol in grateful lays ;
 To his radiant throne ascending,
 Wafted on the wings of praise.
 In exalted rapture joining,
 We'll employ our happy days :
 All our grateful hearts combining
 To declare his endless praise.

504

C. M.

[541]

Evening.

Ps. cxix. 108. Ezek. xx. 40, 41.

O LORD, another day is flown ;
 And we, a lonely band,
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fostering hand.
 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
 To praises low as ours ?
 Thou wilt !—for thou dost love to hear
 The song which meekness pours.
 [And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
 As we before thee pray ;
 For thou didst bless the infant train—
 And we are less than they.]
 O let thy grace perform its part,
 And let contention cease ;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace !
 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led ;
 The Sun of holiness shall shine
 In glory on our head.

- 6 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet
 And thou wilt bless our way ;
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet,
 The dawn of lasting day.

H. K. WHITE.

505

8. 7.

[540]

Evening.

Matt. xiv. 25—27. John xx. 19.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing—
 Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us :
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb ;
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

EDMESTON.

506

C. M.

[539]

Evening.

Ps. cxli. 2.

Heb. xiii. 15.

- 1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
 Let flames of incense rise ;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.

Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require :
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.
Lord of our time ! whose hands hath set
New time upon the score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more. MASON

507

S. M.

*Saturday evening.**Luke xxiii. 54.*

THE hours of evening close ;
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the sabbath-dawn.
So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care ;
Nor thought for ' many things ' assail
The still retreat of prayer.
Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep ;
And safe from violence or fear,
Will fold his flock to sleep.
So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

508

7^a. SIX LINES.*Saturday evening.*

Exod. xvi. 23.

Acts xx. 7.

1 **S**AFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way,
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On the approaching Sabbath-day : .
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near !
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear !
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

3 May thy gospel's joyful sound,
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints :
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

NEWTON.

509

L. M.

[534]

Morning.

Ps. lvii. 2.

Rev. iv. 8.

1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who, all night long, unwearied sing
 High praises to the eternal King.

- 3 May I, like them, in God delight ;
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform, like them, my Maker's will,
And celebrate his glories still.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake. KENN.

510

C. M.

[535]

Morning.

Gen. xlviii. 15. Ps. civ. 20—24.

- 1 **W**HAT secret hand, at morning light,
By stealth unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky ?
- 2 'Tis thine, my God—the same that kept
My resting hours from harm ;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.
- 3 'Tis thine my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

- 4 This is the hand that shaped my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat ;
That bare me oft through flood and flame,
Through tempest, cold, and heat.
- 5 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.
- 6 May that dear hand uphold me still,
Through life's uncertain race
To bring me to thy holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

MONTGOMERY.

Morning.

Ps. lii. 5.

Thes. iv. 13.

- 1 **I**N sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade—
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God ! to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress !
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes ;
 Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love the rapture of the skies.

HAWKESWORTH.

512

C. M.

[532]

Morning.

Ps. v. 3.

Ps. cxxi.

- 1 **K**IND Guardian of my sleeping hours :
 Accept the thanks I bring :
 Beneath thy smiles, my feeble powers
 Would their preserver sing.
- 2 Give me thyself, the only good,
 And ever with me stay ;
 Whose faithful mercies are renewed
 With each returning day.
- 3 Ah ! guide me with a father's eye,
 Nor from my soul depart ;
 But let the day-star from on high
 Illuminate my heart.
- 4 This day preserve me without sin,
 Unspotted in thy ways :
 And hear me, while I usher in
 The welcome morn, with praise.
- 5 Far as the east from west, remove
 Each earthly vain desire ;
 And raise me on the wings of love,
 Oh, raise me daily higher.
- 6 Let all my words and all my ways
 Declare that I am thine ;
 That so the light of truth and grace
 Before the world may shine

513

C. M.

[536]

Morning or evening.

Ps. lv. 17.

Ps. lxy. 8.

1 **THEY** goodness, Lord, while I survey,
 To thee my thanks shall rise ;
 When morning ushers in the day,
 Or evening veils the skies.

2 From thy almighty forming hand
 I drew my vital powers ;
 My time revolves at thy command,
 Through all its circling hours.

3 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
 Thy praise shall tune my breath ;
 The sweet remembrance of thy name
 Shall cheer the gloom of death.

4 Then shall a nobler song arise,
 When (freed from feeble clay)
 Thy brightest glories meet my eyes,
 In one eternal day.

FLAXMAN.

514

L. M.

[537]

Evening.

Ps. ciii. 12.

Ps. cxxx.

1 **G**REAT God to thee my evening song
 With humble gratitude I raise ;
 O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
 And every gentle rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wondrous grace,
 And witness to thy love and power.

- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

STEELE.

515

L. M.

[538]

Evening.

Ps. iv. 8.

Ps. xci. 1—6.

- 1 **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings!
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close!
*Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.*

- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Celestial joys to me rehearse,
 And thought to thought with me converse;
 Or let my soul, all the night long,
 Sing to my God a grateful song. KENN.
-

Retirement.

Gen. xxiv. 63.

Matt. xiv. 23.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree;
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love
 She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale she pours
 Her solitary lays;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet Source of light divine;
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 My Saviour, thou art mine!

- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more !

COWPER.

517

C. M.

[292]

The throne of grace.

Job xxiii. 3, 4.

Heb. iv. 16.

- 1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God !
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain ;
How grace decays, and comfort dies
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

WATTS.

Self-examination.

John xxi. 15—17. Eph. vi. 24.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought ;
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove ;
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do ;
You, that love the Lord, indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd ;
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray ;
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

NEWTON.

519

C. M.

Self-examination.

Isa. lvii. 15.

2 Cor. xiii. 5.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow ;
 Then tell me, gracious God ! is mine
 A contrite heart or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel ;
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclined
 To love thee, if I could ;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more ;
 But, when I cry ' My strength renew,'
 Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of prayer :
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
- 6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache !
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And, if it be not broken, break ;
 And heal it, if it be.

COWPER.

Self-distrust.

Heb. iii. 12, 13. 2 Peter iii. 17.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou hast redeemed me with thy blood;
By ties, both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be, thine.
- 2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me
For such ingratitude to thee!
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate;
And yet, so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord!
Grace in the needful hour afford;
Oh steel this timorous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.
- 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears:
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honours of the Christian name.

STENNETT.

Desiring to enjoy and please God.

Ps. li. 10—13.

Ps. cxix. 28—40.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?

- Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. COWPER.

522

L. M.

[433]

Barrenness lamented.

Isa. v. 1—4.

Luke xiii. 6—9.

- 1 **G**OD of my life ! to thee belong
The thankful heart, the joyful song ;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.
- 2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
And chased the gloomy shades of death ;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
While God, our great deliverer's nigh.
- 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care ?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found ?

- 4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand !
 And, cultivated by thy hand,
 Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
 A grateful tribute to its Lord !
- 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
 Through life, and in the arms of death
 My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
 Then rise to aid the angelic song. scx

Declension lamented.

Job xxix. 2.

Ps. li. 12.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pardoning blood
 Applied, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
 His praises tuned my tongue ;
 And, when the evening shades prevailed,
 His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
 The world no more could charm ;
 I lived upon my Saviour's smiles
 And leaned upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord
 And saw his glory shine ;
 And, when I read his holy word,
 I called each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke
 Of what his love hath done ;
 But now my heart is almost broke,
 For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns ;
- 400

And, when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;

I read ; the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey ;

Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail :
Oh come without delay.

NEWTON.

524

C. M.

A wanderer returning.

Jer. lli. 22.

Hosea xlv. 4.

HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord ;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !

Yet sovereign mercy calls ' Return :'
Dear Lord, and may I come ?

My vile ingratitude I mourn—
O take the wanderer home !

And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?

And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love ?

Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine !

That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet
Dear Saviour, I adore ;

O keep me at thy sacred feet,

A backslider returning.

Hosea xiv. 4.

Luke xxii. 61, 62.

- 1 **JESUS!** let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep ;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain, like Peter, weep ;
 Let me be by grace restored,
 On me be all long-suffering shown ;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord !
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour Prince ! enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble contrite heart.
 Give, what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy love unknown ;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord !
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour ! from above,
 Nor suffer me to die ;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye :
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down ;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord !
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Look, as when thy languid eye
 Was closed that we might live ;
 ‘ Father,’ (at the point to die,
 My Saviour prayed) ‘ forgive !’
 Surely with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries ‘ ‘Tis done !’
 O my loving, bleeding Lord,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

526

C. M.

[241]

The divine presence desired.

Ps. lxxiii. 25, 26.

Isa. xlii. 2.

- 1 **T**HOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppressed
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains ;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.
- 3 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light ;
This is the sun-shine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
- 4 My lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day !
- 5 O happy scenes of pure delight !
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.
- 6 Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know ;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
- 7 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee ?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art,

527, 528

THE ORDINANCES.

- 8 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
 The darksome hours away,
 And rise on faith's expanded wing
 To everlasting day. 87

527

L. M.

[26]

Hope in darkness.

Ps. cxli. 4.

Isa. i. 10.

- 1 **O** GOD, my sun, thy blissful rays
 Can warm, and cheer, and guid
 heart ;
 How dark, how mournful are my days,
 If thy enlivening beams depart !
- 2 Scarce through the shades a glimpse of
 Appears to these desiring eyes :
 But shall my drooping spirit say,
 The cheerful morn will never rise ?
- 3 Oh, let me not despairing mourn,
 Though gloomy darkness spreads the sk
 My glorious sun will yet return,
 And night with all its horrors fly.
- 4 O for the bright, the joyful day,
 When hope shall in fruition die !
 So tapers lose their feeble ray,
 Beneath the sun's refulgent eye. 87

528

C. M.

[49]

Hope in darkness.

John xiii. 15.

Isa. i. 10.

- 1 **O**FFENDED Majesty ! how long
 Wilt thou conceal thy face ?
 How long refuse my fainting soul
 The succours of thy grace ?

- 2 Let thy returning Spirit, Lord !
Dispel the shades of night ;
Smile on my dark deserted soul ;
My God ! thy smiles are light.
- 3 Never will I repent my choice,
I'll ne'er withdraw my trust ;
I know thee, Lord, a powerful friend,
And kind, and wise, and just.
- 4 To doubt thy goodness would be base
Ingratitude in me ;
Past favours shall renew my hopes,
And fix my faith in thee.
- 5 Indulgent God ! my willing tongue
Thy praises shall prolong :
For oh ! thy bounty fires my breast,
And rapture swells my song.

COTTON

529

8.

Faint yet hoping.

Ps. lxxvii. 1—10.

Lam. iii. 18—26.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign ;
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine :
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load ;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord ! and my terror shall cease ;
The blood of atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus for peace—
The rock that is higher than I :

Almighty to rescue thou art ;
 Thy grace is my shield and my tower ,
 Come succour and gladden my heart—
 Let this be the day of thy power.

530

C. M.

[231]

The mourner.

Judges ii. 4, 5. Luke vi. 21.

- 1 **W**HY, oh my soul, why weepest thou ?
 Oh say, from whence arise
 Those briny tears that often flow
 Those groans that pierce the skies.
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
 Or the chastising rod ?
 Dost thou departed friends lament,
 Or mourn an absent God ?
- 3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,
 And after none but thee !
 And then I would—oh that I might,
 A constant weeper be !

REDDONE.

531

L. M.

Prayer answered by crosses.

Heb. xii. 5, 6.

1 Peter i. 6, 7.

- 1 **I** ASKED the Lord that I might grow
 In faith, and love, and every grace ;
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
 And he, I trust, has answered prayer ;
 But it has been in such a way
 As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that in some favoured hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

Lord! why is this? I trembling cried;
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death;
'Tis in this way, the Lord replied,
I answer prayer for grace and faith:

These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thy all in me.

NEWTON.

532

C. M.

[264]

Prayer in affliction.

Ps. lvi. 1.

Isa. xxv. 4.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief:

- 3 But O ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine ;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God ! where shall I flee ?
 Thou art my only trust ;
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face,
 And shall I seek in vain ?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain ?
- 6 No ; still the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer ;
 O ! may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there.
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
 Here let my soul retreat ;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet !

STERLE

Lamenting confinement from public ordinances.

Ps. xlii. 1—8.

Ps. lxxxiv. 2.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chace,
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God !
 My thirsty soul doth pine :
 O when shall I behold thy face,
 In majesty divine !

- 3 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
 Those happy days present,
 When I, with troops of pious friends,
 Thy temple did frequent ;
- 4 When I advanced, with songs of praise
 My solemn vows to pay,
 And led the joyful sacred throng
 That kept the festal day.
- 5 But now my soul's cast down, O God !
 Yet thinks on Zion still ;
 From Jordan's banks, from Hermon's heights,
 And Mizar's lowly hill.
- 6 And when thy presence, Lord of life !
 Has once dispelled this storm,
 To thee I'll grateful anthems sing,
 And all my vows perform.

TATE AND BRADY.

534

8. 7., or 8 7. 4.

[243]

Sweet affliction.

Judges xiv. 5—18.

2 Cor. iv. 17.

- 1 **I**N the floods of tribulation,
 While the billows o'er me roll,
 Jesus whispers consolation,
 And supports my fainting soul :
 [Sweet affliction,
 That brings Jesus to my soul !]
- 2 Thus the lion yields me honey ;
 From the eater food is given ;
 Strengthened thus I still press forward,
 Singing, as I wade to heaven,
 [Sweet affliction !
 And my sins are all forgiven.]

- 3 'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play;
'Mid the thorn-brake, sweetest flowerets
Look more beautiful and gay :
[Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul !]
- 4 So, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To re-animate and cheer :
[Sweet affliction !
Thus to bring my Saviour near.]
- 5 Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar,
Those who know not Christ they frighten
But my soul defies their power :
[Sweet affliction !
Thus to bring my Saviour near.]
- 6 In the sacred page recorded,
Thus his word securely stands,
'Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
'Nought shall pluck thee from my hand
[Sweet affliction !
Every word my love demands.]
- 7 All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy :
[Sweet affliction !
Thus to lead to endless joy.]
- 8 *Blest* there with a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
O

But, exulting, cry, it led me
 To my blessed Saviour's seat :
 [Sweet affliction,
 Which has brought to Jesus' feet !]

PEARCE.

535

C. M.

[562]

Eternity contemplated.

Ps. xc. 9—12.

Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
 Of the revolving year !
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds
 How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life has done,
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
 The swift advancing year ;
 And study artful ways to increase
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
 Its great concern to see ;
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my happy soul
 To joy that never dies.

DODDRIDGE.

Confiding in the Saviour's friendship.

Matt. xxviii. 20. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1 **W**HEN in the hour of lonely woe
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear, and dark distrust,
Weigh down my spirit to the dust ;
- 2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has mad
Oh, this shall check each rising sigh,
My Saviour is for ever nigh !
- 3 His counsels and upholding care,
My safety and my comfort are ;
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! in whom, but thee above,
Can I repose my trust, my love ?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee ?
- 5 My flesh is hastening to decay ;
Soon shall the world have passed away ;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall
- 6 But oh, be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die ;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine ! cor

Relying on the sympathy of Christ.

Heb. ii. 18. Heb. iv. 15.

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I vie
And days are dark, and friends are
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain :
412

- He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;
Still, he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well :
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
Yet he who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend ;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;—
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed—for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away ! GRANT.

538

C. M.

[501]

Confiding in Providence.

Ps. lxxi.

1 Tim. iv. 10.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain ;
And, when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 Thou art our kind preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb,
And I was cast upon thy care,
E'en from my mother's womb.
- 3 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend ;
And, as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.
- 4 I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean :
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.
- 5 In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar ;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
Amid the din of war.
- 6 My God, who causedst me to hope
When life began to beat ;
And, when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet ;
- 7 Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

- 8 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more. I
- ~~~~~

539

C. M.

[26

Resting on the covenant.

2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

Isai. lv. 3.

- 1 **M**Y God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And, in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 What though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire ;
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become ;
Jesus, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home :
- 4 I welcome all thy sovereign will ;
For all that will is love ;
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

DODDRIDGE

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 THE CHURCH.  
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540

C. M.

[293]

Invitation to fellowship.

Jer. l. 5.

Zech. viii. 20—23.

- 1 **E**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
 That leads to Zion's hill ;
 And thither set your steady face
 With a determined will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
 Your pious march to join ;
 And spread the sentiments you feel
 Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Come, let us to his temple haste,
 And seek his favour there :
 Before his footstool humbly bow,
 And pour our fervent prayer.
- 4 Come, let us join our souls to God,
 In everlasting bands ;
 And seize the blessings he bestows,
 With eager hearts and hands.
- 5 Come, let us seal without delay,
 The covenant of his grace ;
 Nor shall the years of distant life,
 Its memory efface.
- 6 Thus may our rising offspring haste,
 To seek their fathers' God ;
 Nor e'er forsake the happy path
 Their youthful feet have trod.

DODDRIDGE.

Invitation to fellowship.

1 John i. 3.

Rev. xxi. 17.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of Zion, ye who sing
The lofty praises of your King ;
Who in his solemn temple dwell,
And of his boundless glories tell ;
- 2 Call to the converts at your gate,
Why should they longer lingering wait ?
Why should they longer fear or doubt ?
Why should they longer stay without ?
- 3 Gently reprove them for delay ;
In softest language chide their stay ;
Strive with your songs their hearts to win ;
' Ye blessed of the Lord, come in !'
- 4 ' Come in, ye blessed of the Lord,
Ye that believe his holy word ;
Come and receive our heavenly bread,
The food with which his saints are fed.
- 5 ' Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
And feast on his redeeming love :
Come, all ye happy souls that thirst ;
The last is welcome as the first.
- 6 ' Come to his table, and receive
Whate'er a pardoning God can give :
His love through every age endures ;
His promise and himself are yours.'

The golden candlesticks.

Rev. i. 12, 13.

Rev. ii. 1.

- 1 **W**E bless the eternal source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine ;
And, through this dark beclouded world,
Diffuseth rays divine.

- 2 May I from every act abstain
That hurts or gives my brother pain :
Nay, every secret wish suppress
That would abridge his happiness.
- 3 With pity let my breast o'erflow
When I behold a brother's woe ;
And bear a sympathizing part,
When'er I meet a wounded heart.
- 4 Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine !
And thus may I thy follower prove,
Great Prince of peace, great God of love !

546

C. M.

[449]

Brotherly love.

Rom. xli. 15, 16.

1 Peter iii. 8.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word !
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart ;
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above ;
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love ;
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows ;
When union sweet, and kind esteem,
In every action glows.

ove is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 nd he's an heir of heaven that finds
 His bosom glow with love. SWAIN.

547

L. M.

[451]

Brotherly love.

Ps. cxxxiii.

1 John iv. 16, 17.

HOW pleasing is the scene, how sweet,
 When kindred souls in friendship join,
 Whose joys and cares united meet,
 In bands of amity divine !

ess fragrant was the ointment poured
 n Aaron's consecrated head,
 When balmy sweets, profusely showered,
 Down to his sacred vesture spread.

ot flowery Hermon e'er displayed
 (empearled with dew) a fairer sight :
 or Sion's beauteous hills, arrayed
 In golden beams of morning light.

is here the Lord indulgent sheds
 His kindest gifts, a heavenly store ;
 With life immortal crowns their heads,
 When earth's frail comforts please no more.

STEELE.

548

C. M.

[453]

Christian unity.

Neh. ix. 6.

Eph. iv. 3—6.

THE glorious universe around,
 The heavens with all their train,
 In, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
 In one mysterious chain.

- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.
- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song ;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.
- 6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
Its life from Thee the Soul.

MONTGOMERY.

549

S. M.

[454]

Christian unity.

1 Cor. i. 10—12.

Gal. iii. 28.

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread,
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

Let bitterness and wrath
Be banished far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Here streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love. BEDDOME.

50

C. M.

[300]*The one church.*

Eph. iii. 15.

Heb. xii. 22, 23.

Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
Or all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.

One family, we dwell in him ;
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

One thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die !

Jesus ! be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
And Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

551, 552

THE CHURCH.

551

C. M.

The one church.

Eph. iii. 15.

Heb. xii. 22, 23.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone :
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know :
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne !
We in the kingdom of thy grace—
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
From thence our spirits rise ;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

WESLEY

552

L. M.

Prayer for the whole church.

Eph. vi. 23.

Phil. iv. 19.

- 1 **I**N thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise,
That cheer this barren waste below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.
- 2 We, the productions of thy power,
And pensioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.

- 3 Protect the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old ;
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.
- 4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace.
Give to the mourners heavenly day,
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay.

GIBBONS.

553

8. 7., or 8. 7. 4.

Prayer for a revival.

Ps. lxxxv. 6.

Hab. iii. 2.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again :
[Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee !]
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
[Lord, &c.]
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen !
[Lord, &c.]
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee :
[Lord, &c.]

- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Filled with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples of our youth?
[Lord, &c.]
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show:
[Lord, &c.]
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!—
Covered thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipped them in the bud!
[Lord, &c.]
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain:
[Lord, &c.]
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares:
[Lord, &c.]
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh:
[Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.]

NEWTON.

L. M.

[303]

Prayer for a revival.

ab. iii. 2.

Acts xx. 28—32.

AT Lord of all thy churches, hear
y ministers' and people's prayer ;
ed by thee, O may it rise
grant incense to the skies !

ery pastor from above
inspired with zeal and love,
sh thy fold, to feed thy sheep,
own heart with care to keep.

thy churches with thy grace,
l our breaches, grant us peace ;
is from sloth, our hearts inflame
dent zeal for Jesus' name.

ung and old thy word receive,
nners hear thy voice and live,
unded conscience healing find,
y refresh each drooping mind.

ed saints, matured with grace,
l in fruits of holiness ;
hen transplanted to the skies,
unger in their stead arise.

e our suppliant voices raise,
eeping, sow the seeds of praise,
ble hope that thou wilt hear
nisters' and people's prayer.

KINGSBURY

555

L. M.

[509]

Pastors and teachers.

1 Cor. xii. 28.

Eph. iv. 8—11.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage, and our vows ;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung the apostle's honoured name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame ;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise ;
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live :
While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun ;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow ;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

DODDRIDGE.

Pastors and teachers.

Jer. iii. 15.

Eph. iv. 8—12.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep ;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modelled by thy own gracious heart ;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear ;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.
- 4 [Here thou hast listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on thy house ;
Thy saints are succoured, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock ;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.]

DODDRIDGE.

Pastors and teachers.

1 Thess. v. 12, 13.

Heb. xiii. 18.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be !
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge !
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge ;

- Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace adore,
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains,
And light through distant realms be spread,
Till Zion rears her drooping head.

BEDDOME.

558

C. M.

[513]

Pastors and teachers.

Acts xx. 28. Eph. vi. 19, 20.

- 1 **C**HIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee!
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute thy will;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness, and skill.
- 3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach;
And, gracious Lord, O let them feel
The sacred truths they preach.

NEWTON.

559

C. M.

[510]

Ministerial responsibility.

Heb. xiii. 17.

1 Peter v. 1-4.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego ;
For souls, which must for ever live,
In raptures or in woe.

All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there ;
And should'st thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear ?

May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

DODDRIDGE

560

L. M.

A pastor's recovery from illness implored.

Acts xii. 5. 2 Cor. I. 10, 11.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.

- 2 With power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.
- 3 Restore him sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.
- 4 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

561

C. M.

[516]

On the death of a minister.

Matt. xxviii. 20.

Heb. vii. 23—25.

- 1 **N**OW let our mourning hearts revive
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue:—
- 4 The eternal shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

- 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
 "My church shall safe abide ;
 For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust ;
 And this shall be our children's song,
 When we are cold in dust. DODDRIDGE.

562

C. M.

[512]

A pastor sought.

Num. xxvii. 16, 17. James i. 17.

- 1 **F**ATHER of spirits, from thy hand
 Our souls immortal came ;
 And still thine energy divine
 Supports the ethereal flame.
- 2 By Thee our spirits all are known
 And each remotest thought
 Lies wide expanded to his eye,
 By whom their powers were wrought.
- 3 To Thee when mortal comforts fail,
 Thy flock deserted flies ;
 And, on the eternal Shepherd's care,
 Our cheerful hope relies.
- 4 When o'er thy faithful servants' dust
 Thy dear assemblies mourn,
 In speedy tokens of thy grace,
 O Israel's God, return.
- 5 The powers of nature all are thine,
 And thine the aids of grace ;
 Thine arm has borne thy churches up
 Through every rising race.

563, 564

THE CHURCH.

- 6 Exert thy sacred influence here,
And here thy suppliants bless ;
And change, to strains of cheerful praise,
Their accents of distress.
- 7 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,
May this thy flock be fed ;
And with a steady, growing pace,
To Zion's mount be led. DODDRIDGE

563

L. M.

A pastor sought.

Jer. iii. 15.

James i. 5.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear ;
Perplexed, distressed, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light
To guide our doubtful footsteps right :
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn ;
May our blessed eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee !

DODDRIDGE

564

C. M.

[515]

Thanks for a pastor.

Isa. xxx. 19, 20.

Phil. ii. 29.

- 1 **T**O thy great name, O Prince of peace !
Our grateful song we raise ;
Accept, thou Sun of righteousness,
The tribute of our praise.

- 2 [In widowed state these walls no more
 Their mourning weeds shall wear ;
 Thy messenger shall joy restore,
 And every loss repair.]
- 3 Thy providence our souls admire,
 With joy its windings trace,
 And shout, in one united choir,
 The triumphs of thy grace !
- 4 Our happy union, Lord, maintain,
 Here let thy presence dwell ;
 And thousands, loosed from Satan's chain,
 Raise from the brink of hell.
- 5 May purity be here maintained,
 Peace like a river flow,
 And pious zeal, and love unfeigned,
 In every bosom glow. WILLIAMS.

565

C. M.

Deacons.

Acts vi. 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.

- 1 **V**OUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence now
 Direct us in thy fear ;
 Before thy throne we humbly bow,
 And join in fervent prayer.
- 2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose,
 Thy house on earth to guide ;
 Those who shall ne'er their power abuse
 Or rule with haughty pride.
- 3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
 And with discretion blessed ;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love
Of every grace possessed.

- 4 These are the men we seek of thee,
 Oh God of righteousness ;
 Such may our deacons ever be,
 With such thy people bless.
-

Missionaries.

Zech. iv. 7. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.

- 1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,
 His sovereign voice obey ;
 Arise ! and follow where he leads,
 And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve
 Will needful strength bestow :
 Depending on his promised aid,
 With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
 And hell in vain oppose ;
 The cause is God's, and must prevail,
 In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
 And tell his matchless grace,
 To the most guilty and depraved
 Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,
 The most divine success—
 Assured that he who sends you forth
 Will your endeavours bless.

vo

Missionaries.

Mark xvi. 15, 20. 1 Cor. i. 17, 18.

- 1 **G**O, heralds of the gospel, go,
To every land the tidings bear;
Let all the tribes of Adam know
The gracious Saviour you declare.
- 2 Proclaim the cross, O lift it high!
And bid the world find refuge there;
While shouts of myriads rend the sky,
And heaven and earth the blessings share.
- 3 Arise and reign, thou King of kings,
Assert thy universal sway;
Till earth subdued its tribute brings,
And distant regions all obey.

A missionary encouraged.

Isa. xxxv.

Dan. xii. 3.

- 1 **G**O, Messenger of peace and love,
To nations plunged in shades of night:
Like Gabriel, sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.
- 2 [On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom,
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
Rich as the dews from morning's womb.]
- 3 Go, to the hungry food impart,
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;
And lead the thirsty panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.
- 4 Go, bid the bright and morning star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom, afar
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

- 5 [To India's various castes proclaim
The gospel's soft, but powerful voice :
And, at the blest Redeemer's name,
Let ocean's lonely isles rejoice.]
- 6 Proclaim salvation's joyful sound—
The deaf with new delight shall hear ;
Tell them the Saviour binds each wound,
And wipes the penitential tear.
- 7 Though thou art weak, the Lord is strong ;
He will confirm thy feeble arm ;
His servants shall not suffer wrong,
Nor wrath of man his prophets harm.
- 8 From north to south, from east to west,
Messiah yet shall reign supreme ;
His name, by every tongue confessed ;
His praise, the universal theme.
- 9 Then faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand ;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.
- 10 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From him who sits enthroned on high ;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

BALFOUR.

A missionary commended to God.

Acts xlii. 1—3. .

Ephesians vi. 19, 20.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we commend
To thy paternal care.

- 2 Before him set an open door ;
His various efforts bless ;
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.
- 3 Endow him with a heavenly mind ;
Supply his every need ;
Make him in spirit, meek, resigned—
But bold in word and deed.
- 4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by thy grace ;
And guard him by thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race.
- 5 Then followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may he obtain
From his Redeemer's hands.



LAWSON.

570

S. M.

[369]

Its peace and prosperity desired.

Psalm lxvii.

Ezekiel xxxiv. 24—27.

- 1 **T**O bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine ;
- 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known :
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay.
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join,
To celebrate thy fame ;
*Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.*

- 4 Oh, let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth !
For thou, the righteous judge and king,
Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose ;
And we with plenty shall be crowned,
Which God, our God, bestows.
- 6 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower ;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

TATE AND BRADY.

Prayer for Britain.

Isa. lxii. 6, 7.

Zeph. iii. 20.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear ?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear ?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
'Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise,
'Till thy own power shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise !
- 3 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round ;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.
- 4 Loud let the silver trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar ;
Let all the isles the gospel know,
And hail Messiah's natal star.

- 5 With gentle beams on Britain shine,
And bless her princes and her priests,
And by thine energy divine,
Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.
- 6 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers,
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.
- 7 Then shall each age and rank agree,
United shouts of joy to raise :
And Zion, made a praise by Thee,
To Thee shall render back the praise.

DODDRIDGE, *altered.*

572

C. M.

[364]

Prayer for the heathen.

Ps. lxxiv. 20.

Acts xiv. 15—17.

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound ?
- 4 Oh, when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freed-men of the Lord ?

- 5 When shall the untutored heathen tribes,
 A dark bewildered race,
 Sit down at our Emmanuel's feet,
 And learn and feel his grace ?
- 6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
 Their cruelty to love ;
 Soften the tiger to a lamb,
 The vulture to a dove !
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
 To spread the gospel's rays ;
 And build on sin's demolished throne
 The temples of thy praise. GIBB
- ~~~~~

Prayer for the Jews.

Hosea iii. 4, 5.

Rom. xi. 25, 26.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of truth, and grace,
 power,
 Thy word can ne'er decay ;
 But firmly fixed, shall still endure,
 When worlds are passed away.
- 2 O smile propitious, while we dare
 The promises to plead,
 Which thy own sacred pages bear
 To faithful Abram's seed.
- 3 Hast thou far off thy people cast,
 For ever to remain ?
 Wilt thou not, Lord, return at last,
 And visit them again ?
- 4 Yes, thou hast passed thy royal word—
 Nor canst thyself deny—
 That Jacob's race shall be restored
 To favour and to joy.

- 5 Hasten, O Lord, the happy hour
 When this shall be fulfilled ;
 And thy dear Son, with mighty power,
 To Israel be revealed.
- 6 Then Jew and Gentile shall combine
 Emmanuel's name to praise ;
 And sound his mercy all divine,
 To everlasting days.

LAWSON.

574

C. M.

[368]

Prayer for Jews and Gentiles.

Ps. li. 7, 8.

Matt. xxviii. 18.

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledged
 To thine exalted Son,
 That through the nations of the earth
 Thy word of life shall run ?
- 2 'Ask, and I'll give the heathen lands
 For thine inheritance ;
 And to the world's remotest shores
 Thine empire shall advance.'
- 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own ;
 While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
 And bow before his throne ?
- 4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues
 Under the expanse of heaven
 To the dominion of thy Son
 Without exception given ?
- 5 From east to west, from north to south,
 Then be his name adored :
Europe, with all thy millions shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

575, 576

THE CHURCH.

- 6 Asia, and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame !
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim !

GIBBONS

575

C. M.

[366]

Thy kingdom come.

Matt. vi. 9, 10.

Luke xi. 2.

- 1 **O**UR Father high enthroned above
With boundless glory crowned,
Thou source of life, display thy love
To every nation round.
- 2 Oh, be thy will on earth obeyed,
As 'tis obeyed above ;
And the profoundest homage paid,
With all the joys of love !
- 3 Erect thine empire, gracious King,
And spread its power abroad,
Till all thy chosen millions sing
The praises of their God.

576

L. M.

[363]

Divine power invoked.

Isa. xxvii. 12.

Isa. li. 9.

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake ! awake !
Put on thy strength, the nations shake !
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Oh, send ten thousand heralds forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
To blow the trump of jubilee,
And peace proclaim from sea to sea !
- 444

- 3 Thus may the gospel's joyful sound
Reach to the earth's remotest bound ;
Until Messiah's kingdom come,
And the elect be gathered home.
-

577

8. 7. 4.

[376]

The promises pleaded.

Isa. lx. 2—4.

Rev. xiv. 6.

- 1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze :
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace :
Blessed jubilee !
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary :
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light ;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
On their grossest darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name,
O'er the borders
Of the great Emmanuel's land.
- 445

- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease :
 May thy lasting, wide dominions,
 Multiply, and still increase ;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around. WILLIAMS.

~~~~~

*Promises pleaded.*

Isa. xlix. 6—9.    Isa. lxii. 6, 7.

- 1 **T**HY people, Lord, who trust thy word,  
 And wait the smilings of thy face,  
 Assemble round thy mercy-seat,  
 And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,  
 Thy sovereign mercy to entreat :  
 And feel some animating hope,  
 We shall divine acceptance meet.
- 3 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son  
 To be a light to Gentile lands ;  
 To open the benighted eye,  
 And loose the wretched prisoner's bands ?
- 4 Hast thou not said, from sea to sea  
 His vast dominions shall extend ?  
 That every tongue shall call him Lord,  
 And every knee before him bend ?
- 5 Now let the happy time appear,  
 The time to favour Zion come :  
 Send forth thy heralds far and near,  
 To call thy banished children home.    **YOK**

579

C. M.

[302]

*Its predicted ascendancy.*

Isa. li. 2—5.

Micah iv. 1—5.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the mountain of the Lord,  
In latter days shall rise,  
On mountain tops above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;  
“Up to the hill of God,” they’ll say,  
“And to his house we’ll go.”
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion’s hill  
Shall lighten every land ;  
The King who reigns in Salem’s towers  
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge ;  
His judgments truth shall guide,  
His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And quell the sinner’s pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds  
Disturb those peaceful years ;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,  
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.
- 7 Come, then—O come from every land,  
To worship at his shrine ;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauty shine.

LOGAN, altered.

## 580

## 8. 7.

*Its safety.*

Ps. lxxvii.

Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God!  
 He, whose word cannot be broken,  
 Form'd thee for his own abode :  
 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose ?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove :  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?  
 Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear !  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near :  
 Thus deriving from their banner,  
 Light by night, and shade by day ;  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which he gives them when they pray.
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them Kings and Priests to God :  
 'Tis his love his people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings :

And as priests his solemn praises  
Each for a thank-offering brings.

- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I through grace a member am ;  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in thy name :  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show !  
Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
None but Zion's children know.

NEWTON

581

8. 7.

[301]

*Its safety.*

Isaiah lx. 18—20.

Rev. xxii. 1—5.

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,  
'O my people, faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,'  
Fair abodes I build for you :  
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex your ways ;  
You shall name your walls salvation,  
And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden.  
Pleasures without end shall flow ;  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
All his bounty shall bestow :  
Still, in undisturbed possession,  
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
Never shall you feel oppression,  
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending,  
Waning moons no more shall see ;  
*But, your griefs for ever ending,*  
*Find eternal noon in me :*

God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,  
 Change to day the gloom of night ;  
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,  
 God your everlasting light.'

COWPER.

## 582

11<sup>s</sup>.

[308]

*Its safety.*

Isa. liv. 11.

Matt. viii. 23—27.

- 1 **O** ZION ! afflicted with wave upon wave,  
 Whom no man can comfort, whom no man  
 can save ;  
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,  
 In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.
- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,  
 But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm :  
 His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee de-  
 fends,  
 In safety and quiet thy voyage he ends.
- 3 ' O fearful ! O faithless ! ' in mercy he cries,  
 ' My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes ?  
 Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,  
 Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to  
 land.
- 4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot ; thy name,  
 Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain !  
 The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see  
 The wounds I received when suffering for thee.
- 5 Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure :  
 My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power ;  
 In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
 To make thee at length in my likeness to shine

- 6 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,  
 The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad  
 prayer ;  
 From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,  
 And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll  
 sing.'

583

C. M.

[31]

*Its safety.*

Isa. xlix. 14—16.

Lam. v. 20.

- 1 **Y**E heavens, send forth your song of praise !  
 Earth, raise your voice below !  
 Let hills and mountains join the hymn,  
 And joy through nature flow.
- 2 Behold, how gracious is our God !  
 Hear the consoling strains,  
 In which he cheers our drooping hearts,  
 And mitigates our pains.
- 3 Cease ye, when days of darkness come,  
 In sad dismay to mourn,  
 As if the Lord could leave his saints  
 Forsaken or forlorn.
- 4 Can the fond mother e'er forget  
 The infant whom she bore ?  
 And can its plaintive cries be heard,  
 Nor move compassion more ?
- 5 She may forget ; nature may fail  
 A parent's heart to move ;  
 But Zion on his heart shall dwell  
 In *everlasting* love.

584

C. M.

[384]

*The Church awakened.*

Isa. xlix. 13—17.

Isa. lx. 19—20.

- 1 **N**OW let the slumbering church awake,  
And shine in bright array :  
Thy chains, O captive daughter, break ;  
And cast thy bonds away.
- 2 Long hast thou lain in dust supine,  
Insulted by thy foes :  
'Where is,' they cried, 'that God of thine?  
And who regards thy woes ?'
- 3 Thy God incarnate on his hands  
Beholds thy name engraved ;  
Still unrevoked his promise stands,  
And Zion shall be saved.
- 4 He did but wait the fittest time  
His mercy to display ;  
And now he rides on clouds sublime,  
And brings the promised day.
- 5 Thy God for thee shall soon appear,  
And end thy mourning days ;  
Salvation's walls around thee rear,  
And fill thy gates with praise. RYLAND.

585

L. M.

[307]

*The Church awakened.*

Ps. cii. 13—16.

Isa. lx. 1—2.

- 1 **L**ET Zion from the dust arise,  
And in her brightest beauty shine ;  
Jesus, descending from the skies,  
Shall fill his church with joys divine.

- 2 In gloomy darkness, long she lay,  
Deprest with cares and griefs unknown ;  
But now behold a glorious day  
Of gospel light begins to dawn.
- 3 Put off, ye saints, your mourning dress,  
And hail the long-expected morn ;  
Let robes of joy and righteousness  
The happy spouse of Christ adorn.
- 4 Darkness involves the nations round,  
Gross darkness veils the sinner's eyes ;  
But ye, who dwell in Salem's ground,  
Behold the sacred light arise !
- 5 On you his glory shall be seen ;  
Your love, your zeal, and pious care,  
Shall witness to the sons of men  
That God, with all his grace, is here.
- 6 Sinners shall flock to Zion's gate,  
And know the gospel's joyful sound ;  
Peace shall confirm your happy state,  
And truth and holiness abound.      FAWCETT.

586

C. M.

[312]

*The Church awakened.*

Isa. lli. 1, 2.

Isa. liv. 1—14.

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head ;  
Again in thy Redeemer trust,  
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,  
Thy beautiful array ;  
The day of freedom dawns at length,  
The Lord's appointed day



- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
 And send thy heralds forth ;  
 Say to the south—‘ Give up thy charge,  
 And keep not back, O north.’
- 4 They come, they come ; thine exiled bar  
 Where er they rest or roam,  
 Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
 And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,  
 And God his works destroy,  
 With songs thy ransomed shall return,  
 And everlasting joy. MONTGOM

*The call for help.*

Ps. lxxviii. 31.

Rom. i. 14, 15.

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland’s icy mountains,  
 From India’s coral strand,  
 Where Afric’s sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand :  
 From many an ancient river  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error’s chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle ;  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile ;  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown ;—  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high—
- 454

- Shall we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation! oh, salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learnt Messiah's name!
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole:  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

588

L. M.

[382]

*The signs of the times.*

ISA. XL 3.

JOHN IV. 35.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the expected time draw near,  
 The shades disperse, the dawn appear,  
 Behold the wilderness assume  
 The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom!
- 2 Events with prophecies conspire  
 To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:  
 The ripening fields, already white,  
 Present a harvest to our sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know  
 The joy the gospel will bestow;  
 The exiled slave waits to receive  
 The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,  
 In the ~~blest~~ labour share a part,  
 Our prayers and offerings gladly bring  
 To aid the triumphs of our King.

- 5 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,  
That we have seen these latter days,  
When our Redeemer shall be known,  
Where Satan long has held his throne.
- 6 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,  
Sweet incense to his name shall rise :  
And Tyre and Egypt, Greek and Jew,  
By sovereign grace be formed anew. VOKE

*The fulfilment of prophecy.*

Isa. xlii. 10—12.

Isa. lx. 5—7.

- 1 **L**O! former scenes, predicted once,  
Conspicuous rise to view ;  
And future scenes, expected still,  
Shall be accomplished too.
- 2 Then hail the kingdom of the Lord !  
Let earth his praise resound ;  
And they who on the ocean dwell,  
Fill all the isles around.
- 3 O city of the Lord ! begin  
The universal song ;  
And let the scattered villages  
The joyful notes prolong.
- 4 Let Kedar's wilderness afar  
Lift up the lonely voice ;  
And let the tenants of the rock  
With accent rude rejoice.
- 5 Oh, from the streams of distant lands  
Unto Jehovah sing !  
And joyful, from the mountains' tops,  
Shout to the Lord the King !

- 6 Let all combined with one accord  
 The Saviour's glories raise,  
 Till in remotest bounds of earth  
 The nations sound his praise.

LOGAN.

590

148th Metre.

[370]

*Fulfilment of prophecy.*

Psalm cx.

Isa. lv. 5.

- 1 **A**LL hail, incarnate God !  
 The wondrous things foretold  
 Of thee, in sacred writ,  
 With joy our eyes behold :  
 Still does thine arm new trophies wear,  
 And monuments of glory rear.
- 2 To Thee the hoary head,  
 Its silver honours pays ;  
 To Thee the blooming youth  
 Devotes his brightest days :  
 And every age their tribute bring,  
 And bow to thee, all-conquering King.
- 3 O haste, victorious Prince,  
 That happy, glorious day,  
 When souls, like drops of dew,  
 Shall own thy gentle sway :  
 O may it bless our longing eyes,  
 And bear our shouts beyond the skies !
- 4 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
 Eternal be thy reign :  
 Behold the nations sue  
 To wear thy gentle chain :  
 When earth and time are known no more,  
 Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

SCOTT

591

L. M.

[311]

*The harvest.*

John iv. 35—37.

1 Cor. iii. 9.

- 1 **L**O! clad in nature's bright array,  
The fields a beauteous scene display;  
See how the golden ears of corn,  
Wide waving, all the hill adorn.
- 2 See earth with God's rich goodness crowned,  
A joyful plenty smiles around;  
But now, to our admiring eyes,  
Behold superior prospects rise.
- 3 Rich harvests, where salvation grows,  
Their fair celestial fruits disclose;  
A paradise on earth is seen,  
How pleasing, how divine the scene!
- 4 See sinners hastening to embrace  
The tidings of forgiving grace;  
Redeemed from hell with price divine  
In faith and holiness they shine.
- 5 All crowned with immortality  
These fruits of righteousness shall be:  
Then they that reap, and they that sow  
Shall everlasting triumphs know.
- 6 Together shall their songs arise,  
In the fair fields of paradise;  
And shouts of triumph and of joy  
Their blest eternity employ.

PEACOCK.

## 592

## 148th Metre.

*The spiritual temple.*

Zech. iv. 7.

1 Cor. iii. 9.

1 **S**ING to the Lord above,  
 Who deigns on earth to raise  
 A temple to his love,  
 A monument of praise :  
 Ye saints around, through all its frame  
 Harmonious sound the builder's name.

2 Beneath his eye and care,  
 The edifice shall rise  
 Majestic, strong, and fair,  
 And shine above the skies :  
 There shall he place the polished stone  
 Ordained the work of grace to crown.

DODDRIDGE, *altered.*

## 593

C. M.

[306]

*Its peace and prosperity.*

Isa. xl. 6—9.

Isa. xlii. 10—12.

1 **B**LEST be the Herald of our King,  
 That comes to set us free !  
 The dwellers of the rock shall sing,  
 And utter praise to thee !

2 Tabor and Hermon yet shall see  
 Their glories glow again,  
 And blossoms spring on field and tree,  
 That ever shall remain.

3 The happy child in dragon's way  
 Shall frolic with delight ;  
*The lamb shall round the leopard play,*  
*And all in love unite ;*

594, 595

THE CHURCH.

- 4 The dove on Zion's hill shall light,  
That all the world must see :  
Hail to the Conqueror, in his might,  
That comes to set us free ! H096.

594

L. M.

[313]

*Universal harmony.*

John xvii. 21—24. 2 Thess. i. 10.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus shall descend the skies,  
And form a bright, a dazzling day,  
The saints shall view with sweet surprise  
His grand—his universal sway !
- 2 The lion and the lamb shall feed  
Together in his peaceful reign ;  
And Zion, blest with heavenly bread,  
Shall never more of wants complain.
- 3 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,  
Shall boast their several rites no more :  
But join in sweetest harmony  
Their Lord, their Sovereign to adore.
- 4 O happy day ! when all the elect,  
Complete in number shall be found ;  
And like their great, their mystic head,  
Be with eternal honours crowned.

595

8. 7. 4.

[309]

*Its ultimate ascendancy.*

Isa. lli. 7.

Isa. lxi.

- 1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo ! the sacred herald stands !  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile land :  
Mourning captive !  
God himself will loose thy bands.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?  
 Cease thy mourning,  
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,  
 God himself appears thy friend !  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end :  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,  
 All thy wrongs shall be redrest ;  
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
 In thy Maker's favour blest :  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest !

KELLY

596

L. M.

[383]

*Its ultimate ascendancy.*

Isa. xliii. 5, 6. Rom. xiii. 12.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with sacred joy, survey  
 The glories of the latter day ;  
 Its dawn already seems begun,  
 Sure earnest of the rising sun.
- 2 The friends of truth assembled stand  
 (A chosen, consecrated band),  
 The standard of the cross display,  
 And cry aloud, ' Behold the way.'
- 3 The north ' gives up ;' the south no more  
 ' Keeps back' her consecrated store ;  
 From east to west the message runs,  
 And either India yields her sons.



- 4 Auspicious dawn ! thy rising ray  
 With joy we view, and hail the day ;  
 Thou sun arise, supremely bright,  
 And fill the world with purest light.

KELLY.

597

7<sup>a</sup>.

[380]

*The great Jubilee.*

Rev. xi. 15.

Rev. xix. 1—6.

- 1 **H**ARK the song of jubilee,  
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
 Or the fulness of the sea,  
 When it breaks upon the shore.  
 Hallelujah, for the Lord  
 God omnipotent shall reign ;  
 Hallelujah, let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark the sound,  
 From the centre to the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies.  
 See Jehovah's banners furled,  
 Sheathed his sword : he speaks—'tis done !  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
 With illimitable sway ;  
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
 Yonder heavens have passed away.  
 Then the end—beneath his rod  
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
 Hallelujah, Christ in God,  
 God in Christ is all in all.

MONTGOMERY.

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 THE YOUNG.
 

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598

C. M.

[528]

*Parental desires.*

Gen. xviii. 18.

2 Tim. iii. 15.

- 1 **F**AIN, O my child, I'd have thee know  
The God whom angels love ;  
And teach thee feeble strains below,  
Akin to theirs above.
- 2 O when thy lisping tongue shall read  
Of truths divinely sweet,  
May'st thou, a little child indeed,  
Sit down at Jesus' feet.
- 3 I'll move thine ear—I'll point thine eye ;  
But ah ! the inward part—  
Great God, the Spirit ! hear the sigh  
That trembles through my heart.
- 4 Break, with thy vital beam benign,  
O'er all the mental wild  
Bright o'er the human chaos shine,  
And sanctify my child.

599

L. M.

[32]

*A parental prayer.*

Gen. xvii. 18.

Gen. xxxii. 26.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all ! before thy throne,  
Grateful but anxious parents bow ;  
Look in paternal mercy down,  
And yield the boon we ask thee now.

- 2 'Tis not for wealth, or joys of earth,  
Or life prolonged we seek thy face ;  
'Tis for a new and heavenly birth,  
'Tis for the treasures of thy grace.
- 3 'Tis for their souls' eternal joy,  
For rescue from the coming woe ;  
Do not our earnest suit deny ;  
We cannot, cannot let thee go.

HINTON.

*A parental prayer.*

Isa. xlv. 3, 4.     1 Cor. xvi. 15.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! now condescend  
To bless our rising race ;  
Soon may their willing spirits bend  
To thy victorious grace !
- 2 O what a vast delight  
Their happiness to see !  
Our warmest wishes all unite  
To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 May they receive thy word,  
Confess the Saviour's name,  
Then follow their despised Lord  
Through the baptismal stream,
- 4 Thus let our favoured race  
Surround thy sacred board,  
There to adore thy sovereign grace,  
And sing their dying Lord.

601

C. M.

[530]

*Prayer for the young.*

Ps. xc. 16.

Prov. iv.

- 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,  
The gift of saving grace ;  
And let the seed of sacred truth  
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,  
Of pure and heavenly root :  
But fairest in the youngest shows,  
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes  
The voice of sovereign love !  
Your youth is stained with many crimes,  
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True you are young, but there's a stone  
Within the youngest breast,  
Or half the crimes which you have done  
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public prayer is made—  
O join the public prayer !  
For you the secret tear is shed,  
O shed yourselves a tear !
- 6 We pray that you may early prove  
The Spirit's power to teach ;  
You cannot be too young to love  
That Saviour whom we preach.

COWPER

602

C. M.

[526]

*Christ's attention to the young.*

Matt. xix. 13—15.

Mark x. 13—16.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,  
With all-engaging charms ;  
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,  
'Nor scorn their humble name ;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
The Lord of angels came.'
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,  
And yield them up to thee :  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine—  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear :  
Ye children, seek his face ;  
And fly with transport to receive  
The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust ;  
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts  
If weeping o'er their dust.

DODDRIDGE.

603

C. M.

[531]

*Advice to the young.*

Prov. viii. 17.

Titus ii. 6.

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigour warm  
In smiling crowds draw near ;  
And turn from every mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.

466

- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
 Stoops to converse with you ;  
 And lays his radiant glories by,  
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 'The soul that longs to see my face  
 Is sure my love to gain :  
 And those that early seek my grace  
 Shall never seek in vain.'
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
 If once compared with thee ?  
 What beauty should command my love,  
 Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,  
 Vain tempters of the mind !  
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
 And here true bliss I find. DODDRIDGE.

604

C. M.

[290]

*Advice to the young.*

1 Cor. ix. 24, 25.

Phil. iii. 13, 14.

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,  
 And ardour fire our breast,  
 To reign in worlds above the skies,  
 In heavenly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand  
 A radiant crown display,  
 Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,  
 While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away, each grovelling, anxious care,  
 Beneath a Christian's thought !  
 We spring to seize immortal joys,  
 Which our Redeemer bought.

- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,  
 The glorious prize pursue :  
 Nor fear the want of earthly good,  
 While heaven is kept in view.

DODDRIDGE.

*Encouragement to the young.*

Matthew xii. 20.

1 Peter v. 5, 6.

- 1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speaks!  
 How kind the promises he makes!  
 A bruised reed he never breaks,  
 Nor will he quench the smoking flax.
- 2 When piety in early minds,  
 Like tender buds begins to shoot,  
 He guards the plants from threatening winds,  
 And ripens blossoms into fruit.
- 3 With humble souls he bears a part  
 In all the sorrows they endure :  
 Tender and gracious is his heart,  
 His promise is for ever sure.
- 4 He sees the struggles that prevail  
 Between the powers of grace and sin ;  
 He kindly listens while they tell  
 The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 5 Though pressed with fears on every side,  
 They know not how the strife may end ;  
 Yet he will soon the cause decide,  
 And judgment unto victory send.

STENNETT.

**606**

C. M.

[524]

*The sabbath-school.*

Psalm xxiv.

Matt. xxi. 16.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose heart expands  
At melting pity's call,  
And the rich blessings of whose hands  
Like heavenly manna fall.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,  
And God will well approve,  
When infants learn to lisp his name,  
And their Creator love.
- 3 Delightful work ! young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To seek redeeming grace.
- 4 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way  
To guide untutored youth,  
And lead the mind, that went astray,  
To virtue and to truth.
- 5 Almighty God ! thy influence shed  
To aid this good design :  
The honours of thy name be spread,  
And all the glory thine. STRAPHAN.

**607**

C. M.

[523]

*The sabbath-school.*

Ps. lxxi. 17.

2 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee, a lowly band,  
We raise our artless prayer,  
And bless thy kind preserving hand  
For all the good we share.



- 2 Once with a helpless, hopeless throng,  
 E'en on thy holy day,  
 In sin we held our course along,  
 And trifled time away.
- 3 Unknown, untutored, and forlorn,  
 We sought the downward road,  
 Far on the stream of pleasure borne  
 From happiness and God.
- 4 But now, instructed, with delight  
 Thy spirit we implore,  
 To guide our youthful feet aright,  
 That we may err no more.
- 5 O may the word of truth divine  
 Our earliest thoughts engage,  
 On life's unfolding prospects shine,  
 And crown our growing age. SLATTER.

*A young person's prayer.*

Ps. cxix. 9.

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,  
 My God, to thee I pray,  
 O make me learn, whilst I am young,  
 How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days,  
 Teach me thy will to know ;  
 O God, thy sanctifying grace  
 Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth  
 The object of thy care ;  
 Help me to choose the way of truth,  
 And fly from every snare.
- 4 My heart, to folly prone,  
 Renew by power divine ;

- Unite it to thyself alone,  
And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let thy word of grace  
My warmest thoughts employ ;  
Be this, through all my following days,  
My treasure and my joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart  
Be my whole soul inclined ;  
O let them dwell within my heart,  
And sanctify my mind.
- 7 May thy young servant learn  
By these to cleanse his way ;  
And may I here the path discern  
That leads to endless day. FAWCETT.

~~~~~  
DEATH.
~~~~~

*Its certainty.*

\* Gen. iii. 19.

Heb. ix. 27.

- 1 **H** EAVEN has confirmed the great decree,  
That Adam's race must die ;  
One general ruin sweeps them down,  
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey  
Where you must quickly dwell ;  
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds  
In every funeral knell.
- 3 Once you must die : and once for all,  
The solemn purport weigh :

For know that heaven or hell is hung  
On that important day.

- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,  
Must wake the Judge to see ;  
And every word, and every thought  
Must pass his scrutiny.

- 5 O may I, in the Judge, behold  
My Saviour and my Friend ;  
And, far beyond the reach of death,  
With all his saints ascend. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **F**EW are thy days, and full of woe,  
O man of woman born !  
Thy doom is written, 'Dust thou art,  
And shalt to dust return.'
- 2 Determined are the days that fly  
Successive o'er thy head ;  
The numbered hour is on the wing  
That lays thee with the dead.
- 3 Where are our fathers ? whither gone  
The mighty men of old ?  
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,  
In sacred books enrolled ?
- 4 Gone to the resting-place of man,  
The weary pilgrim's home ;  
Where ages past have gone before,  
Where future ages come.
- 5 So man departs this earthly scene,  
To sleep in death's cold gloom,  
Until the eternal morning break  
The slumbers of the tomb.

- 6 Then shall a second spring revive  
 The ashes of the urn :  
 And he who gave them life at first  
 Shall bid that life return.
- 7 O may the grave become to me  
 A bed of peaceful rest ;  
 Till I triumphantly arise,  
 And mingle with the blest.

**611**

C. M.

[186]

*Its approach.*

Job. ix. 25, 26.

Job xvi. 22.

- 1 **O**UR years in quick succession rise,  
 Our days glide smoothly on ;  
 The flight of time—so swift it flies—  
 Is unperceived, till gone.
- 2 On rapid wing, concealed from view,  
 Death brings our blest discharge ;  
 Cuts the fine silver cord in two,  
 And sets the mind at large.
- 3 O what enlargement !—who can tell  
 The o'erwhelming glory given,  
 When once the soul has burst its cell,  
 And finds itself in heaven !

TIMMS.

**612**

L. M.

[565]

*Its approach.*

Ps. xxxix. 4—7.

James iv. 14.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Maker of my frame,  
 Teach me the measure of my days,  
 Teach me to know how frail I am,  
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.

- 2 My days are shorter than a span,  
A little point my life appears ;  
How frail at best is dying man !  
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show !  
Vain are the cares which rack his mind !  
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,  
And dies and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine ;  
My God, I bow before thy throne,  
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
And fix my hopes on thee alone. STEELE.

~~~~~  
Its approach.

Prov. xxvii. 1.

Eph. v. 16.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
O be it still pursued ;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

- 5 To Jesus may we fly
 Swift as the morning light,
 Lest life's young golden beams should die
 In sudden endless night. DODDRIDGE.

614

8. 8. 6.

[568]

Its solemnity.

2 Peter i. 10, 11.

2 Peter iii. 11.

- 1 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
 Yet how insensible!
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell!
- 2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me, ere it be too late;
 Wake me to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place, in bright array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 O tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
 With holy joy and holy fear,
 To make my calling sure!
 Assist, O Lord, a feeble worm,
 Then shall I all thy will perform,
 And to the end endure.

615, 616

DEATH.

- 5 Then, Saviour! then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight
And everlasting love.

C. WESLEY, *altered*.

615

L. M.

[346]

Its solemnity.

Ezek. xxxiii. 14.

Acts xvi. 28.

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown ;
Why in such dreadful haste to die ;
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly ?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams ;
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames ?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains !
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold !

616

7. 6.

Anticipated in faith and hope.

Cor. v. 6—8.

2 Tim. iv. 6—8.

- 1 **A**H ! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away ;
But, on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day :
- 2 The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown .
- 476

- My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.
- 3 He once, a spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calvary bled !
Jehovah did afflict him,
And bruise him in my stead.
- 4 Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am :
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.
- 5 To him by grace united,
I joy in him alone ;
And now, by faith, delighted,
Behold him on his throne.
- 6 There he is interceding
For all who on him rest :
The grace from him proceeding
Shall waft me to his breast.
- 7 Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chaunt my blissful story
In high seraphic lays.

RYLAND.

617

L. M.

[191]

Desirable to a believer.

2 COR. v. 6-8.

PHIL. I. 21-23.

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be ;
It faints my much-loved Lord to see :
Earth, twine no more about my heart.
For 'tis far better to depart !

- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home ;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.
- 4 That blessed interview how sweet !
To fall transported at his feet,
Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace !
- 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing !
To fly as on a cherub's wing !
Performing, with unwearied hands,
A present Saviour's high commands !
- 6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight ;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.

DODDIDGE

Desirable to a believer.

PHIL. I. 23.

REV. VII. 9, 10.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die ;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high—
- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest ;
(That only rest for which it pants)
On the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 O what hath Jesus wrought for me !
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise ;
- 478

- 4 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there ;
 They all are robed in radiant white,
 And conquering palms they bear.
- 5 Lord, what are all my sufferings here,
 If thou but make me meet
 With that enraptured host to appear,
 And worship at thy feet ?
- 6 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life and friends away ;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

619

[176]

Victory over it.

Hosea xlii. 14.

1 Cor. xv. 55.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper : angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
 Drowns my spirit—draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave, where is thy victory ?
 O Death, where is thy sting ?

620

Victory over it.

Matt. xi. 28.

1 Cor. xv. 55—57.

- 1 **W**HITHER can a sinner flee !
 Who, O who will rescue me,
 Dreading my deserved sentence,
 Weeping tears of deep repentance !
 Yawning Grave ! I fear to die,
 Such burdens on my conscience lie !
- 2 Hark ! I hear a Saviour say
 'I can take thy guilt away ;
 I have bled that men might live,
 Full salvation I can give :
 I will help thee, man distrest,
 Come unto Me—I'll give thee rest !'
- 3 Almighty Lord ! I know thy voice,
 In thee believing I rejoice,
 My prophet, priest, and king !
 Now I can sing of joys on high :
 O Grave, where is thy victory ?
 O Death, where is thy sting ?

GROSER.

621

C. M.

[178]

Victory over it.

1 Cor. xv. 56.

Heb. ii. 14, 15.

- 1 **D**EATH ! 'tis a name with terror fraught ;
 It rends the guilty heart,
 When conscience wakes remorseful thought,
 With agonizing smart.
- 2 Dear Saviour, thy victorious love
 Can all his force control,
 480

Can bid the pangs of guilt remove,
And cheer the trembling soul.

- 3 Victorious love ! thy wondrous power
From sin and death can raise ;
Can gild the dark departing hour,
And tune its groans to praise.

- 4 Then shall the joyful spirit soar
To life beyond the sky,
Where gloomy death can frown no more,
And guilt and terror die. STEELE.

The spirit committed to Christ.

Acts vii. 59.

2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 **L**ORD, I commit my soul to thee !
Accept the sacred trust :
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust.
- 2 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.
- 3 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb.
- 4 Oh, let me join the raptured lays,
And, with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song !

To a dying Christian.

- 1 **H**APPY soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning hours below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast:
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

C. WESLEY.

The state of the disembodied.

Job xiv. 10.

1 Cor. ii. 9.

- 1 **I**N vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
We scarce can say 'He's gone!'
Before the willing spirit takes
Her station near the throne.

- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace her heavenward flight ;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides the world of light.
- 4 Thus much—and this is all—we know,
 They are supremely blest ;
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
 His presence always view ;
 And, if we here their footsteps trace,
 There we shall praise Him too.

NEWTON, *altered.*

625

L. M.

[187]

The death of the righteous.

Num. xxiii. 10.

Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes ;
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
 How bright the unchanging morn appears ;
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 'How blest the righteous when he dies!'

BARBAULD.

The death of the righteous.

Ps. xxxvii. 37.

Prov. xiv. 32.

- 1 **W**ITH what a fixed and peaceful mind
 The righteous man expires!
 Behold him breathing out his soul
 In hopes and blest desires!
- 2 Eternal glory now begins
 To dawn upon his eyes,
 And Jesus animates his song,
 While languishing he lies.
- 3 No sins or fears disturb his soul,
 Nor terror from below:
 No worldly glory stops his flight,
 Or makes him loath to go.
- 4 Bright hosts of angels round his bed
 With holy ardour stand;
 Ready to bear aloft his soul,
 At Jesus' high command.
- 5 Oh, how this bright, this blessed hope,
 My longing spirit warms!
 Oh, let me live and die like him,
 Enclosed in Jesus' arms.

PEARCE

The death of the young.

2 Sam. xiv. 14.

1 Chron. xxix. 15.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatched away,
By Death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth, imprest
With awful power—'I too must die !'
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world delude no more :
Behold the gaping tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour :
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Oh, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God ! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing, power ;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

STEELE.

The death of infants.

Matt. xviii. 10.

Mark x. 13—16.

- 1 **T**HEY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine ;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
 Spread o'er thy lovely face,
 While infants in thy tender arms
 Receive thy smiling grace.
- 3 'I take these little lambs,' said he,
 'And lay them in my breast ;
 Protection they shall find in me,
 In me be ever blest.'
- 4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
 But can't dissolve my love ;
 Millions of infant souls compose
 The family above.
- 5 Their feeble frames my power shall raise
 And mould with heavenly skill ;
 I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 And hands to do my will.
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout with joys divine ;
 Dear Saviour, all we have and are
 Shall be for ever thine.

STENNETT.

Consolation to the bereaved.

Lev. x. 3.

Ps. xli. 10.

- 1 **P**EACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
 That blasts our joys in death ;
 Changes the visage once so dear,
 And gathers back our breath.
- 2 'Tis He, the potentate supreme
 Of all the worlds above,
 Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
 Nor from their purpose move.

- 3 'Tis He, whose justice might demand
 Our souls a sacrifice ;
 Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
 A thousand rich supplies.
- 1 Our covenant God and Father he,
 In Christ our bleeding Lord ;
 Whose grace can heal the bursting heart,
 With one reviving word.
- 5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
 He weaves for every brow ;
 And shall tumultuous passions rise,
 If He correct us now ?
- 6 Silent I own Jehovah's name ;
 I kiss thy scourging hand ;
 And yield my comforts, and my life,
 To thy supreme command. DODDRIDGE.

630

C. M.

[179]

Consolation to the bereaved.

John xx. 13—15.

1 Thess. iv. 13.

- 1 **W**HILE to the grave our friends are borne,
 Around their cold remains
 How all the tender passions mourn,
 And each fond heart complains !
- 2 But down to earth, alas ! in vain
 We bend our weeping eyes !
 Ah ! let us leave these seats of pain,
 And upwards learn to rise.
- 3 Hope smiles amid the deepest gloom
 And beams a healing ray,
 And guides us from the darksome tomb,
 To realms of endless day.

- 4 Jesus, who left his blest abode
 (Amazing grace!) to die,
 Marked, when he rose, the shining road
 To his bright courts on high.
- 5 Then let our hearts repine no more
 That earthly comfort dies,
 But lasting happiness explore,
 And ask it from the skies.

STEELE

Hope of re-union.

Luke xxiii. 43.

Rev. ii. 7.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear saint, a short adieu!
 Some angel calls thee to the spheres;
 Our eyes thy radiant path pursue,
 While rapture glistens in our tears.
- 2 Farewell, blest soul! a short farewell!
 Till soon we meet again above,
 In the bright world where pleasures dwell,
 And trees of life bear fruits of love.
- 3 There glory beams in every face,
 And friendship smiles in every eye:
 There saints are telling of the grace
 That led them homeward to the sky.
- 4 O'er all the names of Christ our King
 Shall our harmonious voices rove:
 Our harps shall sound from every string
 The wonders of redeeming love.
- 5 Come, Sovereign Lord! dear Saviour, come!
 Our golden hour, how long it stays!
 Thy chariots send to bear us home;
 We long to give thee endless praise.

 THE RESURRECTION.

632

7^s.*The Saviour's return.*

Luke xii. 8, 9.

John xiv. 2.

- 1 **C**HRISt the Lord will come again,
None shall wait for him in vain;
I shall then his glory see,
Christ will come and call for me.
- 2 Then, when his almighty voice
Shakes the earth, and rends the skies;
Rising millions will proclaim
Our Emmanuel's glorious name.
- 3 'This is our redeeming God!
Ransomed hosts will shout aloud;
Praise, eternal praise be given
To the Lord of earth and heaven!
- 4 Oh, that I may then be found
With them rising from the ground!
Joining their immortal song
With a new celestial tongue!
- 5 Let us own the Saviour's name,
Where the wicked count it shame:
Then the righteous Judge will own
Our's before his Father's throne.

SWAIN

633

148th Metre.

The midnight cry.

Matt. xxv. 1—13.

Mark xiii. 34—37.

- 1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake ;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take :
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are :
Make ready for your free reward ;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord :
- 3 Go, meet him in the sky ;
Your everlasting friend ;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend ;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.
- 4 Ye—that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
And thirsted for his love :
Jesus shall claim you for his bride ;
Rejoice with all the sanctified.
- 5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above those angel powers
In glorious joy to live ;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

- 6 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound :
 To see our Lord appear,
 May we be watching found :
 Enrobed in righteousness divine
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

634

C. M.

[194]

The destruction of the last enemy.

1 Cor. xv. 25, 26.

1 Thess. iv. 14—17.

- 1 **H**OW long shall Death the tyrant reign,
 And triumph o'er the just ;
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain
 Lies mingled with the dust ?
- 2 Lo ! I behold the scattering shades,
 The dawn of heaven appears ;
 The sweet immortal morning spreads
 Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
 And flaming guards around ;
 The skies divide to make him room,
 The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, ' Ye dead, arise !'
 And, lo ! the graves obey ;
 And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
 Salute the expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
 Rise to the midway air,
 In shining garments meet their King,
 And low adore him there.
- 6 O may my humble spirit stand
 Among them clothed in white !
 The meanest place at his right hand
 Is infinite delight.

- 7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
 When our returning King
 Shall bear us homeward, through the skies,
 On love's triumphant wing. WATTS.

635

L. M.

[201]

The final triumph.

Acts i. 11.

Cor. xv. 51—54.

- 1 COME, saints, and shout the Saviour's
 praise,
 To him your grateful tribute bring :
 Let angels hear the notes you raise,
 And strike their golden harps, and sing.
- 2 Sing, how he left the heavenly throne,
 And laid his splendid robes aside,
 Put all our mortal weakness on,
 And groaned and laboured, wept and died.
- 3 Now lift your songs to nobler strains,
 High let your ardent passions soar :
 See where the great Redeemer reigns,
 And all the hosts of heaven adore.
- 4 Again he comes—a mighty cloud
 Bears him in sacred triumph down ;
 The trumpet sounds, it summons loud ;
 And angels shout his high renown.
- 5 From realms of death, beneath the ground,
 The saints, in countless millions, rise ;
 While seraphs stand admiring round,
 And view the change with vast surprise.
- 6 Hail, mighty Prince ! thy kingdom now,
 Thy bliss and triumph are complete ;
 To thee the ransomed myriads bow,
 And lay their glories at thy feet.

HEGINBOTHAM.

636

L. M.

[209]

Release from the tomb.

Eph. ii. 4—6.

Col. iii. 1—4.

- 1 **S**TUPENDOUS grace ! and can it be
 Designed for rebels such as we !
 O let our ardent praises rise
 High as our hopes beyond the skies !
- 2 This flesh, by righteous vengeance slain,
 Might ever in the dust remain :
 These guilty spirits sent to dwell
 'Midst all the flames and fiends of hell.
- 3 But lo ! incarnate love descends ;
 Down to the sepulchre it bends ;
 Rising, it tears the bars away,
 And springs to its own native day.
- 4 Then was our sepulchre unbarred ;
 Then was our path to glory cleared ;
 Then, if that Saviour be our own,
 Did we ascend a heavenly throne.
- 5 A moment shall our joy complete,
 And fix us in that shining seat,
 Bought by the pangs our Lord endured,
 And by unchanging truth secured.
- 6 O, may that love in strains sublime
 Be sung to the last hour of time !
 And let eternity confess,
 Through all its rounds, the matchless grace.

DODDRIDGE.

637

7^a.

[193]

Release from the tomb.

1 Cor. xv. 52—54.

2 Peter i. 14.

- 1 ' **S**PIRIT—leave thy house of clay !
 Lingering dust resign thy breath !
 Spirit—cast thy chains away !
 Dust—be thou dissolved in death !
- 2 Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies !
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransomed captive flies !
- 3 ' Prisoner—long detained below !
 Prisoner—now with freedom blest !
 Welcome from a world of woe !
 Welcome to a land of rest !
- 4 Thus the choir of angels sing,
 As they bear the soul on high,
 While with hallelujahs ring
 All the regions of the sky !
- 5 Grave—the guardian of our dust !
 Grave—the treasury of the skies !
 Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise !
- 6 Hark ! the judgment trumpet calls !
 ' Soul—rebuild thy house of clay—
 Immortality thy walls,
 And eternity thy day !

MONTGOMERY

638

(MIRIAM'S.)

Death conquered and his captives rescued.

Hosea xlii. 14.

1 Cor. xv. 20—23.

1 PRAISE the Redeemer, almighty to save ;
 Emmanuel has triumphed o'er Death and the Grave
 Sing, for the door of the dungeon is open,
 The captive came forth at the dawn of the day ;
 How vain the precautions ! the signet is broken ;
 The watchmen in terror have fled far away.
 Praise the Redeemer, almighty to save ;
 Emmanuel has triumphed o'er Death and the Grave !

2 Praise to the Conqueror ; Oh tell of his love !
 In pity to mortals he came from above.
 Who shall rebuild for the tyrant his prison ?
 The sceptre lies broken that fell from his hands :
 His dominion is ended ; the Lord has arisen,
 The helpless shall soon be released from their bands.
 Praise the Redeemer, almighty to save,
 Emmanuel has triumphed o'er Death and the Grave !

GROSER.

 THE JUDGMENT.

639

8. 7. 4.

The coming of the Judge.

Isa. xxv. 9.

Titus ii. 13.

1 JOIN all who love the Saviour's name,
 His boundless glories to proclaim,
 And sound his praise abroad ;
 He comes, a dying world to bless,
 With all the riches of his grace :
 All hail, Incarnate God !

THE JUDGMENT.

- 2 He stooped from glory's blissful hei
 Blessed a dark world with heavenly
 And bore our ponderous load :
 He gave his life a sacrifice,
 And rose triumphant to the skies,
 The great Incarnate God !
- 3 Again in awful pomp he'll come,
 Shake the wide earth, and rouse the t
 That gloomy dark abode :
 Assembled worlds shall then appear,
 And at his bar their sentence hear ;
 Their Judge—the Incarnate God !
- 4 While his proud enemies, that day,
 Shall faint with terror and dismay,
 And tremble at his rod ;
 May we with joy behold his face,
 And sing, in heaven, the glorious grace
 Of our Incarnate God !

MEDLI

S. M.

The coming of the Judge.

Matt. xvi. 27.

John v. 28, 29.

[195]

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before his face,
 Astonished, shrink away ?
 But, ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
 What joyful tidings spread !

- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

DODDRIDGE.

641

8. 7. 4.

[199]

The coming of the Judge.

Jude 14, 15.

Rev. i. 7.

- 1 **L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain !
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !
Jesus now shall ever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day :
'Come to Judgment !
Come to Judgment ! come away.'
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,

All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air :
Hallelujah !

See the day of God appear !

5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;
The new heaven and earth to inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home :
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

6 Yea, amen ! let all adore thee,
High on thy exalted throne !
Saviour, take the power and glory :
Claim the kingdom for thine own !
O come quickly,
Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come ! OLIVERS

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642

8. 8. 6.

[200]

*Address to the Judge of all.*

*Matt. xxv. 31—33.*

*Luke xii. 8.*

1 **W**HEN Thou, my righteous Judge shalt  
come

To fetch thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand ?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand ?

2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
Though vilest of them all :  
But can I bear the piercing thought !  
What, if my name should be left out,  
When thou for them shalt call ?

- 3 Prevent—prevent it by thy grace,  
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,  
 In this, the accepted day ;  
 Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,  
 To still my unbelieving fear,  
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
 To see thy smiling face ;  
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

## 643

*The great day.*

Dan. vii. 10.

Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come,  
 Methinks I hear the trumpet sound  
 That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,  
 And wakes the prisoners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,  
 Awed by the Judge's high command ;  
 Both small and great now quit their dust,  
 And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books displayed,  
 Big with the important fates of men ;  
 Each deed and word now public made,  
 As wrote by Heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To every soul, the books assign  
 The joyous or the dread reward ;  
*Sinners in vain lament and pine :*  
*No pleas the judge will here regard.*

- 5 Lord ! when these awful leaves unfold,  
 May life's fair book my soul approve :  
 There may I read my name enrolled,  
 And triumph in redeeming love.
- 

## 644

*The end of all things.*

1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.

Rev. xx. 11.

**G**REAT God ! what do I see and hear,  
 The end of things created !  
 The Judge of mankind doth appear  
 On clouds of glory seated.  
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
 The dead, which they contained before !  
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

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## 645

8. 7. 4.

[196]

*The sentence and the welcome.*

Matt. xxv. 31—46.

2 Thess. i. 7—10.

- 1 **D**AY of judgment—day of wonders !  
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,  
 Louder than a thousand thunders,  
 Shakes the vast creation round :  
 How the summons  
 Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
 Clothed in majesty divine !  
 You, who long for his appearing,  
 Then shall say, ' This God is mine !'  
 Gracious Saviour !  
 Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
 Rise to life from earth and sea :

- All the powers of nature shaken  
 By his looks, prepare to flee :  
 Careless sinner !  
 What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Horrors, past imagination,  
 Will surprise your trembling heart,  
 When you hear your condemnation—  
 ‘ Hence, accursed wretch, depart,  
 Thou with Satan  
 And his angels have thy part !
- 5 But to those who have confessed,  
 Loved, and served, the Lord below,  
 He will say, ‘ Come near, ye blessed !  
 See the kingdom I bestow !  
 You for ever  
 Shall my love and glory know.”
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
 May this thought our courage raise !  
 Swiftly God’s great day approaches,  
 Sighs shall then be changed to praise !  
 May we triumph  
 When the world is in a blaze !

NEWTON.

**646**

8. 7.

[223]

*The ascent to heaven.*

John xiv. 3.

1 Thess. iv. 17.

- 1 **SEE!** the Captain of salvation  
 Lead his armies up the sky :  
 Rise above the conflagration ;  
 Leave the world to burn and die.
- 2 Lo ! I see the fair immortals  
 Enter to the blissful seats ;  
 Glory opens wide her portals,  
 And the Saviour’s train admits.



- 3 All the chosen of the Father,  
 All for whom the Lamb was slain,  
 All the church appear together,  
 Washed from every sinful stain.
- 4 His dear smile the place enlightens  
 More than thousand suns could do,  
 All around, his presence brightens,  
 Changeless, yet for ever new.
- 5 Blessed state ! beyond conception !  
 Who its vast delights can tell ?  
 May it be my blissful portion,  
 With my Saviour there to dwell. LEE.

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 HEAVENLY HAPPINESS.
 

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*Salvation drawing nigh.*

Rom. xlii. 11.

1 Peter i. 13.

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
 And raise your voices high ;  
 Awake, and praise that sovereign love  
 That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,  
 Each moment brings it near ;  
 Then welcome each declining day,  
 And each revolving year.
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
 Nor many mornings rise,  
 Ere all its glories stand revealed  
 To our admiring eyes.

- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course !  
 Ye mortal powers, decay !  
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
 Ye bring eternal day. DODDRIDGE

648

L. M.

[202]

*Meetness for Heaven.*

Matt. v. 8.

2 Cor. v. 4, 5.

- 1 **H** EAVEN is a place of rest from sin ;  
 But all who hope to enter there,  
 Must here that holy course begin  
 Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God ! in us create ;  
 Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;  
 Commence we now that higher state,  
 Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 A life in heaven ! O what is this ?  
 The sum of all that faith believed :  
 Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,  
 Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.
- 4 While thrones, dominions, princdoms, powers,  
 And saints made perfect triumph thus,  
 A goodly heritage is ours,—  
 There is a heaven on earth for us.
- 5 The church of Christ, the school of grace,  
 The Spirit teaching by the word !  
 In those our Saviour's steps we trace ;  
 By this his living voice is heard.
- 6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,  
 Learn every lesson of his love !  
 And be from grace to glory led,  
 From heaven below to heaven above.

MONTGOMERY.

*Earth and Heaven contrasted.*

Psalm xvii. 15.

2 Cor. iv. 8.

- 1 **H**OW vain a thought is bliss below,  
 'Tis all an airy dream !  
 How empty are the joys that flow  
 On pleasure's smiling stream !
- 2 Transparent now, and all serene,  
 The gentle current flows :  
 While fancy paints the flattering scene,  
 How fair the landscape shows !
- 3 But soon its transient charms decay,  
 When ruffling tempests blow :  
 The soft delusions fleet away,  
 And pleasure ends in woe.
- 4 O let my nobler wishes soar  
 Beyond these seats of night,  
 In heaven substantial bliss explore,  
 And permanent delight !
- 5 There pleasure flows for ever clear ;  
 And, rising to the view,  
 Such dazzling scenes of joy appear  
 As fancy never drew.
- 6 No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,  
 Nor airy form beguiles ;  
 But everlasting bliss displays  
 Her undissembled smiles.

STEELE

*Earth and Heaven contrasted.*

Psalm xvii. 15.

Matt. ix. 15.

- 1 **N**O, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss :  
 For bliss can ne'er be found  
 Till we arrive where Jesus is,  
 And tread the heavenly ground

- 2 There's nothing round these spacious skies,  
Or round this dusky clod ;  
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,  
Or lasting as thy God.
- 3 'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,  
To feel his quickening grace ;  
And all the heaven I hope above  
Is but to see his face.

WATTS.

651

C. M.

[567]

*Earth and Heaven contrasted.*

1 Cor. vii. 29—31.

1 John ii. 17.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys  
Detain our hearts and eyes,  
Regardless of immortal joys,  
And strangers to the skies ?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay ;  
They fade upon the sight,  
And quickly will their brightest day  
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 [Their brightest day, alas, how vain !  
With conscious sighs we own ;  
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,  
O'ershade the smiling noon.]
- 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever blooming prospect rise,

- 6 Lord! send a beam of light divine  
 To guide our upward aim!  
 With one reviving touch of thine  
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,  
 Our ardent wishes rise  
 To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring  
 Immortal in the skies. STEELE

*Rest and glory.*

1 Cor. ix. 24—27.

Heb. iv. 9. ]

- 1 **T**HE people of the Lord  
 Are on their way to heaven;  
 There they obtain their great reward,  
 The prize will there be given.
- 2 'Tis conflict here below;  
 'Tis triumph there, and peace;  
 On earth we wrestle with the foe,  
 In heaven our conflicts cease.
- 3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;  
 'Tis light and joy above:  
 There all is pure, and all is clear;  
 There all is peace and love.
- 4 There rest shall follow toil,  
 And ease succeed to care:  
 The victors there divide the spoil;  
 They sing and triumph there.
- 5 Then let us joyful sing!  
 The conflict is not long:  
 We hope in heaven to praise our King,  
 In one eternal song. KELLY

HEAVENLY HAPPINESS.

653, 654

653

C. M.

[337]

*The heavenly temple.*

Psalm xxix. 9.

Rev. vii. 15.

- 1 **T**HOUGH nature's temple, large and wide,  
Resounds with joyful lays,  
From creatures taught to swell the tide  
Of their Creator's praise ;
- 2 A fairer habitation greets  
The Christian's joyful eye,  
Where Christ his new-born wishes meets,  
And lifts his hopes on high :
- 3 A calm asylum for the soul  
With guilt and fear opprest,  
Where mercy waits, as seasons roll,  
To give the weary rest.
- 4 The still small voice of heavenly love  
Here calls our thoughts away  
To purer joys, that shine above  
The influence of decay.
- 5 While faith, with undiverted eyes,  
Through all the storms of time,  
Elated views the glorious prize  
Of heaven's eternal clime.
- 6 Lord ! with delight my constant feet  
To thine abode would come ;  
Till death my willing soul shall meet,  
And gently waft it home. SLATTER.

654

C. M.

[224]

*Heavenly worship.*

Col. iii. 1, 2.

Rev. v. 9—12.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engrossed my love too long,  
'Tis time I lift mine eyes  
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,  
And to my native skies.

- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits ;  
The God ! how bright he shines !  
And scatters infinite delights  
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains  
Circle the throne around ;  
And move and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs :  
Jesus, my love, they sing !  
Jesus the life of both our joys  
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 Hark ! how beyond the narrow bounds  
Of time and space they run  
And echo in majestic sounds  
The Godhead of the Son !
- 6 [And now they sink the lofty tune,  
And gentler notes they play ;  
And bring the Father's equal down  
To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O sacred beauties of the Man !  
(The God resides within) :  
His flesh all pure without a stain,  
His soul without a sin.
- 8 And now to Calvary they turn,  
With grief and strange surprise ;  
And in expressive silence mourn  
The God that loves and dies !
- 9 Then, all at once, to living strains  
They summon every chord ;  
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,  
And sing their rising Lord.]
- 508

- 10 Now let me mount and join their song,  
 And be an angel too ;  
 My heart, my ear, my hand, my tongue,—  
 Here's joyful work for you.
- 11 I would begin the music here,  
 And so my soul should rise :  
 O for some heavenly notes to bear  
 My passions to the skies !

WATTS.

655

L. M.

[344]

*Heavenly worship.*

Rev. v. 8—14.

Rev. xxii. 3—5.

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet inspiring ray,  
 To animate our feeble strains,  
 From the bright realms of endless day,  
 The blissful realms where Jesus reigns !
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,  
 Adoring saints and angels fall ;  
 And, with delightful worship, own  
 His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head ;  
 While tuneful hallelujahs rise,  
 And love, and joy, and triumph spread  
 Through all the assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs  
 To boundless rapture as they gaze :  
 Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues  
 Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There, all the followers of the Lamb  
 Shall join at last the heavenly choir :  
 O may the joy-inspiring theme  
 Awake our faith and warm desire !



- 6 Dear Saviour ! let thy Spirit seal  
 Our interest in that blissful place :  
 Till death remove this mortal veil,  
 And we behold thy lovely face. STEELE

656

C. M.

[216]

*Heavenly worship.*

Rev. vii. 15—17

Rev. xxi. 3, 4.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
 Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
 And let the joys of heaven impart  
 Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,  
 And discord there shall cease ;  
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,  
 Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul from sin for ever free  
 Shall mourn its power no more ;  
 But, clothed in spotless purity,  
 Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright !)  
 The exalted Saviour shines ;  
 And beams ineffable delight  
 On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb  
 Join in immortal songs ;  
 And endless honours to his name  
 Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,  
 Our feeble notes inspire ;  
 Till, in thy blissful courts above,  
 We join the angelic choir. STEELE

657

C. M.

[210]

*Present happiness of departed believers.*

Rev. v. 9.

Rev. xiv. 1—5.

- 1 **H**OW happy are the souls above,  
From sin and sorrow free!  
With Jesus they are now at rest,  
And all his glory see.
- 2 “Worthy the Lamb!” aloud they cry,  
“That brought us here to God :”  
In ceaseless hymns of praise, they shout  
The merit of his blood.
- 3 With wondering joy they recollect  
Their fears and dangers past ;  
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,  
Which brought them safe at last.
- 4 They follow the exalted Lamb  
Where’er they see him go ;  
And at the footstool of his grace  
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.
- 5 Lord, let the merit of thy death  
To me be likewise given ;  
And I, with them, will shout thy praise  
Through all the courts of heaven.

TOPLADY.

658

C. M.

[222]

*The church triumphant.*

Rev. iv. 10, 11.

Rev. v. 9, 10.

- 1 **M**YRIADS of spirits round the throne,  
In humble posture stand ;  
On every head a starry crown,  
A palm in every hand.
- 2 *Envy and strife* are banished thence  
*And angry passions* cease ;

- They neither give nor take offence,  
But all is love and peace.
- 3 From different quarters of the globe  
These happy spirits came;  
In Jesus' blood they washed their robes,  
And triumphed in his name.
- 4 One glorious body now they make;  
More glorious far their Head;  
Their souls to rapturous joys awake,  
Their sorrows all are fled.
- 5 Without a jarring note, they join  
In ceaseless songs of praise;  
And, to the sacred Three in One,  
Loud hallelujahs raise.

BEDDOME

*Tribulation succeeded by glory.*

Rev. vii. 9-17.

Rev. xxi. 4.

- 1 **E**XALTED high at God's right hand,  
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,  
With glory crowned in white array,  
My wondering soul says, "Who are they?"
- 2 These are the saints beloved of God;  
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;  
More spotless than the purest white,  
They shine in uncreated light.
- 3 Brighter than angels, lo! they shine;  
Their glories great, and all divine;  
Tell me their origin, and say,  
Their order what,—and whence came they!
- 4 Through tribulation great they came;  
They bore the cross, and scorned the shame.  
Within the living temple blest,  
In God they dwell, and on him rest.

- 5 And does the cross thus prove their gain?  
And shall they thus for ever reign,  
Seated on sapphire thrones, to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace?
- 6 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,  
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;  
To wells of living water led;  
By God, the Lamb, for ever fed!
- 7 Unknown to mortal ears, they sing  
The sacred glories of their King;—  
Tell me the subject of their lays,  
And whence their loud exalted praise.
- 8 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;  
They sing the wonders of his name;  
To him ascribing power and grace,  
Dominion, and eternal praise.
- 9 Amen, they cry, to him alone  
Who dares to fill his Father's throne!  
They give him glory, and again  
Repeat his praise, and say, Amen. DUNCAN.

660

7<sup>a</sup>.

[221]

*Tribulation succeeded by glory.*

Rev. vii. 13—17.

Rev. xxi. 4.

- 1 **W**HO are those arrayed in white,  
Brighter than the noon-day sun,  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne?  
These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their master stood,  
Sufferers in his righteous cause,  
Followers of the dying God.
- 2 *Out of great distress they came,  
Washed their robes, by faith below,*
- 513

In the blood of yonder LAMB,  
 Blood that washes white as snow :  
 Therefore are they next the throne,  
 Serve their Maker day and night ;  
 God resides among his own,  
 God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at the last,  
 Here they find their trials o'er ;  
 They have all their sufferings past,  
 Hunger now, and thirst, no more :  
 No excessive heat they feel  
 From the sun's director ray ;  
 In a milder clime they dwell,  
 Region of eternal day.

4 Them the LAMB shall always feed,  
 He that on the throne doth reign,  
 To the living fountains lead,  
 With the tree of life sustain ;  
 He shall all their sorrows chase,  
 All their wants at once remove,  
 Wipe the tears from every face,  
 Fill up every soul with love. DE COURCY.

*Tribulation succeeded by glory.*

1 Cor. ii. 9.

1 Peter i. 8.

1 **W**HAT must it be to dwell above,  
 At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,  
 Since the sweet earnest of his love  
 O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains !  
 No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
 What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,  
 When sorrow pains our heart no more,

How shall we view the Prince of Light,  
And all his works of grace explore !  
What heights and depths of love divine  
Will there through endless ages shine !

3 Well, he has fixed the happy day  
When the last tears will wet our eyes,  
And God shall wipe those tears away,  
And fill us with divine surprise  
To hear his voice, and see his face,  
And feel his infinite embrace !

4 This is the heaven I long to know ;  
For this, with patience, I would wait,  
Till, weaned from earth, and all below,  
I mount to my celestial seat,  
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,  
And, with the elders, cast them down.

SWAIN.

662

8s

[206]

*Tribulation succeeded by glory.*

2 Cor. v. 6-8.

1 Peter i. 8.

1 **T**O Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone ;  
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne !

2 My Saviour ! whom absent I love ;  
Whom, not having seen, I adore ;  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power.

3 Break off, then, these bonds, that detain  
My soul from her portion in thee ;  
*O strike off this adamant chain,*  
*And make me eternally free.*

- 4 When that happy era begins,  
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline,—
- 5 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me thy brightness be poured,  
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,  
I shall see whom unseen I adored.
- 6 And then never more shall the fears,  
And trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose !
- 7 Or, if yet remembered above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;  
They'll be but new signs of thy love,  
New themes for my wonder and praise !
- 8 The stroke which from sin and from pain  
Shall set me eternally free,  
Will strengthen and rivet the chain  
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee !

COWPER.

663

8. 7.—7. 7.

[212]

*The world of joy.*

Psalm xvi. 11.

James iv. 14.

- 1 **W**HAT is life ? 'tis but a vapour,  
Soon it vanishes away ;  
Life is like a dying taper :  
O my soul, why wish to stay ?  
Why not spread thy wings and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy ?
- 2 See that glory ; how resplendent !  
Brighter far than fancy paints ;

There, in majesty transcendent,  
 Jesus reigns the King of saints.  
 Spread thy wings my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world and joy.

- 3 Joyful crowds his throne resounding,  
 Sing with rapture of his love ;  
 Through the heavens his praise surrounding  
 Fills the blissful courts above.  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go and share his people's glory,  
 'Midst the ransomed crowd appear,  
 Thine a joyful, wondrous story,  
 One that angels love to hear :  
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

KELLY.

664

C. M.

[213]

*The heavenly garden.*

Isaiah lxi. 3.

James iii. 18.

- 1 **L**OVE is the sweetest bud that blows ;  
 Its beauty never dies ;  
 On earth among the saints it grows,  
 And ripens in the skies.
- 2 Oh what a garden will be seen,  
 When all the flowers of grace  
 Appear in everlasting green  
 Before the Planter's face !
- 3 No more exposed to burning skies,  
 Or winter's piercing cold ;  
 What never-dying sweets will rise  
 From every opening fold !
- 4 No want of sun or showers above,  
 To make the flowers decline ;



Fountains of life and beams of love,  
For ever spring and shine.

- 5 No more they need the quickening air,  
Or gently rising dew ;  
Unspeakable their beauties are,  
And yet for ever new.

- 6 Christ is their shade, and Christ their sun ;  
Among them walks the king  
Whose presence is *eternal noon* ;  
His smile *eternal spring*.

SWAIN

## 665

C. M.

[219]

*The good land.*

Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

Rev. xxi. and xxii.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night,  
Unbounded glories rise ;  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 [Fair distant land ; could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore—  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more]
- 3 [There pain and sickness never come,  
And grief no more complains !  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 4 No factious strife, no envy there,  
The sons of peace molest :  
But harmony, and love sincere,  
Fill every happy breast.]
- 5 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
For ever bright and fair !  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.

- 6 There no alternate night is known,  
 Nor sun's faint sickly ray :  
 But glory, from the sacred throne,  
 Spreads everlasting day.
- 7 O may the heavenly prospect fire  
 Our hearts with ardent love,  
 Till wings of faith and strong desire  
 Bear every thought above.
- 8 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
 For thy bright courts on high ;  
 Then bid our spirits rise, and join  
 The chorus of the sky.

STEELE.

666

C. M.

[214]

*The heavenly Canaan.*

Deut. iii. 27.

Deut. xxxiv. 1-4.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting rapturous scene  
 That rises to my sight ;  
 Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,  
 And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,  
 On trees immortal grow ;  
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
 With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er these wide extended plains  
 Shines one eternal day ;  
 There God the sun for ever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling wind, or poisonous breath,  
 Can reach that healthful shore ;

- Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 [Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Can here no longer stay :  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away?]      STENNETT.

*The heavenly Jerusalem.*

Rev. iii. 12.

Rev. xxi.

- 1 **JERUSALEM!** my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold;  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O when thou city of my God  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths have no end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

- 6 Jerusalem ! my happy home !  
 My soul still pants for thee ;  
 Then shall my labours have an end  
 When I thy joys shall see.

668

50th Metre.

*The heavenly inheritance.*

1 Peter i. 4.

Rev. xxii. 1-4.

- 1 **O**N wings of faith, mount up, my soul, and rise ;  
 View thine inheritance beyond the skies :  
 Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,  
 What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell :  
 There our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,  
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.
- 2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,  
 In that blest country can admission gain ;  
 No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,  
 For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear :  
 There our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,  
 Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides :  
 There the fair tree of life majestic rears  
 Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears  
 There our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 4 No rising sun his needless beams displays,  
 No sickly moon emits her feeble rays ;  
 The Godhead there celestial glory sheds,  
 Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads :  
 There our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 5 *One distant glimpse my eager passion fires !—  
 Jesus ! to thee my longing soul aspires !*

When shall I at my heavenly home arrive,—  
 When leave this earth, and when begin to live?  
 For, there my Saviour lives all bright and glorious,  
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

STRAFFAN.

669

C. M.

[576]

*Everlasting light.*

2 Peter iii. 10—13.

Rev. xxii. 5.

1 **Y**E golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
 With all your feeble light :  
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon  
 Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
 In brighter flames arrayed,  
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
 No more demands thine aid.

3 The Father of eternal light  
 Shall there his beams display ;  
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
 With that unvaried day.

4 No more the drops of piercing grief  
 Shall swell into mine eyes ;  
 Nor the meridian sun decline  
 Amidst those brighter skies.

5 There all the millions of his saints  
 Shall in one song unite,  
 And each the bliss of all shall view  
 With infinite delight.

DODDRIDGE

DOXOLOGIES AND SINGLE VERSES.

**670** 148th Metre.

**O**N what has now been sown,  
Thy blessing, Lord ! bestow ;  
The power is thine alone  
To make it spring and grow :  
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,  
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

NEWTON.

**671** 148th Metre.

**G**REAT Comforter, descend,  
In gentle breathings down,  
Preserve us to the end,  
That no man take our crown.  
Our guardian still vouchsafe to be,  
No suffer us to go from thee.

TOPLADY.

**672** L. M.

**O**H ! let thy spirit in my heart  
For ever dwell, thou God of love !  
And light and heavenly peace impart,  
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

STEELE.

**673** 112th Metre.

**S**EARCH me my God, and know my heart,  
Try me, my secret soul survey,  
And warn thy servant to depart  
From every false and evil way ;  
*So shall thy truth my guidance be  
To life and immortality.*

MONTGOMERY

**674**7<sup>s</sup>. SIX LINES.

**W**HY art thou cast down, my soul?  
 God thy God shall make thee whole;  
 Why art thou disquieted?  
 God shall lift thy fallen head;  
 And his countenance benign  
 Be the saving health of thine.

MONTGOMERY.

**675**

L. M.

[407]

**S**UCH are our God's appointed ways,  
 Where walked the saints in ancient days;  
 A path divine the apostles trod,  
 And honoured by the Son of God. E. JONES.

**676**

D. L. M.

[334]

**L**ET me with light and truth be blest;  
 Be these my guides to lead the way,  
 Till on thy holy hill I rest,  
 And in thy sacred temple pray.  
 Then will I there fresh altars raise  
 To Thee, who art my only joy;  
 And well tuned harps, with songs of praise,  
 Shall all my grateful hours employ.

TATE AND BRADY.

**677**

**'T**IS pleasant to sing,  
 The sweet praise of our King,  
 As here in the valley we move:  
 'Twill be pleasanter still,  
 When we stand on the hill,  
 And give thanks to our Saviour above.

524

TOMLAW.

678

D. C. M.

[367]

**L**ET all the lands, with shouts of joy,  
 To God their voices raise  
 Sing psalms in honour of his name,  
 And spread his glorious praise.  
 Through all the earth the nations round  
 Shall Thee their God confess ;  
 And with glad hymns, their rapturous praise  
 Of thy great name express.

TATE AND BRADY.

679

148th Metre.

**J**EHOVAH'S praise sublime  
 Through the wide earth be sung :  
 Ye realms of every clime,  
 Ye tribes of every tongue :  
 His infinite compassion bless,  
 His ever-during faithfulness !

CONDER.

680

104th Metre.

**G**IVE glory to God, ye children of men,  
 And publish abroad again and again,  
 The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace,  
 The gifts of the Spirit to Adam's lost race.

681

C. M.

[581]

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One God whom we adore,  
*Be glory as it was, is now,*  
*And shall be evermore.*



**682**

7s.

[579]

**S**ING we to our God above,  
 Praise eternal as his love ;  
 Praise him all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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**683**

L. M.

[577]

**P**RAISE God from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise him all creatures here below ;  
 Praise him above ye heavenly host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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KENN.

**684**

8. 7.

[354]

**M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
 Rest upon us from above.  
 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other and the Lord ;  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

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NEWTON.

# A TABLE

by which the Number of a Hymn in the former editions being known, it may be found in the new one.

| Old. | New. | Old. | New. | Old. | New. | Old. | New. | Old. | New. | Old. | New. |
|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| 1    | 205  | 48   | 33   | 95   | 300  | 139  | 144  | 188  | 624  | 236  | 385  |
| 2    | 209  | 49   | 34   | 97   | 83   | 140  | 114  | 190  | 626  | 237  | 309  |
| 3    | 212  | 50   | 32   | 98   | 134  | 141  | 107  | 191  | 617  | 238  | 325  |
| 4    | 347  | 52   | 250  | 99   | 175  | 142  | 108  | 192  | 622  | 239  | 310  |
| 5    | 267  | 53   | 194  | 100  | 215  | 143  | 109  | 193  | 637  | 240  | 326  |
| 6    | 207  | 54   | 85   | 101  | 206  | 144  | 110  | 194  | 634  | 241  | 526  |
| 7    | 381  | 55   | 237  | 102  | 218  | 145  | 269  | 195  | 640  | 242  | 324  |
| 8    | 265  | 56   | 204  | 103  | 213  | 146  | 163  | 196  | 645  | 243  | 534  |
| 9    | 208  | 57   | 58   | 104  | 133  | 147  | 166  | 199  | 641  | 244  | 395  |
| 10   | 180  | 58   | 59   | 105  | 224  | 148  | 243  | 200  | 642  | 245  | 382  |
| 11   | 210  | 59   | 60   | 106  | 217  | 149  | 242  | 201  | 635  | 246  | 403  |
| 12   | 211  | 60   | 61   | 107  | 66   | 150  | 119  | 202  | 648  | 247  | 390  |
| 13   | 225  | 61   | 62   | 108  | 117  | 151  | 121  | 203  | 391  | 248  | 286  |
| 14   | 232  | 62   | 118  | 109  | 331  | 152  | 122  | 205  | 618  | 249  | 394  |
| 17   | 23   | 63   | 69   | 110  | 86   | 153  | 123  | 206  | 662  | 251  | 396  |
| 18   | 3    | 64   | 73   | 111  | 87   | 154  | 65   | 207  | 647  | 252  | 388  |
| 19   | 2    | 65   | 64   | 112  | 145  | 155  | 126  | 208  | 652  | 253  | 392  |
| 20   | 26   | 66   | 76   | 113  | 150  | 156  | 127  | 209  | 636  | 254  | 195  |
| 21   | 21   | 67   | 74   | 114  | 89   | 157  | 186  | 210  | 657  | 255  | 521  |
| 22   | 8    | 68   | 75   | 115  | 63   | 158  | 185  | 211  | 623  | 256  | 378  |
| 24   | 25   | 69   | 78   | 116  | 90   | 159  | 177  | 212  | 663  | 257  | 338  |
| 25   | 35   | 70   | 79   | 117  | 91   | 160  | 181  | 213  | 664  | 258  | 383  |
| 26   | 14   | 71   | 80   | 118  | 124  | 161  | 189  | 214  | 666  | 259  | 370  |
| 27   | 6    | 72   | 81   | 119  | 92   | 162  | 184  | 215  | 650  | 260  | 539  |
| 28   | 16   | 73   | 84   | 120  | 68   | 163  | 187  | 216  | 656  | 261  | 313  |
| 29   | 15   | 76   | 71   | 121  | 279  | 164  | 183  | 217  | 667  | 262  | 527  |
| 30   | 37   | 77   | 151  | 122  | 93   | 165  | 255  | 218  | 253  | 263  | 486  |
| 31   | 583  | 78   | 135  | 123  | 216  | 166  | 174  | 219  | 665  | 264  | 532  |
| 33   | 22   | 79   | 214  | 124  | 94   | 167  | 4    | 220  | 659  | 265  | 393  |
| 34   | 12   | 80   | 56   | 125  | 95   | 168  | 245  | 221  | 660  | 266  | 295  |
| 35   | 19   | 81   | 219  | 126  | 96   | 169  | 173  | 222  | 658  | 267  | 363  |
| 36   | 24   | 82   | 221  | 127  | 97   | 170  | 254  | 223  | 646  | 268  | 231  |
| 37   | 5    | 83   | 220  | 128  | 275  | 171  | 179  | 224  | 654  | 269  | 537  |
| 38   | 27   | 84   | 137  | 129  | 98   | 175  | 609  | 225  | 244  | 271  | 336  |
| 39   | 30   | 85   | 142  | 130  | 99   | 176  | 619  | 226  | 229  | 272  | 536  |
| 40   | 52   | 86   | 136  | 131  | 112  | 177  | 629  | 227  | 239  | 273  | 349  |
| 41   | 28   | 87   | 146  | 132  | 113  | 178  | 621  | 228  | 257  | 274  | 354  |
| 42   | 31   | 88   | 138  | 133  | 100  | 179  | 630  | 229  | 327  | 275  | 341  |
| 43   | 323  | 89   | 147  | 134  | 88   | 181  | 631  | 230  | 260  | 276  | 315  |
| 44   | 49   | 91   | 155  | 135  | 101  | 184  | 628  | 231  | 530  | 277  | 39   |
| 45   | 50   | 92   | 259  | 136  | 157  | 185  | 627  | 232  | 320  | 278  | 39   |
| 46   | 502  | 93   | 131  | 137  | 103  | 186  | 611  | 233  | 518  | 279  | 39   |
| 47   | 20   | 94   | 172  | 138  | 156  | 187  | 625  | 235  | 311  | 280  | 39   |

TABLE.

| Old. | New. | Old. | New. | Old. | New. | Old. | New. | Old. | New. | Old. | New. |
|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| 281  | 330  | 330  | 456  | 380  | 597  | 431  | 384  | 483  | 143  | 532  | 512  |
| 282  | 350  | 331  | 457  | 381  | 161  | 432  | 301  | 484  | 141  | 533  | 511  |
| 283  | 379  | 332  | 458  | 382  | 588  | 433  | 522  | 485  | 129  | 534  | 509  |
| II.  | 288  | 333  | 459  | 383  | 596  | 434  | 543  | 486  | 132  | 535  | 510  |
| 284  | 373  | 334  | 676  | 384  | 584  | 435  | 248  | 487  | 154  | 536  | 513  |
| 285  | 289  | 335  | 533  | 385  | 573  | 436  | 53   | 488  | 164  | 537  | 514  |
| 287  | 356  | 336  | 460  | 386  | 589  | 437  | 374  | 489  | 153  | 538  | 515  |
| 288  | 360  | 337  | 653  | 388  | 484  | 438  | 375  | 490  | 193  | 539  | 506  |
| 289  | 281  | 338  | 461  | 389  | 485  | 439  | 280  | 491  | 282  | 540  | 507  |
| 290  | 604  | 340  | 464  | 390  | 297  | 440  | 298  | 492  | 278  | 541  | 504  |
| 291  | 516  | 341  | 106  | 391  | 490  | 441  | 305  | 493  | 293  | 542  | 339  |
| 292  | 517  | 342  | 397  | 392  | 413  | 442  | 268  | 494  | 252  | 543  | 496  |
| 293  | 540  | 343  | 463  | 393  | 414  | 443  | 271  | 495  | 270  | 544  | 495  |
| 294  | 429  | 344  | 655  | 394  | 418  | 444  | 296  | 496  | 342  | 545  | 497  |
| 295  | 423  | 345  | 287  | 395  | 407  | 445  | 273  | 497  | 322  | 546  | 492  |
| 296  | 428  | 346  | 615  | 396  | 416  | 446  | 272  | 498  | 284  | 547  | 491  |
| 297  | 276  | 347  | 475  | 397  | 417  | 447  | 544  | 499  | 528  | 548  | 494  |
| 298  | 462  | 348  | 476  | 398  | 424  | 448  | 545  | 500  | 312  | 549  | 48   |
| 299  | 190  | 349  | 197  | 399  | 406  | 449  | 546  | 501  | 538  | 550  | 47   |
| 300  | 550  | 350  | 202  | 400  | 410  | 451  | 547  | 502  | 523  | 551  | 376  |
| 301  | 581  | 351  | 480  | 401  | 420  | 453  | 548  | 503  | 318  | 552  | 303  |
| 302  | 579  | 352  | 203  | 402  | 408  | 454  | 549  | 504  | 361  | 553  | 377  |
| 303  | 554  | 353  | 478  | 403  | 422  | 455  | 304  | 505  | 355  | 554  | 39   |
| 304  | 571  | 354  | 684  | 404  | 426  | 457  | 277  | 506  | 240  | 555  | 40   |
| 305  | 192  | 355  | 482  | 405  | 247  | 458  | 314  | 507  | 249  | 556  | 41   |
| 306  | 593  | 356  | 481  | 406  | 421  | 459  | 366  | 508  | 404  | 557  | 42   |
| 307  | 585  | 357  | 567  | 407  | 675  | 460  | 368  | 509  | 555  | 558  | 43   |
| 308  | 582  | 358  | 222  | 409  | 427  | 461  | 365  | 510  | 559  | 559  | 44   |
| 309  | 595  | 359  | 566  | 410  | 425  | 462  | 386  | 511  | 556  | 560  | 45   |
| 310  | 234  | 360  | 587  | 411  | 409  | 463  | 399  | 512  | 562  | 561  | 46   |
| 311  | 591  | 361  | 568  | 412  | 411  | 464  | 55   | 513  | 558  | 562  | 535  |
| 312  | 586  | 362  | 162  | 413  | 430  | 465  | 54   | 514  | 557  | 563  | 38   |
| 313  | 594  | 363  | 576  | 414  | 431  | 466  | 11   | 515  | 564  | 564  | 196  |
| 314  | 439  | 364  | 572  | 415  | 432  | 467  | 371  | 516  | 561  | 565  | 612  |
| 315  | 440  | 365  | 569  | 416  | 438  | 468  | 503  | 517  | 465  | 566  | 389  |
| 316  | 447  | 366  | 575  | 417  | 67   | 469  | 400  | 518  | 466  | 567  | 651  |
| 317  | 442  | 367  | 678  | 418  | 246  | 470  | 401  | 519  | 469  | 568  | 614  |
| 318  | 445  | 368  | 574  | 419  | 434  | 471  | 7    | 520  | 470  | 569  | 610  |
| 319  | 77   | 369  | 570  | 420  | 435  | 472  | 10   | 521  | 306  | 570  | 613  |
| 320  | 448  | 370  | 590  | 421  | 226  | 473  | 328  | 522  | 307  | 571  | 291  |
| 321  | 441  | 371  | 171  | 422  | 541  | 474  | 36   | 523  | 607  | 572  | 290  |
| 322  | 446  | 372  | 105  | 423  | 227  | 475  | 9    | 524  | 606  | 573  | 292  |
| 323  | 449  | 373  | 170  | 424  | 436  | 476  | 160  | 525  | 501  | 574  | 299  |
| 224  | 450  | 374  | 191  | 425  | 433  | 477  | 130  | 526  | 602  | 575  | 649  |
| 325  | 451  | 375  | 169  | 426  | 263  | 478  | 51   | 527  | 29   | 576  | 669  |
| 327  | 471  | 376  | 577  | 427  | 262  | 479  | 369  | 528  | 598  | 577  | 683  |
| II.  | 335  | 377  | 578  | 428  | 264  | 480  | 402  | 529  | 608  | 578  | 380  |
| 328  | 487  | 378  | 165  | 429  | 387  | 481  | 148  | 530  | 601  | 579  | 682  |
| 329  | 454  | 379  | 168  | 430  | 367  | 482  | 261  | 531  | 603  | 581  | 681  |







